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COMMONPLACES IN BUZULUK

BY JOHN RICKMAN

I

FROM the time of the great Revolution in February, 1917, until the end of April, 1918, it seemed to us in Buzuluk that, whatever might happen elsewhere, there was no possibility of war in our part of Russia. The Bolsheviks, apparently owing to orders from headquarters in Moscow, were trying to raise an army of several thousand men in the Buzuluk Department. Some said that it was necessary to have the Bolshevik force, in order to keep down the Cossacks of Orenburg and Uralsk. Owing to the secrecy which the Bolsheviks maintained by the censorship of telegraphs and newspapers, and owing to the mental confusion which seemed to exist in the minds of most of the people, the idea of the possibility of a Cossack uprising passed from our minds. Meanwhile, from various causes, among the most important of which were the high wages and good food given to the troops, the Bolsheviks were able to raise a fair collection of not very serious-minded, but, so far as we could judge at that time, not bloody-minded, young men, who enlisted in the Red Guard. The number of prisoners of war who joined up was comparatively large, and we thought that they for the most part were driven into the Red Guard by hunger.

In the last week in April we heard with great surprise of a skirmish that had taken place between the Cossacks of Orenburg and our Red Guard. The people regarded this more as a brawl than as a serious battle. The next we heard of any disturbance was a rumor that the Cossacks had found sixty of the Red Guard asleep while guarding a bridge. The bodies of the victims, in some cases decapitated, in others limbless, were dumped in a large field, to be then sorted out and buried by relations. This action filled the Red Guard with fear and immediately made them terrorists. They set up martial law, and took immediate possession of the railway, bridges, and roads. At that time trains were running freely to Samara, and even to Orenburg (with permission of the Cossacks). We all expected the affair to blow over; but toward the middle of May we began to hear disconcerting rumors that there was to be an uprising, and the Cossacks were to be overthrown. At that time the Germans, we were told, had commercial occupation of Saratoff, and we expected that they would give assistance to the Cossacks.

In the third week in May we were startled to hear that the great bridge over the Volga at Suizran had been captured by some rebel prisoners of war

called Czechs, who, we were told, were pro-Ally and pro-Russian. At first we thought that the Czechs had captured Suizran from the Germans, but later we heard that their enemies were the Bolsheviks, and that real civil war had broken out in earnest. The railroad service to Samara was suspended. The trains ran as far west as Kinel and as far east as Totskoe. Within two days we heard that Samara had fallen. Both Czecho-Slovaks and Cossacks had spies and agents in our community, who kept us supplied with information. We heard circumstantial accounts of the fall of Samara, and were told that soon Buzuluk would fall as easily into their hands.

For five weeks we were 'cut off from the outside world.' In the meantime we heard rumors of the wonderful success which followed the Czecho-Slovaks in their military operations. Kinel fell into their hands, and very slowly, day by day, a few more miles of the railroad line between Kinel and Buzuluk would be captured by the Czechs. A few of the Red Guard were posted in the outlying villages, and we heard, though it is doubtful, that in Loobimovka they were disarmed by the peasants they were sent to protect. In more villages they were disarmed by the Cossacks, who carried off their rifles and gave the soldiers a flogging.

The Cossacks did not proceed against us from Orenburg. During these five weeks the nerves of the Red Guard became severely shaken. Rumors reached us that the Czecho-Slovaks were executing Bolshevik *commissars* and the heads of civil government. The Commissar of War for the Buzuluk Department issued orders of which this is a type: —

HEADQUARTERS, BUZULUK-URALSK
FRONT

COMRADES IN ARMS

You must remember that we are engaged in a serious military campaign. The whole

of the military and civil population must be mobilized to a war-footing. I have been distressed to see that my comrades in arms, as well as the civil population, have not realized the seriousness of the situation. . . . I strictly order that the munitions of war shall be used solely for military purposes. *There is to be no shooting of sparrows*, and no random shooting at night. Every comrade is to account for every cartridge used.

COMRADE COMMISSAR OF WAR.

The terms of martial law stated that no one was to leave his home or to be on the streets of Buzuluk between the hours of 5 P.M. and 5 A.M., and yet we saw notices of evening promenades, which were well attended. In their endeavor to obtain transport, the Red Guard without notice one day requisitioned some horses and carts from the peasants who were proceeding to Buzuluk with market-produce. News of this spread rapidly among the peasantry in the outlying districts, who, after this, became afraid to take their farm-produce into the town. As a consequence, the town went without dairy products and fresh vegetables for several weeks. The peasantry did not associate these high-handed actions with Bolshevism: they blamed chiefly the Red Guard; and when the Red Guard, after due notice, made legitimate requisitions on the villages for men and horses, the peasantry, so far as they were able, refused to comply. Notices such as the one given below, which was posted in the railroad station at Buzuluk, were widely distributed: —

FELLOW CITIZENS

Fight for your land! The enemy is attacking us, and he will take from you lands which you have grabbed from the rich — and so forth.

The peasants were unmoved by these notices, because they did not believe that the enemy was doing any-

thing but fight against the Bolsheviks; and rumors propagated by Cossack and Czech agents assured the people that in the territory of Czech occupation the peasants were better treated than in that occupied by Bolsheviks.

On Sunday, the 23rd of June, we heard from up the railroad line a noise which we took for thunder. In the evening, as the noise continued fairly persistently, we concluded that it must be guns. Prudence directed that two of us should pack our knapsacks with portable provisions and barest necessities. Next morning all was quiet, and several of the party had made arrangements for that evening to go to the monastery orphanage, which lay at the foot of the hills on the other side of the river, to see about our relief work there.

II

Buzuluk under the old régime was a military centre on the Tashkent Railroad. In the town were barracks capable of holding during the winter about ten thousand soldiers (more than one-third of the population of the town). It also had magazines, stores, and several batteries of field artillery. Traversing the department from east to west ran the railroad; and from north to south a large and important military highway connecting Uralsk with Biuguloslán. Measuring in each case from the centre of the town, the railroad station lay about one and a half miles to the south; half a mile to the north ran the river Samara, a stream swift enough to make its passage by swimming difficult, deep enough to inconvenience cavalry, and with such wide, sandy shores on one side as to offer least protection to any force trying to cross it. On the other side, the banks were for the most part wooded and parallel to the river; and some distance from it, screened by trees, was one of the best

roads in the district. Beyond the road low hills rose to the height of two hundred to three hundred feet, in places wooded to the top, in others bare. These hills were cut by numerous gullies, and down some of these gullies ran roads from the villages on the tableland above.

The Samara River was crossed by one large iron bridge just opposite the town. The bridge and causeways which led up to it were exposed on either side to possible machine-gun fire. When we first heard firing we expected that the attack would come along the railroad and that the Bolsheviks would keep control of the hills and the bridge. From our point of view the importance of this lay in the fact that the orphanage and the centre of our work in the town of Buzuluk would remain in the same hands.

On the Monday evening, about seven o'clock, Mrs. R—, Mr. K—, and the writer set out in a peasant's cart to cross the bridge on our way to the monastery orphanage. On the causeway that led up to the bridge we were stopped by the guard, who demanded to see our passports. We handed him letters of identification and recommendation, which we had received from the Bolshevik authorities. The guard at the bridge consisted of a group of about twenty men. Our arrival drew most of them away from their camp-fire, and the group closed around us, some carrying hand-grenades or revolvers, some carrying bread, some carrying both. They asked us who we were, what uniforms we wore, and why we wished to cross the river.

We explained briefly the work we had been doing in the district for the last two years; but they appeared not to have heard of it and to disbelieve us. One man said that we were foreigners importing foreign gold to aid the Cossacks. As he said this, we heard rifle-

shots on the other side of the river, and the whiz of bullets. Almost immediately a horseman galloped over the bridge and cried out in a voice husky with fear, 'I have been shot at by the Cossacks!' This produced consternation in the group that was surrounding us. They darted about like ants in a nest that has been disturbed. A few stayed by us and, calling us spies, recommended their comrade, who acted more as a chairman of committee than as officer commanding, to have us shot. He seemed in doubt as to what to do. Eventually he handed us over to a guard of four older and steadier men, and giving them our papers and a penciled note to the Comrade Commissar of War, directed that we should be taken to the military prison.

The four men of our guard seemed to be glad of an excuse to get away from a military outpost that appeared to be getting dangerous; consequently they were genially disposed toward us. We three sat in a peasant's cart, and beside us were placed hand-grenades with the safety catch slipped off—ready for immediate use. The four guards sat at the four corners of this cart dangling their legs over the edge, with their rifles and bayonets pointing into the air. We passed in the street many of our friends, who recognized us, but dared not show it lest perchance they should be called to account.

We arrived at the headquarters of the Bolshevik army on the Buzuluk front. At the same time that we arrived, there also came several Tartars who had been caught at another bridge some ten miles up the river. We asked to see the Comrade Commissar of War, but were told that he had disappeared and had not been heard of for two days. His work was being done by his secretary, a very capable married woman of about thirty. The Tartars' case was taken first. She explained to them that

the memorandum which had been sent up from their place of captivity had ordered that they were to be put in prison until they were sentenced by the Commissar of War. She regretted that it did not lie in her power to release them at once. The quiet Tartar farmers burst into tears and asked her if she could not extend to them any mercy. One of the sentries of the Red Guard standing in the room went up to one of them and said in a gentle voice, 'Never mind, dad. It will only be for a day or two, and the prison is not bad, and the food is quite good.' So they were led out and everyone in the room felt sorry for them.

Our turn came next, but the secretary was interrupted by several small matters. A shell, I think the first, came into the town and burst not far from the building. The secretary's charming little daughter, of about nine, who had been all the time in one of the big leather armchairs, took her mother by the arm and said, 'Oh, mother, do come to the window and see what a huge hole it has made!' Mother and daughter looked. Then some great, rough country boys of the Red Guard began to question the secretary about some small points. She answered them or put them off with admirable tact and decision. In the meantime another shell had fallen farther up the street, and the daughter said, 'Mother, do come to the window and watch them as they arrive.'

The secretary turned to us and, lighting a cigarette, read our papers and the penciled memoranda that had been sent up from our place of capture. She said, 'I am very sorry, but I am quite unable to release you. This is a matter for the Commissar, and he has gone. And yet I don't quite like to put you in prison. You say that you have been doing philanthropic work, and I quite believe you. If you can produce some

evidence which I may keep, I will release you on parole. You must stay in your house, however, and I will send a man to guard it.'

We had then to produce satisfactory evidence. Mr. K—— turned round in his chair and looked at the sentries in the room, who were sitting on the tables, rolling cigarettes, gossiping, playing cards, or reading. One man came to us, and Mr. K——, recognizing him, said, 'You searched our house last November. Did you find anything compromising in it?' The man replied, 'I know you at 27 Orenburg Street. You have been doing philanthropic work these two years past for refugees.' The secretary considered that conclusive, and we were ordered by her to proceed home at once. Our friends among the civil population, seeing us this time without a guard, did not fail to recognize us and let their recognition be known.

That evening at about nine o'clock a horseman rode through the town telling everyone that all doors and windows must be fastened, and that anyone seen on the streets would be shot at sight. There would be no exceptions, no excuses taken. The day and night were baking hot, and the stuffiness of that closed-up house seemed far worse to us than shells. On Tuesday morning at about 4 A.M. we were all wakened by what seemed to be an earthquake. The Bolsheviks had planted a battery about a hundred and fifty yards up the street, and it had begun action. Immediately following the explosions of the artillery was the *tut-tut-tut-tut* of a machine-gun, which was mounted on a wooden tower about a hundred yards away. Firing continued from these two points intermittently for several hours. There was almost continual firing at these two points for more than a day. Every now and then we heard little bursts of rifle-fire, either in the street

or by the bridge, which was about a quarter of a mile away. We came to the conclusion that the Cossacks or the Czechs must have taken possession of the hills on the Monday afternoon, and had mounted guards there and were shelling the town and the railroad station. About nine o'clock we heard that it was forbidden for anyone to light domestic fires lest, should a house be struck by a shell, there would be a serious conflagration.

We heard that the Red Guard were 'combing the town for counter-revolutionists.' In one instance a family well known under the old régime had taken refuge in the cellar; one of the Red Guard stood at the cellar-door and said, 'I shall throw in hand-grenades until —— comes out.' The person referred to came out at once, and was shot down with a revolver. In another case the soldiers went into the house of another family which, because of its prominence under the old régime, was believed to be counter-revolutionary. They demanded that certain young men who had been army officers should be handed over, or else their addresses given. The young men had not been heard of by their family for days; accordingly, as the information was not forthcoming and as the family was unable to deposit a money security by way of bail, an old man and his wife and two younger women relations of these officers were marched into the out-house and there shot.

About midday eighteen young men of the Red Guard, armed with rifles, revolvers, hand-grenades, swords, and bayonets, came into our yard, drew their revolvers, and 'covered us.' They said that as they walked down the street someone had shot at them, and they were going to search the premises. Several houses shared our large back yard, and they reserved ours till last. The young men scattered, and darted in

and out of the houses, cellars, and stables like mice blinded by the sunlight. Our house was completely dark because shutters and doors were tightly closed. I opened our back door and said, 'Now you want to search our rooms.' Going from the bright sunlight into the doorway seemed like stepping into a gloomy cavern. One of the soldiers said, 'All right, but you go first.' I believe he was really afraid of being surprised, because, though I went in and began to light candles, he never got beyond the doorway. Mrs. R——, Miss W——, and Miss P—— stood in the middle of the yard while the young men of the Red Guard walked round them rather sheepishly, not knowing quite what to do under the circumstances, yet not quite liking to do nothing. Eventually they put up their revolvers and stood in the corner, with trembling fingers trying to roll and light cigarettes; every shell made them jump.

Mr. K——, being our best linguist and the head of the party, was personally conducting several young men through our storeroom. They found one pile of cases that reached nearly to the ceiling. 'Ammunition!!' 'No,' said K——, 'not ammunition. They are cases of milk.' This sounded like such an outrageous lie that one of the young men raised his rifle and said, 'Whoever heard of milk in boxes!' Mr. K—— said, 'Wait a minute, let me get a box and show you.' So he lifted down one of the boxes and pried open the lid. 'You lied! They are hand-grenades.' 'No, they are tins of milk.' And taking the tip of a bayonet, he offered to spike one of them to show the milk inside. They would not let him do this. At last one of them said, 'Well, I guess it is all right. I have heard they have milk in tins in America.' The whole party then collected in the yard, and after another warning

that if any of us were seen on the street we would be immediately shot, they filed out and continued their search elsewhere.

About five minutes later we heard a shot in the house just over the way, and soon a cart drove out of the yard carrying the dead body of a boy of about eighteen; he had been shot for impertinence. His mother accompanied the body.

When the bombardment became more severe, and the enemy seemed to be getting the range of the battery posted just up our street, we deemed it prudent to take to the cellar. Our cellar was a very big one and housed about fifty people: two Armenians, several Jews, two or three Greeks, one or two Poles, some Lithuanians, two or three prisoners of war, some peasants, small shopkeepers, a woman dentist and her Austrian assistant, a Ukrainian doctor, and, among the medley, ourselves. Each family brought its own mattresses, a trunk or two, and, most precious of all, its holy images — heirlooms or specially blessed ikons received on the wedding-day. Before the images, which were placed against the wall on trunks, burned little tapers, so that our cellar came to look like the crypt of the Church of the Saviour in Tzarskoe Selo on a festival. Before the holy images little groups were kneeling, murmuring prayers.

In the afternoon the house in the next block was hit by a shell, and burned down almost immediately. Toward nightfall the bombardment became lighter, so we decided to sleep in the house, though many of the cosmopolitan crowd preferred the cellar. Next morning, about four o'clock, the battery just up the street opened fire again. The enemy on the hills seemed to have got its range more accurately, for we heard the shells pass over, whereas before many of them had fallen

short. At about six o'clock street-fighting began. Then we knew that the Czechs were actually in the town. For a few minutes the machine-gun which was posted just outside our front door was playing down the street. It was soon moved on toward the station and its place taken by a lean and weary soldier, a prisoner of war, a Magyar, who probably had joined the Red Guard because nowhere else could he get sufficient food. While he stood at the cross-roads, a bullet struck the hand-grenades in his belt, and he died horribly.

About half-past seven in the morning we ceased to hear firing in our street, though there was a terrible din by the station and at the bridge-head. When standing at our front door for fresh air, we saw three soldierly young men strolling down the pavement, carrying their rifles by the sling, wearing their shrapnel helmets somewhat tilted back on their heads. From their quiet bearing and their easy gait, we saw that this army had been recruited from a very different source from that of our recent defenders. They told us quietly that they were Czechs. They seemed shy, and aware of the fact that they had a professional relationship to us, and that their professional work was disagreeable and not yet done.

At eight o'clock Mr. K——, Miss P——, and the present writer drove in a cart to some refugee quarters of the town. It showed bad organization on the part of the Czechs and Cossacks that, though the former had occupied the town for nearly an hour, they continued to sweep the streets with shrapnel from their own guns on the hills. We drove up to the first officer that we met, and explained our proposed work. He gave us a convoy. In the refugee quarters we found two slight cases of injury, — nothing more on the surgical side, — but calls on all sides for tinc-

ture of valerian, the universal favorite among Russians, lay and professional, in any time of emotion. After finishing our medical work at the refugee quarters, we were convoyed home.

A young Czech with us had heard us question the refugees at the barracks and seemed shy. I remarked to him, 'You Czecho-Slovaks will be taking a great many prisoners in proportion to your numbers.' He replied, 'We don't take prisoners.' We could hardly believe our ears. We asked him to say it again because we could not have understood. 'Well,' he said, 'of course we pick out Magyars and Germans.' We asked him what they did with the Russians. He said, 'That depends on circumstances.' We told him that, if there were any Czechs wounded whom we could assist by personal attention or with drugs or dressings, we should be glad to do so; but we also told him that we could have nothing to do beyond that with an organization which behaved in such an inhuman way. He shrugged his shoulders and said, 'It is war.'

Street-fighting continued in patches for an hour or so, then all was quiet. By half-past ten notices were posted in the streets, signed by the Military Commandant of the town, saying that that afternoon there would be an election for mayor and council. I was told that the phraseology of these notices was that in use under the old régime, and that the inhabitants remarked privately that it was reactionary and no good would come of it. It would not be fair to say that the public sentiment in the town in those first few hours of Czech occupation was divided in favor of or against the new order. The superficial observer might be inclined to think, if he confined his attention to the streets and cafés, that rejoicing at the new order was widespread and profound. The rich came out in pretty

dresses for the first time in many months. Gay sunshades and silks for the first time that year distinguished rich from poor; and we who had come to think that a charm lay in everybody wearing fustian, realized that more was in the change than showed on the surface. We who had been working with the recent government, striving for improvement in hospitals, schools, and the courts, wondered what had become of our associates in this service, who had held positions under successive governments and who had been retained owing to the approval of the people and the manifest zeal and ability of the men themselves. The rumor which seemed authentic, and which had preceded the arrival of the Czechs, that all people connected with the Bolshevik government in whatsoever capacity would be shot, had the effect of driving out of the district and from their posts many who had served us well. Others had fled with the retreating Bolshevik armies, so that we were deprived of our best, as well, perhaps, as of our worst, administrators. We common people felt, almost to a man, that the government had got into the hands of 'reactionaries.'

About noon Cossacks rode through the streets and were received with ovations by the wealthy, while the masses shuddered. Miss K—— A——, a Russian girl who has lived and worked with us for two years, and in whose integrity we have implicit trust, told us that she saw a Cossack driving a cart-load of headless bodies through the street. Where they were buried, we do not know. I searched for them among the hundreds of Bolshevik bodies which were piled in a field for identification by the relatives. In the afternoon there was a service of thanksgiving in our parish church, attended by the Cossack and Czech officers, and by the mayor and council (though no one

could tell me who had appointed these last officials); and the church offered up prayers and thanksgiving because it had been reestablished by the government and the country had got rid of the enemy, and law and order had been restored. While the service was going on, the bodies of the Bolshevik soldiers lay in a field by the station, and many of their relatives dared not come to look for them because they were afraid that the new government might identify them with the Bolshevik government which had passed away.

On Thursday morning, twenty-four hours after the town had fallen into the hands of the Czechs, while walking to the refugee barracks to look at the two patients who had been injured, I was arrested by the Czechs on suspicion of being a German spy. A small party of Cossacks was nearby, so the Czechs handed me over to them. I was taken to the station. On the way there I began talking to my guard, asking them if they were Uralsk Cossacks. They said it was none of my business. I replied that it very soon might be, because if there were any such among their number, I would call on them to identify me, for I was well known in the Sobelova region.

I was taken into a little room in the station, and while waiting there heard shots on the other side of the wall in the little courtyard outside. I said to my guard, 'You do not mean to say that there is fighting still in this station?' He replied, 'No, there is no fighting. We are shooting our prisoners and spies.' I said, 'Do you try them at this station?' He replied, 'Yes, you will see the officer in a minute or two.' In the minute or two while I waited, several more were tried and shot.

When my turn came, I was ushered into an office by the Cossacks, who stood on either side of me. The officer turned to one of the men and said, 'What

have you brought him here for?' He replied, 'He was handed over to us because he was thought to be a German spy by one of the sentries, and this sentry told me that he thought he recognized the prisoner as having been among the Bolsheviks and one of those who escaped when they were "cleaning up" the town.'

The officer turned to me and said, 'Who are you?'

I replied, 'An Englishman.'

He said, 'Well, now, I know that is not true, because there are no English in this district. We were told quite definitely that there were no Allies in the neighborhood, but that there were many Germans who were trying to pass for Allies.'

I said, 'I am sorry to say that you have been quite misinformed. A party of English has lived and worked in the Buzuluk Department since the summer of 1916. Here is my British Foreign Office passport.'

He refused to look at it and said that he was tired of looking over forged documents. I told him that I could produce within one hour, if he would give me a convoy, four more British Foreign Office passports and their owners, and in addition five Americans with American passports. He said, 'I have no concern with them at all. I am dealing with you, and you only, and all your statements about other passports have nothing to do with me.'

I looked at this differently, so pressed my point. I told him that my passport was issued in September, 1916, that Mr. W——'s was issued in November of that year, Mr. K——'s and Mr. B——'s in the month following; that at the British Embassy in Petrograd the British Red Cross Commissioner had given me a letter of introduction to the head office of the Russian Red Cross, and that I had got a certificate of identification from them; that, owing to

that certificate, I had received from the Provisional Government a free pass to travel with the posting-horses of the district.

He seemed to be very annoyed. I handed him all the papers in question. He would not look at them. He asked me if I had ever been to Germany and when. I gave him a circumstantial account of my traveling in 1914, which he considered extremely suspicious; and when he asked me whether in 1916 I had traveled to Russia *via* Germany, I burst out laughing. He seemed a little bit ashamed of this foolish question, and by way of recovering his dignity, examined my passport. I was particularly desirous that he should not see on it some notes of identification which the Bolshevik government had written on the back. He then ran through the other papers, and after long thought, said I was to go home. I told him that I was not satisfied with this, and demanded more than his mere word that I could go home in safety. He asked what I wanted, and I told him that, as the Czechs were shooting suspected spies without proper trial, I demanded proper protection by a document in his handwriting stating that I would be free to travel about and pursue my business. He demurred for some time, but eventually gave me such a paper as I requested. He then said, 'Good-day, sir!' dismissing me. But I stayed on, and said, 'I want another such paper for my wife.' He said, 'Very well, I will put her name on this.' I answered, 'Her duties and mine lie in separate places, and I must ask for an equal protection for her too.' He gave this almost without demur, and bade me good-day. I told him that it would be necessary for me to ask the rest of the English and Americans to fix some hour by appointment with him for receipt of permits. He seemed anxious not to meet any more English or Americans,

and told me that he would give me then and there permits for all of them, which I told him was an unsatisfactory arrangement.

The same afternoon I was arrested again, but got off without difficulty owing to this permit. As far as I remember, we were troubled no further.

After the outburst of welcome to the Czechs had subsided, public sentiment was kept aflame by governmental activity, which, as many of the people said, looked well on posters and advertisements. The markets were 'free,' the shops were permitted to sell anything at any price to anyone, and the rich felt quite at home again. But the poor grumbled that all this 'prosperity' was very hard on them, and we of the middle class (the professional people) and the peasants and poor people felt that with all this 'order' there would be again a struggle to get a government that did what we common folk wanted. The head of our railroad station, quite one of the biggest officials in our district, had expressed himself in days gone by as anti-Bolshevik. When we asked him what he thought of the new régime, he would neither declare himself in favor of nor against it, and from this we judged that, so far as he was concerned, either the new government did not meet his approval, or, if it did, he was afraid to say so because he realized that public sentiment was against it.

There was a glamour in those first few days of Czech occupation in the mere idea of order. Nearly everyone was a little tired of the excessive waste

of energy and the impatient striving after better things under the Bolshevik government. Nearly everybody we met felt that somehow or other the Bolsheviks were right, but that what we all needed was a change of air, a little holiday, and then we should come back to work refreshed and happy, to take on again the task of developing the physical, spiritual, and mental resources of our country — Russia. In the spring we all realized that Bolshevism, as we then found it in our district, needed to be modified, but people said the change must not be sudden. When we asked how the change was to come about, they replied, by sending up different representatives at each election — wiser men, who were not to be exactly anti-Bolshevik, but would modify the Bolshevik programme by degrees. Above all, they seemed desirous of avoiding sharp conflicts, and dogmatic party programmes.

The triumph of the Czecho-Slovak arms killed Bolshevism for a time, and the new government tyrannized over their thought as forcibly as their predecessors under the Tsar. There was reason to believe that the government thought its hold on the people was secure. The people had tasted freedom and had seen their sons shot in defense of it. To them the professions of the new government sounded mocking. The people had resolved to modify Bolshevism because it was foolish and ill-timed. In the case of the new government, they became embittered because they thought it malignant and selfish, and therefore to be overthrown.

AN AMERICAN IDYLL. I

EPISODES IN THE LIFE OF CARLETON H. PARKER

BY CORNELIA STRATTON PARKER

I

SUCH hosts of memories come tumbling in on me. Fifteen years ago, September 3, 1903, I met Carl Parker. He had just returned to college, two weeks late for the start of his senior year. There was much concern among his friends, for he had gone on a two-months' hunting trip into the wilds of Idaho, and had planned to return in time for college. I met him his first afternoon in Berkeley. He was on the top of a step-ladder, helping to put up an awning for our sorority dance that evening, uttering his proverbial joyous banter to anyone who came along.

Thus he was introduced to me, a Freshman of two weeks. He called down gayly, 'How do you do, young lady?' Within a week we were fast friends, I looking up to him as a Freshman would to a Senior, and a Senior seven years older than herself at that. Within a month I remember deciding that if ever I became engaged I would tell Carl Parker before I told anyone else on earth!

After about two months he was calling one evening with his pictures of Idaho. Such a treat as my mountain-loving soul did have! I have yet the map he drew that night, with the trails and camping places marked. And I said, innocence itself, 'I'm going to Idaho on my honeymoon!' And he said, 'I'm not going to marry till I find

a girl who wants to go to Idaho on her honeymoon!' Then we both laughed.

But the deciding event in his eyes was when we planned our first long walk in the Berkeley hills for a certain Saturday, November 22, and that morning it rained. One of the tenets I was brought up on by my father was that bad weather was *never* an excuse for postponing anything; so when Carl telephoned anon and said, 'Of course the walk is off,' 'But why?' I asked.

'The rain!' he answered.

'As if that makes any difference!'

At which he gasped a little and said, all right, he'd be around in a minute; which he was, in his Idaho outfit, the lunch he had suggested being entirely responsible for bulging one pocket. Off we started in the rain, and such a day as we had! We climbed Grizzly Peak, — only we did not know it for the fog and rain, — and just over the summit, in the shelter of a very drippy oak tree, we sat down for lunch. A fairly sanctified expression came over Carl's face as he drew forth a rather damp and frayed-looking paper-bag — as a king might look who uncovered the chest of his most precious court jewels before a courtier deemed worthy of that honor. And before my puzzled and somewhat doubtful eyes he spread his treasure — jerked bear-meat, nothing but jerked bear-meat. I never had seen jerked anything, let alone tasted it. I was used to the conventional picnic sand-

wiches done up in waxed paper, plus a stuffed egg, fruit, and cake. I was ready for a lunch after the conservative pattern, and here I gazed upon a mess of most unappetizing-looking, wrinkled, shrunken jerked bear-meat, the rain dropping down on it through the oak tree. I would have gasped if I had not caught the look of awe and reverence on Carl's face as he gazed eagerly — and with what respect — on his offering.

I merely took a hunk of what was supplied, set my teeth into it, and pulled. It was salty, very — it looked queer, tasted queer, *was* queer. Yet that lunch! We walked farther, sat now and then under other drippy trees, and at last decided we must slide home — by that time soaked to the skin, and I minus the heel to one shoe. I had just got myself out of the bath and into dry clothes when the telephone rang. It was Carl. Could he come over to the house and spend the rest of the afternoon? It was then about four-thirty. He came, and from then on things were decidedly — different.

How I should love to go into the details of that Freshman year of mine! I shall not go into detail — only to say that the night of the Junior Prom of my Freshman year Carl Parker asked me to marry him, and two days later, up again in our hills, I said that I would. To think of that now — to think of waiting two whole days to decide whether I would marry Carl Parker or not!! And for fourteen and a half years from the day I met him, there was never one small moment of misunderstanding, one day that was not happiness — except when we were parted. Perhaps there are people who would consider it stupid, boresome, to live in such peace as that. All I can answer is that it was not stupid, it was not boresome — oh, how far from it. In fact, in those early days we took our

vow that the one thing we would never do was to let the world get commonplace for us; that the time should never come when we would not be eager for the start of each new day. The Kipling poem we loved the most, for it was the spirit of both of us, was 'The Long Trail.' You know the last of it: —

The Lord knows what we may find, dear lass,
And the deuce knows what we may do —
But we're back once more on the old trail, our
own trail, the out-trail,
We're down, hull down, on the Long Trail — the
trail that is always new!

II

After we decided to get married, and that as soon as ever we could, — I being at the ripe and mature age of, as mentioned, a Freshman of just eighteen years, he a Senior, with no particular prospects, not even sure as yet what field he would go into, — we commenced discussing what we might do and where we might go. Our main idea was to get as far away from everybody as we could and live the very fullest life we could, and at last we decided on Persia. Why Persia? I cannot recall the steps now that brought us to that conclusion. But I know that first Christmas I sent Carl my picture in a frilled high-school-graduation frock and a silk Persian flag tucked behind it, and that flag remained always the symbol for us that we would never let our lives get stale, never lose the love of adventure, never 'settle down,' intellectually at any rate. Can you see my father's face that sunny March day, Charter Day it was, when we told him we were engaged? My father being the conventional, traditional sort who had never let me have a real 'caller' even, lest I become interested in boys and think of matrimony too young. Carl Parker was the first male person who was ever allowed at my home in the evening. He

came seldom, since I was living in Berkeley most of the time, and anyway, we much preferred prowling all over our end of creation, servant-girl-and-policeman fashion. Also, when I married, according to father, it was to be someone, preferably an attorney of parts, about to become a judge, with a large bank-account. Instead, at eighteen, I and this almost unknown, to him, Senior stood before him and said, 'We are going to be married,' or words to that general effect. And — here is where I want you to think of the expression on my conservative father's face. Fairly early in the conversation he found breath to say, —

'And what, may I ask, are your prospects?'

'None, just at present.'

'And where, may I ask, are you planning to begin this married career you seem to contemplate?'

'In Persia.'

Can you see my father? '*Persia?*'

'Yes, Persia.'

'And what, for goodness' sake, are you two going to do in *Persia?*'

'We don't know just yet, of course, but we'll find something.'

I can see my father's point of view now, though I am not sure but that I shall prefer a son-in-law for our daughter who would contemplate absolute uncertainty in Persia in preference to an assured legal profession in Oakland, California. It was two years before my father became at all sympathetic, and that condition was far from enthusiastic. So it was a great joy to me to have him say, a few months before his death, 'You know, Cornelia, I want you to understand that, if I had had the world to pick from, I'd have chosen Carl Parker for your husband. Your marriage is a constant source of satisfaction to me.'

Carl finished his Senior year, and a full year it was for him. He was editor

of the *Pelican*, the University funny paper, editor of the *University of California Magazine*, the most serious publication on the campus outside the technical journals; he made every 'honor' organization there was to make; he and a fellow student wrote the successful Senior Extravaganza; he was a reader in economics and graduated with honors. And he saw me every single day.

I feel like digressing here a moment to assail that old principle — my father, along with countless others, held it so strongly — that a fellow who is really worth while ought to know by his junior year in college just what his life-work is to be. A few with an early developed special aptitude do, but very few. Carl entered college in August, 1896, in engineering, but after a term found that it had no further appeal for him. 'But a fellow ought to stick to a thing, whether he likes it or not!' If one must be dogmatic, then I say, 'A fellow should never work at anything he does not like.' One of the things in our case which brought such constant criticism from relatives and friends was that we changed around so much. Thank God, we did! It took Carl Parker until he was over thirty to find just the work he loved the most and in which his soul was content — University work. And he was thirty-seven before he found just the phase of economic study that fired him to his full enthusiasm — his loved field of the application of psychology to economics. And some would have had him stick to engineering just because he started engineering!

He hurt his knee broad-jumping in his Freshman year at college, and finally had to leave, going to Phoenix, Arizona, and then back to the Parker ranch at Vacaville for the better part of a year. The family was away during that time, and Carl ran the place alone. He returned to college in August, 1898,

this time taking up mining. After a year's study in mining he wanted the practical side. In the summer of 1899 he worked underground in the Hidden Treasure Mine, Placer county, California. In 1900 he left college again, going to the coal-mines of Rossland, British Columbia. From August, 1900, to May, 1901, he worked in four different mines. It was with a considerable feeling of pride that he always added, 'I got to be machine-man before I quit.'

It was at that time that he became a member of the Western Federation of Miners — an historical fact which inimical capitalists later endeavored to make use of from time to time, to do him harm. How I loved to listen by the hour to the stories of those grilling days — up at four in the pitch-dark and snow, to crawl up, with the blessing of a dear old Scotch landlady and a 'pastie,' to his job. He would tell our sons of tamping in the sticks of dynamite, while their eyes bulged. Sometimes it would be an old Vacaville crony who would appear, and stories would fly of those boy times — of the exploits up Putah Creek with Pee Wee Allen; of the prayer-meeting when Carl bet he could out-pray the minister's son, and won; of the tediously thought-out assaults upon an ancient hired man on the place, which would fill a book and delight the heart of Tom Sawyer himself; and how his mother used to sigh and add to it all, 'If only he had *ever* come home on time to his meals!'

One article that recently appeared in a New York paper began, —

'They say of him that, when he was a small boy, he displayed the same tendencies that later on made him great in his chosen field. His family possessed a distinct tendency toward conformity and respectability, but Carl was a companion of every "alley-bum" in Vacaville. His respectable friends never

won him away from his insatiable interest in the under-dog. They now know it makes valid his claim to achievement.'

After the British Columbia mining days, he took what money he had saved and left for Idaho, where he was to meet his chum, Hal Bradley, for his first Idaho trip — a dream of theirs for years. The Idaho stories he could tell — Oh, why can I not remember them word for word? Three and a half months he and Hal were there, — hunting, fishing, jerking meat, trailing after lost horses, — having his dreams of Idaho come true. (If our sons fail to have those dreams!)

When Hal returned to college, the *wanderlust* was still too strong in Carl, and he stopped off in Spokane, Washington, penniless, to try pot-luck. There were more tales to delight a gathering. In Spokane he took a hand at reporting, claiming to be a person of large experience, since only those of large experience were desired by the editor of the *Spokesman Review*. He was given sport, society, and the tenderloin to cover, at nine dollars a week. Since he never could go anywhere without making folks love him, it was not long before he had his cronies among the 'sports,' kind souls 'in society' who took him in, and at least one strong loyal friend, — who called him 'Bub' and gave him much excellent advice that he often used to refer to, — who was the owner of the biggest gambling-joint in town. Spokane was wide open in those days, and 'some town.' It was the society friends who seem to have saved his life: for nine dollars did not go far, even then. I have heard hostesses of those days tell of the meal he could consume. 'But I'd been saving for it all day with just ten cents in my pocket.' I met a pal of those days who used to save Carl considerable of his nine dollars by 'smooching' his wash into his own home laundry.

About then Carl's older brother, somewhat fastidious, ran into him in Spokane. Boyd tells of how Carl insisted he should spend the night at his room instead of going to a hotel. 'Is it far from here?' 'Oh, no!' So they started out with Boyd's suitcase and walked and walked through the 'darndest part of town you ever saw.' Finally, after crossing untold railroad-tracks and ducking round sheds and through alleys, they came to a rooming-house that was 'a holy fright.' 'It's all right inside,' Carl explained. When they reached Carl's room, there was one not over-broad bed in the corner and a red head showing, snoring contentedly.

'Who's that?' the brother asked.

'Oh, a fellow I picked up some place.'

'Where am I to sleep?'

'Right in here — the bed's plenty big enough for three!'

And Boyd says, though it was 2 A.M. and miles from any place, he lit out of there as fast as he could move. Boyd adds, 'I don't believe he even knew that red-headed guy's name!'

The reporting went rather lamely it seemed, however. The editor said it read amateurish, and he felt he would have to make a change. Carl made for some files where all the dailies were kept, and read and re-read the yellowest of the yellow. As luck would have it, that very night a big fire in a crowded apartment house broke out. It was not in Carl's beat, but he decided to cover it anyhow. Along with the firemen he managed to get up on the roof; he jumped here, he flew there, demolishing the only suit of clothes he owned. But what an account he handed in! The editor discarded entirely the story of the reporter sent to cover the fire, ran in Carl's word for word, and raised him to twelve dollars a week.

But just as the crown of reportorial success was lighting on his brow, his mother made it plain to him that she

preferred to have him return to college. He bought a ticket to Vacaville, — it was just about Christmas, — he also purchased a loaf of bread and a can of sardines, and with thirty cents in his pocket, he left for California, traveling in a day-coach all the way. I remember his story of how, about the end of the second day, he coldbloodedly cultivated a man opposite him who looked as if he could afford to eat, and of how the man 'came through' and asked Carl if he would have dinner with him in the diner. The tale of what and how much Carl ordered and the expression and depression of the paying host! It tided him over until he reached home, anyhow — never mind the host!

All his mining experience, plus the dark side of life as contrasted with society, as he saw them both in Spokane, turned his interests into the field of economics. And when he entered college the next spring, it was to 'major' in that subject. May and June, 1903, he worked underground in the coal-mines of Nanimio. In July he met Nay Moran in Idaho, for his second Idaho camping-trip, and it was on his return from this outing that I met him and ate his jerked meat and loved him and never stopped doing that for one second.

III

There were three boys and a girl in the Parker family. Each of the other brothers had been encouraged to see the world, and in turn Carl planned fourteen months in Europe after he should graduate, his serious object being, on his return, to act as Extension Secretary to Professor Stephens of the University of California, who was planning to organize Extension work for the first time in California. By that time we had come a bit to our senses, and I had begun to realize that, since there was no money anyhow to marry on,

and since I was so young, I had better stay on and graduate from college. Carl could have his trip to Europe and get an option, perhaps, on a tent in Persia.

I stopped writing here to read through Carl's European letters and laid out about seven I wanted to quote from: the accounts of three dinners at Sidney and Beatrice Webb's in London — what knowing them always meant to him! They, perhaps, have forgotten him, but meeting the Webbs and Graham Wallas and that English group could be nothing but red-letter events to a young economic enthusiast one year out of college, studying Trade-Unionism in the London School of Economics.

Then there was his South African trip. He was sent out by a London firm, to 'expert' a mine near Johannesburg — after he had cabled five times for it, said firm still sent on no money. The bitter disgust and anguish of those weeks — neither of us ever had much patience under such circumstances. But he experted his mine, and found it absolutely worthless; explored the Veldt on a second-hand bicycle; cooked little meals of bacon and mush round about wherever he found himself, and wrote to me. Meanwhile he learned much, studied the Coolie question, investigated mine-workings, was entertained by his old college mates, mining experts themselves, in Johannesburg. At last he borrowed money to get back to Europe, claiming that 'he had learned his lesson and learned it hard.' About that time he wanted California with a fearful want, and was all done with foreign parts, and claimed that any place just big enough for two suited him — it did not need to be as far away as Persia after all. And finally he came home as fast as ever he could reach Berkeley — did not stop even to telegraph.

I had planned for months a dress I knew he would love, to greet him in. It was hanging ready in the closet. As it was, I had started to retire, — in the same room with a Freshman I was supposed to be 'rushing' hard, — when I heard a soft whistle, our whistle, under my window. My heart stopped beating. I just grabbed a raincoat and threw it over me, my hair down in a braid, and in the middle of a sentence to the astounded Freshman, I dashed out. My father had said, 'If neither of you changes your mind while Carl is away, I have no objection to your becoming engaged.' In about ten minutes after his return we were engaged, on a bench up in the Deaf and Dumb Asylum grounds — our favorite trysting-place. It would have been so foolish to have wasted a new dress on that night. I was clad in cloth of gold for all Carl knew or cared, or could see in the dark, for that matter. The deserted Freshman was sound asleep when I got back — and joined another sorority.

Thereafter, for a time, Carl went into University Extension, lecturing on Trade-Unionism and South Africa. It did not please him altogether, and finally my father, a lawyer himself, persuaded him to go into law. Carl Parker in law! How we used to shudder at it afterwards, but it was just one more broadening experience he got out of life.

Then came the San Francisco earthquake. That was the end of my junior year and we felt that we had to be married when I finished college — nothing else mattered quite as much as that. So when an offer came out of a clear sky from Halsey & Co., for Carl to be a bond salesman on a salary that assured matrimony within a year, though in no affluence, the bottom being all out of the law business and no enthusiasm for it anyway, we held a consultation and decided for bonds and

marriage. What a bond salesman Carl made! Those who knew him knew what has been referred to as 'the magic of his personality,' and could understand how he was having the whole of a small country town asking him to dinner on his second visit.

I somehow got through my senior year, though goodness, how the days dragged! for all I could think of was Carl, Carl, Carl, and getting married. Yet no one — no one on this earth — ever had the fun out of their engaged days that we did when we were together. Carl used to say that the accumulated expense of courting me for almost four years came to \$10.25. He just guessed at \$10.25, though any cheap figure would have done. We just did not care about doing things that happened to cost money. We never did care in our lives, and never would have cared, no matter what our income might have been. Undoubtedly it was the main reason we were so blissful on such a small salary in university work — we could never think at the time of anything much we were doing without. I remember the happiest Christmas we almost ever had was over in the country, when we spent under two dollars for all of us. We were absolutely down to bed-rock that year, anyway. (It was just after we paid off our European debt.) Carl gave me a book — *The Pastor's Wife* — and we gloated over it together all Christmas afternoon! We gave each of the boys a ten-cent cap-pistol and five cents' worth of caps — they were in their Paradise. I mended three shirts of Carl's that had been in my basket so long they were really like new to him, — he'd forgotten he owned them! — laundered them, and hung the trio, tied in tissue paper and red ribbon, on the tree. That *was* a Christmas!

We loved tramping always more than anything else, and just prowling around the streets arm-in-arm, ending perhaps

with an ice-cream soda. Not over cost-ly, any of it. I have kept some little reminder of almost every spree we took in our four engaged years — it is a book of sheer joy from cover to cover. Except always, always the need of saying good-bye — it got so that it seemed almost impossible to say it.

And then came the day when it did not have to be said each time — that day of days, September 7, 1907, when we were married. Idaho for our honeymoon had to be abandoned, as three weeks was the longest vacation period we could wring from a soulless bond-house. But not even Idaho could have brought us more joy than our seventy-five-mile trip up the Rogue River in Southern Oregon. We hired an old buckboard and two ancient, almost immobile, so-called horses — and with provisions, gun, rods, and sleeping-bags, we started forth. The woods were in their autumn glory, the fish were biting, corn was ripe along the roadside, and apples, Rogue River apples, made red blotches under every tree. 'Help yourselves!' the farmers would sing out, or would not sing out. It was all one to us.

I found, along with his every other accomplishment, that I had married an expert camp cook. He found he had married a person who could not even boil rice. The first night out on our trip, Carl said, 'You start the rice while I tend to the horses.' He knew I could not cook — I had planned to take a course in Domestic Science on graduation; however, Carl preferred to marry me sooner inexperienced, than later experienced. But evidently he thought even a low-grade moron could boil rice. The bride of his heart did not know that rice swelled when it boiled. We were hungry, we would want lots of rice, so I put lots in. By the time Carl came back I had partly cooked rice in every utensil we owned, including the coffee-

pot and the wash-basin. And still he loved me!

That honeymoon! Lazy horses poking unprodded along an almost deserted mountain road, glimpses of the river lined with autumn reds and yellows, camp made toward evening in any spot that looked appealing, — and all spots looked appealing, — two fish-rods out, consultation as to flies, leave-taking for half an hour's parting while one went up the river aways to try his luck, one down. Joyous reunion with much or little luck, but always enough for supper — trout rolled in cornmeal and fried, corn on the cob garnered from a willing or unwilling farmer that afternoon, corn bread, the most luscious corn bread in the world, baked camper style by the man of the party, and red, red apples. Eaten by two people who had waited four years for just that. Evenings in a sandy nook by the river's edge, watching the stars come out above the water. Adventures, such as losing Chocolada, the brown seventy-eight-year-old horse, and finding her up to her neck in a deep stream running through a grassy meadow with perpendicular banks on either side. We walked miles till we found a farmer. With the aid of himself and his tools, plus a stout rope and a tree, in an afternoon's time we dug and pulled and hauled and yanked Chocolada up and out on to dry land, more nearly dead than ever by that time. The ancient senile had just fallen in while drinking. And then, after three weeks, back to skirts and collars and civilization, and a continued honeymoon, from Medford, Oregon, to Seattle, Washington, doing all the country banks *en route*. In Portland we had to be separated for one whole day — it seemed nothing short of harrowing.

Then came Seattle and house-hunting. We had one hundred dollars a month to live on, and every apartment we looked at rented for from sixty dol-

lars up, until in despair we took two wee rooms, a weer kitchen and bath, for forty dollars. It was just before the panic in 1907 and rents were exorbitant. And from having seventy-five dollars a month spending money before I was married, I jumped to keeping two of us on sixty dollars, which was what was left after the rent was paid. I am not rationalizing when I say I am glad that we did not have a cent more. It was a real sporting event to make both ends meet! And we did it, and saved a dollar or so, just to show we could. Seattle was quite given to food fairs in those days, and we kept a weather eye out for such. We would eat no lunch, make for the Food Show about three, and nibble at samples all afternoon, coming home well-fed about eight, having bought enough necessities here and there so that our consciences did not hurt. Much of the time Carl had to be on the road selling bonds—we almost grieved our hearts out over that. In fact we got desperate, and when Carl was offered an assistant cashiership in a bank in Ellensburg, Washington, we were just about to accept it when the panic came and the cry was all for retrenchment in banks.

Then we planned farming, planned it with determination. They were too awful — those good-byes. Each got worse and harder than the last. We had divine days in between, to be sure, when we'd prowl out into the woods around the city with a picnic lunch, or *bummel* along the water-front, ending at a counter we knew which produced, — or the man behind it produced — delectable and cheap clubhouse sandwiches. Bond business and business conditions generally in the Northwest got worse and worse. In March, after six months of Seattle, we were recalled to the San Francisco office. Business results were better, Carl's salary was considerably raised, but there were still separations.

IV

On July 3, the Marvelous Son was born, and never was there such a father. Even the trained nurse, hardened to new fathers by years of experience, admitted she never had seen anyone take parenthood quite so hard.

Those were magic days — three of us in the family instead of two, and separations harder than ever. Once in all the ten and a half years we were married I saw Carl Parker downright discouraged over his own affairs, and that was the day I met him down town in Oakland and he announced that he could not stand the bond business any longer. He had come to dislike it heartily as a business; and then, leaving the boy and me was just not worth the whole financial world put together. Since his European experience — meeting the Webbs and their kind — he had a hankering for university work, but he felt the money return so small that he just could not contemplate raising a family on it. But now we were desperate. We longed for a life that would give us the maximum chance to be together. Cold-bloodedly we decided that university work would give us that opportunity and the long vacations would give us our mountains.

The work itself did make its strong appeal, too. Professor Henry Morse Stephens and Professor Miller of the University of California had long urged Carl to go into teaching; and at last we decided that if it meant living on husks and skimmed milk all our days, at least we would be eating what there was to eat together, three meals a day every day. We cashed in our savings, we drew on everything there was to draw on, and on February 1, 1909, the three of us embarked for Harvard — with fifty-six dollars and seventy-five cents excess-baggage to pay at the *dépôt*, such young ignoramuses we were.

That trip east was worth any future hardship we might have reaped. Our seven-months-old baby was one of the young saints of the world — not once in the five days did he peep. We owned the world. And I, who had never been farther from my California home town than Seattle, who never had seen real snow, except our first married Christmas in the Northwest, when we spent four days in the Scenic Hot Springs in the Cascades and skied and sledged and spilled around like six-year-olds! But stretches and stretches of snow! And then just travelling, and together!

And then, to be in Boston! We took a room with a bath in the Copley Square Hotel. The first evening we arrived, Nandy (Carleton, Jr.) rolled off the bed; so when we went gallivanting about Boston shopping for the new home, we left him in the bathtub, where he could not fall out. We padded it well with pillows, there was a big window letting in plenty of fresh air, we instructed the chambermaid to peep at him now and then, and there we would leave him, well-nourished and asleep. (By the time that story had been passed around by enough people in the home town it developed that one day the baby — just seven months old, remember — got up and turned on the water and was found by the chambermaid sinking for the third time.)

Something happened to the draft from the home bank that should have reached Boston almost at the same time we did. We gazed into the family pocketbook one fine morning, to find it, to all intents and purposes, practically empty. Hurried meeting of the finance committee. By unanimous consent of all present we decided — as many another mortal in a strange town has decided — on the pawn-shop. I wonder if my dear grandmother will read this — she probably will. Carl first submitted his gold watch — the baby had dropped

it once and it had shrunken in value thereby in the eyes of the pawn-shop man, though not in ours. The only other valuable we had along with us was my grandmother's wedding present to me, which had been my grandfather's wedding present to her — a glorious old-fashioned breast-pin. We were allowed fifty dollars on it, which saved the day. What will my grandmother ever say when she knows that her bridal gift resided for some days in a Boston pawn-shop!

We moved out to Cambridge in due time and settled at Bromley Court, on the very edge of the Yard. We thrilled to all of it — we drank in every ounce of dignity and tradition the place afforded, and our wild Western souls exulted. We knew no one when we reached Boston, but our first Sunday we were invited to dinner in Cambridge by two people who were ever after our cordial, faithful friends, Mr. and Mrs. John Graham Brooks. They made us feel at once that Cambridge was not the socially icy place it is painted in song and story. Then I remember the afternoon I had a week's wash strung on an improvised line back and forth from one end of our apartment to the other. Just as I hung the last damp garment, the bell rang and there stood an immaculate gentleman in a cutaway and silk hat who had come to call — an old friend of my mother's. He ducked under wet clothes, and we set two chairs where we could see each other, and yet nothing was dripping down either of our necks, and there we conversed and he ended by inviting us both to dinner — on Marlborough Street at that! His house on Marlborough Street! We boldly and excitedly figured up on the way home from it that that one meal had cost more than it cost us to live for two weeks — it honestly did.

We did our own work, of course, and

we lived on next to nothing. I wonder now how we kept so well that year. Of course, we fed the baby everything he should have, — according to Holt in those days, — and we ate the mutton left from his broth and the beef after the juice had been squeezed out of it for him, and bought storage eggs for ourselves, and queer butter out of a barrel, and were absolutely, absolutely blissful. Perhaps we should have spent more on food and less on baseball. I am glad we did not. Almost every Saturday afternoon that first semester we fared forth early, Nandy in his go-cart, to get a seat in the front row of the baseball grandstand. I remember one Saturday we were late, front seats all taken. We had to pack baby and go-cart more than halfway up to the top. There we barricaded him, still in the go-cart, in the middle of the aisle. Along about the seventh inning, the game waxed particularly exciting — we were beside ourselves with enthusiasm. Fellow on-lookers seemed even more excited — they called out things — they seemed to be calling in our direction. Fine parents we were: there was Nandy, go-cart and all, bumpety-bumping down the grandstand steps. I remember again the Stadium, the day of the big track meet. Every time the official announcer would put the megaphone to his mouth to call out winners and time to a hushed and eager throng, Nandy, not yet a year old, would begin to squeal at the top of his lungs, for joy. Nobody could hear a word the official said. We were as distressed as anyone; we, too, had pencils poised to jot down records.

Carl studied very hard. The first few weeks, until we got used to the new wonder of things, he used to run home from college whenever he had a spare minute. At that time he was rather preparing to go into Transportation as his main economic subject; but by the end of the year he knew Labor would be

his love. (His first published economic article was a short one that appeared in the *Quarterly Journal of Economics* for May, 1910, on 'The Decline of Trade-Union Membership.'

We had a tragic summer. Carl felt that he must take his Master's degree, but had no foreign language. Three terrible, wicked, unforgivable professors assured him that if he could be in Germany six weeks during summer vacation, he could get enough German to pass the examination for the A.M. We believed them, and he went, though of all the partings we ever had, that was the very worst. Almost at the last he just could not go — but we were so sure that it would solve the whole A.M. problem. He went third class on a German steamer, since we had money for nothing better. Oh, the misery of that summer! We never talked about it much. He went to Freiburg, to a German cobbler's family, but later changed, since the cobbler's son looked upon him as a provision of Providence sent to practise his English upon. His heart was breaking and mine was breaking, and he was working, working at German (and languages came fearfully hard for him), morning, afternoon, and night, with two lessons a day, his only diversion being a daily walk up a hill, with a cake of soap and a towel, to a secluded waterfall he discovered. He wrote a letter and a post-card a day to the babe and me. I have just re-read all of them, and my heart aches afresh for the homesickness that summer meant to both of us. He got back two days before our wedding anniversary — days like those first few after our reunion are not given to many mortals. I would say no one had ever tasted such joy. The baby gurgled about and was kissed within an inch of his life.

About six weeks later we called our beloved Dr. J—— from a banquet he had long looked forward to, in order to

officiate at the birth of our second, known as Thomas-Elizabeth up to October 17, but from about ten-thirty that night as James Stratton Parker. We named him after my grandfather, for the simple reason that we liked the name Jim. How we chuckled when my father's congratulatory telegram came, in which he claimed pleasure at having the boy named after his father, but cautioned us never to allow him to be nicknamed.

I remember the boresome youth who used to call week in week out, — always just before a meal, — and we were so hard up and got so we resented feeding such an impossible person so many times. He dropped in at noon Friday the 17th for lunch. A few days later Carl met him on the street and announced rapturously the arrival of the new son. The impossible person hemmed and stammered, 'Why — er, when did it arrive?' Carl, all beams, replied, 'The very evening of the day you were at our house for lunch!'

We never laid eyes on that man again! We were almost four months longer in Cambridge, but never did he set foot inside our apartment. Wish someone could have psycho-analysed him — too late now. He died about a year after we left Cambridge. I always felt he never did get over the shock of having escaped Jim's arrival by such a narrow margin.

And right here I must tell of Dr. J——. He was recommended as the best doctor in Cambridge, but very expensive. Carl said, 'We may have to economize in everything on earth but we'll never economize on doctors.' So we had Dr. J——, had him for all the minor upsets families need doctors for, had him when Jim was born, had him through a queer fever Nandy developed that lasted some time, had him through a bad case of grippe I got (it was at Christmas-time; Carl took care of both

babies, did all the cooking, — even to the Christmas turkey I was well enough to eat by then, — got up every two hours for three nights to change an ice-pack I had to have — that's the kind of man he was!), had him vaccinate both young, and then, just before we left Cambridge, we sat and held his bill, scared to open the envelope. At length we gathered our courage and gazed upon charges of sixty-five dollars for everything, with a wonderful note which said that, if we would be inconvenienced in paying that, he would not mind at all if he got nothing. Such excitement — we had expected two hundred dollars at the least! We tore out and bought ten cents' worth of doughnuts, to celebrate. When we exclaimed to him over his goodness, — of course, we paid the sixty-five dollars, — all he said was, 'Do you think a doctor is blind? And does a man go steerage to Europe if he has a lot of money in the bank?' Bless that doctor's heart! Bless all doctors' hearts!

When we left for Harvard we had an idea that perhaps one year of graduate work would be sufficient. Naturally, about two months was enough to show us that one year would get us no place. Could we finance an added year at, perhaps, Wisconsin? And then, in November, Professor Miller of Berkeley

called to talk things over with Carl. Anon he mentioned, more or less casually, 'The thing for you to do is to have a year's study in Germany,' and proceeded to enlarge on that idea. We sat dumb, and the minute the door was closed after him, we flopped. 'What was the man thinking of — to suggest a year in Germany when we have no money and two babies, one not a year and a half and one six weeks old!' Preposterous.

That was Saturday afternoon. By Monday morning we had decided we would go! Thereupon we wrote West to finance the plan, and got beautifully sat upon for our 'notions.' If we needed money, we had better give up this whole fool University idea and get a decent man-sized job. And, then we wrote my father, — or rather I wrote him without telling Carl till after the letter was mailed, — and bless his heart! he replied by a fat God-bless-you-my-children registered letter, with check inclosed, agreeing to my stipulation that it should be a six-per-cent business affair. Suppose we could not have raised that money — suppose our lives had been minus that German experience! Bless fathers! They may scold and fuss at romance and have 'good sensible ideas of their own' on such matters, but — bless fathers!

(To be continued)

BRIDGING THE GULF

BY WILLARD L. SPERRY

I

IN a recent number of the *Atlantic Monthly* there appeared, under the caption 'The Gulf,' a statement of one of the vague, but none the less imperative, problems of war-time, the problem of a divided society. The division in question was not the obvious schism between enemies, but the subtle rift which reappears in every time of war, between the soldier point of view and the civilian point of view. This gulf is an inevitable by-product of all wars; and even with the signing of peace it remains as one of the dilemmas of every period of reconstruction. Since the strain and agony of this war have been, for the soldier, greater than in any previous war, this temperamental gulf and the general social problems which it raises are correspondingly serious.

The initial problem needs no restatement here. It is a contemporary manifestation upon a vast scale of that spiritual schism which always appears in the world when some men live in dire strain and stress while other men live in comparative comfort and security. In each recurring circumstance this contrast and conflict give rise to what Nietzsche once finely called, 'the pathos of distance.'¹

¹ It was Nietzsche who gave us this pregnant phrase, and with the phrase its definition: 'The intellectual haughtiness and loathing of every man who has suffered deeply, — it almost determines how deeply men can suffer, — the chilling certainty, with which he is thoroughly imbued and colored, that by virtue of his suffering he knows more than the shrewdest and wisest can

Hundreds of thousands of men are now returning to civilian life from the armies of the modern world, to feel and in turn to make us feel the 'pathos of distance' which separates battlefields in France from Beacon Street, Boston, or the Main Street of Coffeyville, Kansas. The readjustment and reconciliation of the two points of view in a single experience, to say nothing of the history of a nation, is a spiritual problem which few men have seriously anticipated on either side of the gulf.

The prospect that the present schism between the soldier mind and the civilian mind can be overcome by any ingenious 'works' which emanate from the deliberations of well-meaning but unimaginative committees of welcome is very poor. Our instinct for organization, our fertile genius for saving works, may easily lead us astray here. The problem goes deeper than that, and resolves itself at last into the sterner task of a lonely self-discipline of the inner life. So it always has been, so it will be now, as the waiting civilian prepares himself to receive the homecoming soldier. When the two stand face to face again, no perfunctory mechanics of greeting can get across the rift — only

ever know; that he has been familiar with, and "at home" in, many distant dreadful worlds of which "you know nothing" — this silent intellectual haughtiness of the sufferer, this pride of the elect of knowledge, of the "initiated," of the almost sacrificed, finds all forms of disguise necessary to protect itself from contact with officious and sympathizing hands, and in general from all that is not its equal in suffering. Profound suffering makes noble; it separates.' — THE AUTHOR.

a penetrating insight which is born of imagination and sympathy.

In the moment of initial reunion it is more than probable that the presence of this subtle gulf will not be felt. The gladness of the returning on the one side and the genuineness of the welcome and homage on the other side will obliterate, for the time being, the rift which the War has set between the two. The first mutual greetings will seem to be a re-affirmation of the old unity of the common life.

But sooner or later, because the reactions of human nature to experience are reasonably reliable, a difference in the point of view must make its appearance. The first American draft took from a little village in Vermont seventeen of her sons. Before they went away to the wars, thirteen of those boys had never slept a night away from home in all their lives. It is not within the bounds of possibility that the intervening years should leave those boys unchanged. Life in the Vermont village must forever afterward be judged from a different angle. It must be tested on the touchstone of Château-Thierry and the Argonne Forest, which is of sterner stuff than the innocuous domesticities of the daily round in the Green Mountains. Which is the real world, which is the better world, may be an open question; but for these homecoming men, and for those who welcome them, there must be, in the years immediately to come, the consciousness and the collision of two very different worlds in place of the former platitude of one world.

Every troop-train, therefore, lumbering back to the Channel ports with its freight of khaki, every west-bound transport on the North Atlantic in mid-winter, is a symbol of this 'pathos of distance,' a great question-mark set against all the conventions of home.

These men are returning to the Allied

homelands as the incarnation of victorious democracy. But, of themselves, they are also the substance of a new spiritual aristocracy. The bluest blood in the veins of the civilian Brahmin is not half so blue, to-day, as the blood in the veins of the humblest 'Wop' or 'Dago' or 'Nigger' in the A.E.F., who has seen hard service at the front. Moral aristocracies are an inevitable by-product of every time of intense living. And not even the fresh vindication of the democratic principle can blind our eyes to the new-born aristocracy of men who are coming back to civilian life 'with the chilling certainty, with which they are thoroughly imbued and colored, that by virtue of their suffering they know more than the shrewdest and wisest of us civilians can ever know, because they have been familiar with and at home in many distant dreadful worlds of which we know nothing.' Something more than the cracker-barrel philosophy of the Vermont grocery store; something more than the platitudes which pass across mahogany desks of First National Banks or overflow oak pulpits in orthodox churches, will be needed to overcome the 'pathos of distance' between the two worlds. The problem of the readjustment of the spiritual aristocrat to the 'many-too-many' who make up his easygoing democratic environment, is always hard. But never was the task of reconciliation harder than now. In the welter of problems which are rolling on the shores of peace-time, like a ground-swell after storm, none bulks bigger and more imperious than this.

II

In his absence civilians have told one another that the soldier will not come back the same man he went. He will be changed. But how he will be changed, we really do not know. Every effort to

forecast the change is tinged by our own point of view. We read into the expected change the particular creeds and codes which are still dear to us. And then we read them out again, with the sanctions of the soldier to give them new validity. Are we Tories? Then the soldier will come back from the wars cured of all the seductions to radicalism and pledged to a life of dogged conservatism. Are we rebels? Then the soldier will have been infected by the virus of revolt and will return a sworn 'Red.' Are we sectarians? Then the soldier's experience will have taught him the truth of our dear dogmas, and he comes to take his place in our choirs to chant our creeds.

To this whole natural tendency on the part of the civilian to read into the soldier's life our favorite creeds and then read them out again with the *imprimatur* of his experience, the soldier himself seems to take candid and often brutal exception. He does not propose to be monopolized or exploited by any civilian point of view. If he is not always gentle with us in his effort to disillusion us, this is because he must make us realize, at whatever cost to our complacency, at what price he has bought his new and hard-won moral independence.

It was a British officer who had won the M.C., and who therefore had the right to speak, who not long ago rebuked the facile civilian gift for prophecy about the changes in the soldier's character.

The Bishop tells us: 'When the boys come back They will not be the same; for they'll have fought

In a just cause: they lead the last attack
On Anti-Christ; their comrades' blood has bought
New right to breed an honorable race.

They have challenged Death and dared him to the face.'

'We're none of us the same,' the boys reply.
'For George lost both his legs; and Bill's stone blind;

Poor Jim's shot through the lungs and like to die;
And Bert's gone syphilitic: you'll not find
A chap who's served who has n't found *some*
change.'

And the Bishop said, 'The ways of God are strange.'

Lines like these, and they have not been uncommon from the trenches, are not an indictment of the soldier; they are not even an indictment of war. They are an indictment of the civilian habit of using the soldier as fresh laboratory material for the dissecting-rooms of theology and politics.

What makes the soldier, on the further side of the 'pathos of distance,' resent the civilian aptitude for moral diagnosis of his experience, is the fact that he does not even understand himself, and therefore he suspects our proffered helps to a better self-knowledge. He has not hesitated to tell us that throughout his own experience he has been bewildered and 'inarticulate.' He understands clearly neither his world nor himself. He knows only that he has been living intensely. And he feels vaguely that the proffered systems of religion and politics and economics by which the civilian would help him to self-knowledge are not founded on a discipline as drastic as his own.

Systems, whether theological or sociological, are always the product of a reflective epoch in experience, once removed from the engrossing business of living. They are the output of intellectual 'luxury trades.' For the business of fighting they represent a non-essential industry. The life of the soldier would seem to have been preoccupied with the stern business of bare existence, when life is reduced to its lowest denominators. And the soldier has had neither time nor inclination to take that mental step once removed from life, to indulge in the second-hand business of reflecting upon life.

The London *Lancet* recently con-

ducted an extensive questionnaire into 'The Essential Characteristics of Successful and Unsuccessful Aviators.' The answers to the questionnaire from over six hundred flying men revealed the fact that the one universally recognized requisite for successful flying was the absence of introspective and imaginative bents of mind. This item recurs with precise and methodical regularity. 'Not too much imagination' — 'Very little imagination' — 'Lacking in imagination' — 'Must have no imagination.' Airmen seem to depend on the intuitive reactions of the mind rather than on its reflective processes, for safety and victory. To philosophize in an aeroplane, to draft the platform for a coming Utopia or to rewrite the Nicene Creed in the middle of a spinning nose-dive, with a German overhead, would seem, even to the stolid civilian whose feet are still glued to the ground, a work of dubious supererogation.

What is true of the airman seems to be true in lesser degrees of all men in the other branches of the service. Their lot has been cast with facts. Their life has depended, not on their ability to force any rigid system upon the facts, but rather on their infinite adaptability to fact. What they bring back from their experience, therefore, is what contact with fact always first begets, a certain mental pliability rather than a rigid system. Youth's asset in war is more than physical, it is also psychological. The very absence of the reflective frame of mind, which is the luxury of maturity, gives to youth its advantage over age in the trenches.

Those of us, therefore, who are waiting on the dock to greet the home-coming soldier with a system, have missed the one important truth about his inner history. For the Nicene Creed, High Tariff, Single Tax, and Bolshevism, are, for better and for worse, all of them systems, which are once removed

from the engrossing business of living. And because the soldier mind has not been able to remove itself from the primary business of living, it returns to us, so far as systems are concerned, almost a *tabula rasa*. The old systems are gone. No new systems have been fabricated to take their place.

If a man has been a good soldier, he has 'carried on' without the buttress of any system. He has not even troubled to investigate the remoter implications of his own act, either for himself or for his world. A 'Camel' or a 'Fatima' has been worth ten volumes of sociology. His Egeria in his celibate world has not been a highly idealized Columbia. But for him a certain 'K-k-k-katy' has been the 'blessed damozel' who has leaned out from the golden bar of heaven and waved him her heartening cheer. Not that the soldier is wanting in a fine religious and political idealism, but that, for the moment, 'K-k-k-katy' at the kitchen door has been a more concrete and plausible incarnation of democracy than a highly systematized Goddess of Liberty. The civilians with their systems are born Platonists. The soldier is an Aristotelian. For better or worse, he has had to live with concrete facts.

III

Something of this sort, then, constitutes the initial task for those who, on the civilian side of our modern 'pathos of distance,' are seriously concerned to bridge the gulf: some perception that we have here the old but always new collision between the two great types of mind.

On the one hand, we have had at home a mind which, under the stress of war and the collision of ideals, has been freshly obsessed with the need for more and better systems in religion and business and politics. The enemy has proved to us the terrible power of a

systematic theology, once a people are indoctrinated with it. After Prussianism no one can ever say again that it does not matter what systems prevail in the world. Von Treitschke and his successors have vindicated the power of the systematic thinker once for all. They all but wrecked the world. And the civilian mind in the Allied countries, in its reaction from the terrible power of a dogmatic system imposed upon the German nation, has seen no duty but the clear duty of offsetting this sinister dogmatism by other and liberal dogmas.

The origins of the war in an evil system of religious and political thought have seemed to demand on our part a reconsecration of the common mind to the business of philosophizing. And so, preoccupied with our new systems, we go to the pier to greet the soldier, in the hope that for the sake of civilization he will countersign our intellectual efforts with the sanctions of his experience.

Yet what greets us is not a mind like our own, but a mind unlike our own — a mind which has been trained to suspect reflection as debilitating if not dangerous. We are greeted with a mind which has no systems, but only a method.

What is needed, then, on the part of the civilian who looks with eager expectancy to the men of the home-coming armies, is not any system of thought, but a frame of mind, a mental and moral method, which meets the soldier's own. The soldier will be reserved. He will make no effort to explain or interpret himself to us. That is the way with aristocrats. We must be willing, for the sake of the common cause, to go all the way to meet him. And we shall meet and know him, not on the basis of any reflective dogmatism about religion or politics or business, but on the ground of a common attitude toward

life, and a common method of meeting the world which is before us. By some solitary inner discipline, one by one, we must be reborn into the processes of the soldier's inner life, if the gulf is to be bridged.

IV

The first characteristic of the soldier-method is a certain mental and moral sincerity. The war seems to have blasted away the superficial insincerities of life among the men who have tasted it in person. They may be frank and even brutal in expression, but they come back to us more honest than they went. They have discovered what Leslie Stephen means when he says of his own progress from orthodoxy to agnosticism, 'When I ceased to accept the teaching of my youth, it was not so much a process of giving up beliefs as of discovering that I had never really believed.' The war seems to have been for the fighting man, not an adventure in aggressive doubt, but simply a pounding to pieces of convention and platitude, of all dogmas which do not rest on the 'fixed indubitable certainty of experience.'

For men cannot triangulate and direct gunfire by impressionistic mathematics. There is no key in the back of the book to assure the gunner in advance of the systematic correctness of his aim. He must trust in one thing alone, the reliability of his method, verifying the method only after the event, by observation. This necessity for trusting the method must reflect upon the whole inner process of life. This military sincerity, an utter naked willingness to face the facts and take all the facts into account, to overlook none, would seem to breed a certain moral attitude toward life, which has as yet no adequate counterpart in the civilian spirit, where men still feel at

liberty to pick and choose the facts which fit their particular system.

There is no sin against Truth so common, and yet so grave, as the sin of picking and choosing facts to fit a theory. There is no spiritual habit which so surely undermines the integrity of thought and conduct as this. It has taken nothing short of a great war to teach men the peril of this process. To face the facts in their confusion, contradiction, and totality is the achievement of a sincere nature.

That is what his life has forced the soldier to do, at whatever expense to the order and decency of his systematic thinking. The average decorous churchgoer would be horrified at the recension of the Creed which a British chaplain says that he has heard, in substance, a hundred times at the front: 'I believe in God the Father Almighty, and a trench-mortar has just blown my pal, who was a clean-living lad, to pieces; and God is love, and they crucified the sergeant-major; and peace on earth, good-will to men, and I stuck my bayonet through his belly; and Jesus died to save us from sin, and the Boche has been raping women; and this — war never ends!'

Such a creed may be grossly heretical, but at least it has the merit of utter and naked sincerity, for, soldier-wise, it faces all the facts.

Over fifty years ago Thomas Huxley wrote to Charles Kingsley his confession of faith in the scientific method. 'Sit down humbly before facts as a little child, be prepared to give up every preconceived notion, follow humbly wherever and to whatever abysses nature leads, or you shall learn nothing. I have only begun to learn content and peace of mind since I have resolved at all costs to do this.' But a half-century of thoroughgoing scientific education has not yet bred a generation to this high faith.

It has been left for the soldier, above all men of our time, to understand what it means to follow facts wherever and to whatever abysses they may lead, and to find peace of mind at the far end of that quest of naked sincerity.

We cannot expect that men who have been perfected by their discipline in the habits of sincerity will look with sympathy and understanding upon the vestiges of old insincerities still lingering in the religion, the politics, and the business of the civilian world. The least suggestion of insincerity will repel the soldier. He will understand only sincere men and sincere institutions. He challenges us, in advance of his returning, to cleanse our mental and moral habits of those insincerities which still pass as the currency of an uncritical orthodoxy and respectability.

A second characteristic of the soldier-method would appear to be the habit of facing reality unafraid. The soldier's fears may not have been cast out by perfect love, but they have been exorcized by a certain triumphant Stoicism. 'Thy friends are exultations, agonies, . . . and man's unconquerable mind.'

In Synge's poignant drama of the west coast of Ireland, *Riders to the Sea*, the old woman, Maurya, comes at last to the time when the sea has robbed her of all her sons, and she says, 'There is n't anything more the sea can do to me now. It's a great rest I'll be having now.' In the same way hundreds of thousands of men have come, in the last four and a half years, to the point where they could say, 'There's nothing more the war can do to me now, nothing worse that life can do to me. And I have found peace beyond fear.'

Nothing to shake the laughing heart's long peace
there,

But only agony and that has ending:

And the worst friend and enemy is but death.

If the discipline in courage has been brought to this point, the soldier's habit of facing life unafraid will be something more than a physical recklessness: it will have become 'stuff o' the very stuff and life of life.'

The soldier unconsciously will expect from the civilian world a similar habit of facing life unafraid. He will not understand the timidity and apprehension with which so many civilians look upon their time. And the one intellectual and moral policy which will awaken no response in his spirit will be the policy of 'Hush!' We live in a world which, for religion and statecraft, is still filled with stubborn, hostile, and unconquered facts. We know to-day what Paul meant when he set his face toward Western Europe and said, 'A great door and effectual is opened unto me *and* there are many adversaries.' In the very mood of that finely chosen '*and*' there is something of the spirit of the soldier. The civilian would have written 'but.'

Is there a hostile fact in our world? Let us not suppress the knowledge of this fact. Let us not evade the fact. Is there a skeleton in the ecclesiastical or political closet? Have the custodians in panic locked the door and thrown away the key? Let us break the door and drag the brute out and have a fair look at him. Are we trembling at the spread of Bolshevism? Let us look the thing in the face. Let us drag out the unlovely facts which breed anarchy the world over; let us look into our mills and mines and counting-houses and see why it is that men see 'red' and turn 'red.' The civilian policy of overcoming obstacles by the incantation of a timid 'Hush!' will awaken no echo in the character of the soldier who has faced the shock troops of Prussia and faced them unafraid. The tangled problems of civilian life will have for him no terror, for his experience has

cast out fear. So the soldier waits and watches to see in us the signs of a spiritual courage kindred to his own.

The absence of these qualities of sincerity and courage in the civilian point of view may well make of the soldier's experience a liability and not an asset for our world of conventions. The failure of the homelands to meet and greet the soldier in something of his own temper might conceivably alienate him from the common mind, so that he should turn critic and not confirmer of the world of things-as-they-are.

V

Moreover the soldier, having learned to face reality sincerely and unafraid, has habituated himself to a life of risk. The last few years have rediscovered to us many of the primitive and unsuspected instincts of human nature. Not the least significant of these instincts, which have been balked rather than transformed by modern civilization, is the instinct of Trial and Error, man's native tendency to 'take a chance.' This instinct, denied its natural expression in a world which prided itself on its safety appliances, found a poor vicarious satisfaction in betting on horse-races or playing the roulette wheel.

But beneath the surface, the slumbering capacity for risk waited its last best time. It is said that toward the close of the war one of the leading British aces, with scores of German planes to his credit, was a young man who in other days had been a draper's clerk in a fashionable shop on Regent Street. Perhaps we underestimate the prior peril and discipline of selling *lingerie* to shoppers on the war-path. But certainly the world would not have suspected, in the person of a draper's clerk, with conventional frock-coat and impeccable top hat, the makings of one of England's most reckless aviators. Yet

smouldering beneath the peaceful avocations of the other days was this universal human vocation to risk.

In many American homes there still linger the memory and tradition of staid young men whom the Civil War turned into wandering soldiers of fortune. Outside the pale of humdrum life these detached uncles and second cousins went their way as rolling stones. They are remembered or mentioned with a gesture of deprecation and regret. But it may be questioned whether the fault was all theirs. Perhaps they could not find in the insipid concerns of the 'Reconstruction' years after the Civil War challenge and opportunity for their capacity for risk.

So again, men returning from France, to a world which is still primarily concerned to 'play the game safe' in business and religion and politics, may well question the validity of the ideal which we offer them, and turn soldiers of fortune like some of the generation before them. For a sea-way swept clear of mines and empty of submarines never can have for the sailor quite the terrible zest of the North Atlantic of the immediate past. And the 'Dago' who returns from the front-line trenches of Northern France will never find digging other trenches for the gas company an adequate moral substitute for his adventure.

A society which persists in placarding its institutions with the legend 'Safety First' will never win the intuitive moral response of the soldier. It is here that Peter Stubland — the latest child of Mr. Wells's genius for criticism — puts his finger on the weakness of so much of our well-meaning pacifist idealism. You'll never get us soldiers, he says, 'to stop cerebrating and making our damndest just in order to sit about safely in meadows joining up daisy chains like a lot of beastly figures by Walter Crane. . . . I have my

doubts of all this talk of making the world safe.'

The business house which offers an investment that is safe, and because it is safe, will make no direct appeal to the soldier. The church which preaches a 'safe creed' cannot expect that the ideal of safety will of itself attract the fighting man. On the contrary, the religion, the business enterprise, and the political platform which involve a plain element of risk will appeal to the still unexhausted capacity for risk which remains after the war. In enterprises of this nature, and not in mechanical imitation of the institutions of militarism as such, must be found those moral equivalents for war after which our time is groping.

In particular there must be an element of risk in the religion and the politics of the next few years, if they are to attract and hold the best soldier spirits. It is because Christianity is still in the making, and the would-be Christian still has to take many a moral chance, and because democracy is as yet an unfinished experiment, that they ought to attract the returning soldier.

And as a conclusion to the whole matter, it is to be noted that the habit of taking risks has generated in the soldier the further habit of selflessness. If you live a life of risk, you must give up thinking primarily of yourself.

It is here that the soldier's life has touched most intimately the austere types of moral idealism. To think of self in action, and to put personal salvation above risk for the cause, is to dally with the sin of treason, for which military law knows no forgiveness. That way lies a court-martial and the shooting squad. That so few men have yielded to the self-preserving instincts in the face of superhuman temptation is in itself one of the moral triumphs of the war. There has been something more at work here than gregarious courage.

There has been a conscious appeal to the profoundest truth of the spiritual life, that to seek to save self is to lose self, while to lose self is to find self at a deeper level.

The civilian world has had rather scant patience with the whole selfless temper of certain types of mysticism. We have re-read the mystics recently, but we have not yet consented to their doctrine of self-denial. The stubborn Anglo-Saxon individualism upon which our society rests, the New England habit of trying to make the most of our selves, has cut the other way. We simply have not understood what the old mediæval saint meant when he said, 'Nothing burneth in hell but self-will. Behold one or two words utter all that can be said: "Be simply and wholly bereft of self!"' It has remained for our soldiers to recover the neglected and the deliberately repudiated element of moral truth in the axioms of the selfless life.

For the rest of us, even during the war, to 'be simply and wholly bereft of self' has 'seared too much the sense of conscious creatures to be borne.' We have insisted upon the saving salt of a legitimate self-interest. The eye of modern ethics has had a perpetual squint toward self.

But the soldier has been taught by his experience what so many of us civilians may still have missed, that salvation, in the profoundest sense of the word, is a thoroughgoing indifference to all self-interest. The chaplains tell us that, while it is true that communicants at the Sacrament usually increased before hard fighting, when the fighting was over the soldiers were half-ashamed of themselves for having yielded to the impulse of self-preservation, even of spiritual self-preservation. A religion which is concerned merely to offer the soldier personal safety, though it be in the eternal realities of the spirit, makes

no permanent appeal to him. What is required is a religion which corresponds with his devotion to the cause, and asks of him selflessness for the sake of God and of his human kind.

So the religious worker on one of our transports, who recoiled in moral disgust from his task, when he found that for the first two thousand miles of the voyage he was expected to be a movie operator, and the last thousand miles, in the submarine danger-zone, a preacher of the elder evangelism, reacted normally to such a conception of the meaning of religion. The ideal of personal salvation, save as an incident in self-dedication to a great cause, makes, and can make, no deep appeal to men who, by the very conditions of their life, are disciplined in daily self-denial.

At the other end of the moral gamut of the time is the 'war profiteer.' That this sinister individual has figured so little in the war, and that his opportunities for selfishness have been reduced by law to a minimum, is one of the cheering aspects of the war. The profiteer in the person of Andrew Undershaft is not so serious a menace as once he was.

The real menace of war-profiteering has been transferred from the munitions factory to those more innocuous institutions which seem vaguely to be hoping that they can capitalize the war for their own purposes, through the person of the returning soldier. Not even the churches, to say nothing of the colleges and political parties, can escape the subtle temptation of the present moment to turn war-profiteers. The problem of the half-empty church, of the moribund political party which never half musters its vote, and of the college which baits its curriculum with alluring electives, is always with us. The institutional eye finds it very hard to overcome the cast of self-interest, a

self-interest which is so often justified by the profession of an ultimate altruism. So, for the sake of the Kingdom of God, the church would capitalize the returning soldier, incidentally filling her empty pews! And the political party, in the name of the country's welfare, would seek the suffrage of the soldier, incidentally to enjoy the perquisites of office! But always between the end and the proffered means there lingers the taint of self-seeking.

The soldier will ask of the institutions which are waiting now to receive him back some touch of the same great self-forgetfulness and self-renunciation which he has achieved. He will ask for churches and parties which dare to lose themselves for the sake of the world they profess to serve. He will see eye to eye with us at home only as we share with him a common point of view, a selfless devotion to great causes. In such a life the soldier has found himself. By such a method in our own liv-

ing, and such only, can we hope to understand him and be reunited with him in a world where his self-knowledge and ours become one.

'The gulf,' then, will never be bridged by 'works,' by any obvious mechanical social structure. In so far as it is really bridged, it must be bridged by that sympathy and imagination in the civilian soul which seeks to understand and reproduce in its own life the inner substance and method of the soldier discipline. The soldier character has been proved and approved. The real testing of the development of civilian character in wartime is yet to come. It comes with the returning soldier, who brings to us no final 'system' on which to try our patiently refurbished creeds, but rather a point of view, an intellectual and moral method. The only tempers of soul which can cross and finally obliterate the gulf are those now incumbent upon the civilian: Sincerity, Courage, Venturesomeness, and Selflessness.

WHEN I READ NAMES OF ENGLAND

BY B. K. VAN SLYKE

WHEN I read names of England

Old as the Druid stones,

I fall into a dream of men

Now but a dust of bones.

Around Tintagel hangs the shroud

Of fame of crumbled kings;

Though Quarley Down is pasture now,

Anciently it sings.

Ambleside and Bow Fell,
St. Anne's-on-the-Sea:
The quaintness of an elder day
Imparts their wizardry.
Do they speak out to Englishmen
With strange and haunting notes?
Does long-familiar music still
Tighten the English throats?

If I were a British yeoman
Caught by the spell of a name,
I wonder if Vermont would burn
With Cornwall's primrose flame?
Would there be mystery in these —
Tombstone and Buffalo?
And in Chicago, scarred with wounds
London does not know?

Quarley Down was young once,
Clovelly not at all;
Two thousand years, and Michigan
Will bear the eyes of Saul;
Two thousand years, and one will sigh,
Dreaming over the word,
Michigan! Michigan!
And I shall have heard.

VOYAGE SENTIMENTALE

BY SIMEON STRUNSKY

I

THIS morning, December 6, we are approximately one third of the way between New York and the Peace Conference. The exact longitude is not given in the brief report of the day's run, posted on the bulletin board. The latitude varies considerably. It is widest in the immediate neighborhood of several young women from the vaudeville circuits, who are on their way to entertain the boys at the front. But we must not judge too hastily. If you watch them play at quoits on the promenade deck, you think you know what is meant by the freedom of the seas. But last night the tallest and loudest of them sang the 'Marseillaise' in a scarlet gown, and she was France at the Marne. For all of us it is a pity that we are more often detected pitching quoits on the deck of existence than heroically irrigating our native furrows with the impure blood of the invader.

We are on our way to the last act of the biggest show in history. We are one of the last waves which the suck of war has sent lapping from the west against the east. Some of us, one hundred and six I believe, men and women, carry the Y.M.C.A. and the Y.W.C.A. in the red triangle on the right sleeve. They are outbound to do their bit in accordance with the established evangelical tradition. Half a hundred of us have K.C. on the sleeve, and are out to serve the country in the older formulas of Nicæa and Trent. There are two or three with the still older insignia of

David. A few of us are stragglers in the army of newspaper correspondents sweeping forward on Versailles and the *pensions* of the Place de l'Étoile.

One day ahead of us is a shipload of newspaper men. You wonder. Are they boning up on their French conversation, like our own industrious boys of the Y.M.C.A., going at their task in the spirit of Château-Thierry? *Il fait beau ce matin, n'est-ce pas? Il fait chaud ce soir, n'est-ce pas?* Or are those several hundred newspaper men taking their advanced steps in French: *La maison pleine; étroit; trois de même chose; je vous verrai; jusqu'au plafond?* They are on their way to chronicle the great reconciliation scene in the fifty-two months' drama of blood and tears; and if they were dishonest journalists, they would now be typing their story of the opening of the Peace Conference. Being honest reporters, they probably play poker. It is the way of the world, *n'est-ce pas?*

A day and a half behind us is the President with his peace commissioners — probably the most momentous trans-Atlantic voyage, as we say in our cautious newspaper style, in the last four hundred and twenty-six years, since the three caravels set out from Palos. It is the latest flux in the rhythm of east to west and west to east, wherein the historians have found the harmonic law of civilization. In this convoy of one converted German liner, one dreadnought, and several destroyers is concentrated the reaction to four hundred and twenty-six years of westward

traffic: from Palos, from Plymouth, from Bristol, from Glasgow, from Queenstown, from Hamburg, Stockholm, Copenhagen, Bordeaux, Genoa, Fiume, Patras, Alexandria, and Beirut; from famine, plague, pogroms, church-fires, state gibbets, dragonnades; from the inclosures and fencings and palings and caveats and *Verbotens* and general boredom of a thousand years, since the Goths got the number of the Roman world. To all of this the voyage of the George Washington is to-day for us the fulfillment and the answer. Time, the major-domo, draws aside the portières of Europe and announces, 'If you please, madam, America!'

So that Woodrow Wilson can and must and probably will go further than Pershing, with his 'Lafayette, *nous voilà!*' From the navigation bridge of his ship, these wonderfully mild December nights, quick with the breath of the spray and lit with a blazing hippodrome of constellations, the President may be peering forward into the east, and he will say, '*Nous voilà*, Lafayette, Steuben, Kosciuszko, Christoforo Colombo, Drake, Bradford, Penn, Anne Hutchinson, La Salle, Carl Schurz; *nous voilà*, John Smith, Tammas Burns, Pat Casey, Michel Schmidt, Jens Jensen, Jacques Dupont, Vaclav Przebyshewski, Metros Kazandjian, and Cristo Chryselephantidopopulagolous; *nous voilà*, fugitives and adventurers, pioneers and buccaneers, Angles and Saxons, Picts and Scots, Celts and Iberians, Pollocks and Hunkers and Square-heads and Jews, out of whom we have built our strength and our vision. In this hour, when your strength is agonized and your vision is strained with pain, yet blinded with the radiance of a new hope, in this hour of reappraisal and reconstitution, *nous voilà*, a member of the family, anxious to help.'

It is obvious, however, these last

three days, that the President could not whisper his will and hopes and apprehensions into the ear of ocean without prudently holding on to a stanchion or pillar or taffrail or belaying-pin or mizzen-topmast, or whatever may be the appropriate and absurdly obscure nautical term for the nearest available piece of maritime furniture. There must be quite a bit of seasickness on the ship of peace, if we may judge by our own boat. Since the first twenty-four hours out, one side of the Atlantic has been a good deal higher than the other. The sea has been rubbing its iron-gray head with a thin shampoo of foam, the wind breathes mightily through the wiring of the ship, and the rail swings up and down, up and down, across fifteen degrees of sky and fifteen degrees of sea. But the wind, when it strikes the face, is warm as well as moist and loud, and it requires no hardihood to walk the deck without an overcoat. The whole bluster of the sea is very like the gray-haired Englishman in the smoke-room, with two of someone else's British babies on his lap. For them he tousles his hair and rends his monocle with gnashing fangs, and barks; and even so the ocean.

We have French lessons on board, administered by one of the Welfare men who knows the lingo much better than he can teach it. Being serious men and women of good standing in the churches of their faith, the students may learn to say *Il fait beau ce matin* with the aid of Divine interposition; but nothing less than Providence will overcome the peculiar method employed by the instructor. He divides his class in two, and makes them chant—port, '*Il fait beau temps ce matin*'; starboard, '*Il fait mauvais temps ce matin*'; port, '*beau*'; starboard, '*mauvais*.' And what is the use of it all? Like the minds of Mr. Wilson and the late German government, the minds of our shipload

and the minds of the old textbookmakers do not meet. *Voulez-vous la parapluie de votre belle-sœur?* Not on your life, monsieur; greater things draw us. *Je veux un billet pour le Conférence de Paix*, and there is nothing about *conférences de paix* in the textbook.

The girls stand the trip much better than the men. Even when the Atlantic has been unkind to them, they go out bravely on deck, and from under their rugs are never quite too wan to smile back. Whereas the men are inclined to sit about the smoke-room with their heads against the wall. It is also to be noticed that the expert on personnel, who picked out the Y.W.C.A. women for our trip, did not confine himself to a series of tests in biblical history and exegesis. It cannot be mere accident that in the dark-green tailor-mades, with military shirt and cravat, they make a pleasant eyefull, as the writer for one of our enormously circulated magazines remarks, between comments on the weather and the outlook for railroad securities. This may be hard on our boys at the front, who would have nothing interfere with efficiency in their canteen workers. But duty is duty, for a personnel inspector, *n'est-ce pas?*

The 'Y' men read a good deal of war-book stuff and light fiction. The girls read *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse*, and eagerly discuss it with such newspaper men as are available, under the pathetic illusion that our business is connected in some mysterious way with literature. Our professional wag asserts that he was in a quandary when one of the girls asked who were the four horsemen of the Apocalypse. He said he easily recalled Shem, Ham, and Japhet, but could not for the life of him think of the fourth.

In what mood are these 'Y' men and women going forth to their work? Very much as all armies and auxiliary serv-

ices not driven by the lash have approached their tasks since wholesale fighting began in the world. There is a spirit of adventure giving glow to the fundamental fidelity to one's job. It is the predominant matter-of-factness that at first surprises — and hurts. But that is partly because there has been time, during the half-year they have been training or waiting, for the first eager anticipations to abate — the adventure of the sea, of Europe, of service for the country, of opportunities for personal self-education outside of the legitimate hours in canteens or headquarters.

They prepare cheerily enough for the job. They meet every morning for prayer and secular song, and in the process appears the national genius for organization which might somewhat puzzle a foreigner as he gives ear from the corner of the adjacent smoke-room. After the hymns and the prayer come regularly the choral reminders to keep on smiling and pack your troubles into the kit-bag. The programme unrolls without a lost motion, and the foreigner, in the face of such efficiency and good cheer and jesting, quite like a college rally, might wonder how close to the hearts of these men and women is the sense and call of their work. Do they realize this wrecked and torn and vindicated Europe that awaits them? Do they feel awe in presence of the tumult of race and class which they are about to witness from the frontier of Germany and the late Hapsburg lands? Are they aware of themselves as part of that great American wave-motion of which I have spoken, flooding back heavily against the shores of Europe?

Well, they realize in the restrained fashion of our national psychology, and they organize in the smooth, capable American fashion; but they certainly do not brood over world-drama as Tavarish Dostoievsky would, under

similar circumstances, or analyze rabbits out of a silk hat like Mr. Wells. They pass easily enough from the 'Rock of Ages' and the 'Battle Hymn of the Republic' to *Il fait chaud ce matin*, or *ce soir*, as the case may be. The girls double-quick the promenade deck again and again, in pairs, or on the arm of an overcoated 'Y' man, and venture boldly into the bow of the ship, whence they are ejected ignominiously by orders from the bridge. To-morrow they will be chased back again. There are any number of young men on board who seem willing, nay anxious, to affiliate with the Y.W.C.A. They are specially useful in beating up against the wind when the sea breaks out into Corinthian shells of white spume, with green on the inner concave, a green as fresh, seemingly, as the first day of the world.

This last assertion is obviously sentimental, but it has its measure of excuse in the face of an ocean that is a thousand times as sentimental as any body of water has a right to be when it lies between two such reticent races as the modern American and the Ulster Irish. The first twenty-four hours out from Sandy Hook the sea was like the Hudson under the ice-gray clouds of late November, only much more so: still-gray, rippling, completely filling up the inverted bowl of the sky, and just at the farthest rim a gleam of silver.

Late the second day the Atlantic began to dress for dinner, only not in the conventional black. It went in for delicate mantillas of spumed lace-work. It revealed a middle-aged passion for giddy colors — turquoise, purple, lavender, bottle-green. It spluttered all over the place, like a fat man making ready in a tiled bathroom, and whistled in the rigging quite like a fat man shaving. Musically it went the limit — the storm-music from the *Valkyrie*, *Wilhelm Tell*, the whining sob of 'Ridi, Pagliaccio.' Nobody can be as senti-

mental as a fat man when he once gets going, and nothing could be more absurdly romantic than several square thousand miles of sea-water showing off before a boat-load of 'Y' girls.

II

Thus, only a matter-of-fact American editor would have the heart to run his blue pencil through such bits of the preceding tale as might seem to border dangerously on idyllic prose — or a North Irish editor. As granite a personality as we have on the ship is our table-neighbor from Belfast, who speaks of 'Jawn Morrley,' and has a nose pushed forward into the ether as implacable as the rock held in trust by the British Empire for the Prudential Insurance Company. And the most sentimental people on board ship are the English; the longer they have been in the Royal Air Force, or in the Imperial Picric Acid Service at Bethlehem, Pa., the closer this sentimentality lies to the surface. We have Englishmen on board who are constantly doing the Kipling chanties and 'Mandalay' and 'Danny Deever.' My own countrymen watch a ton of green water come over the side of the ship and say, 'Some wave!' But always I am under the apprehension that some tall, slim Englishman in a cap will turn to me and say, 'This morning the ocean just climbed over the rail and spat at me, quite.' Pure Kipling, you see. Whereupon it would be for me to soar to the same level, and I could probably think of nothing but the 'Courtship of Miles Standish.'

But if by a masterly mental *coup d'état*, I should manage to scale the height of the poetic argument and remark that there was about the sea in motion an awe and a passion, my British friend would say, 'Rather!' In the British language 'Rather' is a super

superlative, but it sounds like a snub. When they mean superb, they say 'Rather'; when they mean 'You amaze me,' they say, 'Really?' and when they speak of a pet animal they wax lyrical; and of such is the United Kingdom.

It is well that our peace commissioners should master this idiomatic use of 'Rather' and 'Really,' lest we think the British are asking us for a billion dollars when in fact they are offering us half of the German colonies. Especially should 'Really' be rehearsed by the class on board the George Washington. My left-hand neighbor at table is a fair-haired British matron, with a smile of easy good-nature, as I see it now. But when I first touched lightly on the number of hundred feet in the Metropolitan Tower at home she looked at me and said 'Really?' in a voice that went over my head like the wind in the palm fronds, and caused me to lose much of my interest in the apple-tart. Now I know better. When a British subject says 'Really?' it sounds like, 'What the devil do you mean by intruding on the privacy of my digestion?' but what he means is, 'Really?'

In exchange for my data on the height of the Metropolitan Tower and the number of people living east of the Mississippi, my kindly neighbor has put at my disposal any amount of interesting side-lights on the secret history of the war, chiefly relating to the activities of German spies and what General Byng said to General Plumer on a certain gray morning in December when, by all official accounts, Byng was in Picardy and Plumer on the Pieve; this makes the revelations all the more sinister. Much more valuable, on the whole, are the authentic tales my neighbor has of the last winter in England; and a bitter winter it must have been, with oranges twenty cents apiece and apples seventy cents a pound. As for marmalade, it was but a memory; and

perhaps that is what Haig had in mind when he said to his men, 'We have our backs against the wall.'

One thing at the present moment is peculiarly disconcerting. The consensus of British opinion around our end of the table is that, when we get to London, we shall be homeless. It had seemed scarcely necessary to cable for hotel accommodation from New York, when the British metropolis, according to Mr. Baedeker, has ever so many hostels, each with regiments of rooms and battalions of bathrooms. But now I learn that the one big hotel on the Embankment that I had decided upon has been taken over by the War Office. Hotel number 2 is in the hands of the Censor. Hotels 3 to 6, with nine hundred bathrooms, have been absorbed by the Food Administration, others by the Horse Guards, and most of the remainder by the Munitions Department, the Usher of the Black Rod, the Warden of the Cinque Ports, and the master of the Chiltern Hundreds. Why the British government should have given up housekeeping on so extensive a scale and gone in for hotel life can be explained on no other basis than the temptation of open plumbing in the bathrooms. We know how ruthless has been the demand made by the war for the most modern improvements.

At any rate, the choice for us would seem to be at present between a corner in the British Museum and applying for the next vacant arch under Waterloo Bridge. It was suggested that one might hire a cab at Euston Station and drive around town till one found a hotel which was destitute of bathrooms and so had escaped the cupidity of the British government. But, in the first place, we hear that there are no cabs in London, and if we managed to pick one up, it would only be to drive around all night without success. And would it be

fun to spend the night navigating London, from Hampstead to Sydenham, with a steamer trunk, a suitcase, a shawl-roll and a typewriter? Well, rather!

Of course, there is just the possibility that our kindly allies are spoofing us. In that case we need a League of Nations worse than ever.

Il fait mauvais temps on the well-known ocean; as our French instructor so well reminds us. A southern gale howls through wires and ropes and tackle and sends us listing heavily against the white surge of the sea. Even the George Washington's double our own bulk cannot make her immune to such insistent pressure. Fate speed the George Washington and her freight! She carries with the President a good share of the hope of the world.

It is not chauvinism that makes me come back to this League of Nations, this Union, this Reconciliation, as the one recompense above all others for four years of woe. To the French, the Belgians, the Serbs, reparation by all means, and in full measure, for their wounds and their heartaches. To the British, gratitude by all means for their magnificent act of world-salvage on the seas. To the Russians, a speedy way out of the labyrinth; escape from the cavern of a millennial despotism into the light of day. To all the victims of the great agony, to all the sufferers by land and on the seas and from the air, alleviation and a merciful forgetfulness of what it is necessary that we shall forget.

But to-day and to us, in the heart of the gray waters, so limitless and so final, all local reparations, all readjustments, all the prestige of race and frontier, fade away into the gray mist, and only one light shines out — the vision of a world united and fortified against another such Calvary as we have lived through. It cannot be alone for terri-

tories and trade agreements that eight million men have died and twenty millions now carry the wounds of battle in their flesh, their nerves, and their souls; that nations have risen from the slime of servitude and thrones have crashed into the dust; that armies have sailed ten thousand miles across the seas to water strange lands with their blood; that the Sahara and the Alpine deserts have reëchoed with the tumult; that motor-lorries have ploughed their way through the Garden of Eden; that biplanes have drummed over Bethlehem and Nazareth. If not a leagued world, then it is a world of madness.

We sing a great deal on our way to war-racked Europe. We keep on smiling twice a day; we pack up our troubles in the old kit-bag, and we follow the long, long trail. And every night, of course, toward the end of the concert, the three Associated hymns, beginning with the 'Star-Spangled Banner,' ending with 'God Save the King,' — and the 'Marseillaise' between.

'Perhaps it was worth while after all,' says the professional wag at my elbow. 'What was worth while?'

'It took four and a half years of a world war to teach us the first stanza of "Oh, say, can you see?" Perhaps it could not have been done in less.'

'But they have learned it,' I said querulously.

'Pretty well; only I hope no school of politics will arise to demand that the nations learn every verse of their national hymns: the world could not stand it.'

In the heart of the spray clouds, and on the great heave of the sea, we strain a bit more fervently than usual to see the flag streaming through the dawn's early light; we invoke the Divine Protection for Our King a little more tremulously. But let it be confessed that Americans and Britishers let themselves go most when the first

violin sounds the opening snarl of the 'Marseillaise.' Then we throw up our heads like the war-steeds, we suck the air like four hundred horsemen of the Apocalypse, and leave no doubt as to the sincerity of our demand for the impure blood of the invader. Very likely we are least ashamed to let ourselves go in a foreign tongue. At any rate, by our *Allons* and our *Marchons* the Europeans will know we are coming when we are still a good bit off the Munster coast. The sound travels downstairs to the cellar of the ship, upstairs to the top story, the chimneys, and the clothes lines.

I use these domestic terms advisedly. We have suffered altogether too much from the poetic obscurity that hovers over the good old nautical verbiage. There is in the upper lounge — I prefer to call it the upstairs parlor — a sign which says 'No smoking abaft this pillar,' and one of us, who cannot for the life of him recall whether abaft means in front or behind, has been reduced to the expedient of walking all round the pillar to make safe. We have thus smoked abaft and athwart that pillar, and to the port and starboard of it, and the whole business is nonsense. Josephus Daniels made a brave stroke for progress when he put Right and

Left on our warships. Something of the color of life will go no doubt with these abafts and lees and taffrails. But then a great deal of color is going to accompany a great many old things out of life in the very near future. Baronial lawns will go, and ancient oaks, and the classics that train three per cent of us for culture and leadership, and the mantle of chivalry which woman is so recklessly throwing away in her eagerness to vote. Let them go, the good old abafts, and ivied towers, and chivalry, and much of the paraphernalia and *abracadabra* of an epoch that began dying on August 1, 1914. To be sure, it hurts when one thinks of Oxford, Cluny — But no, I am modern — Satan, get thee abaft me, or athwart, as the case may be.

In this seemingly mixed and inadequate mood we approach Europe and the Peace — frivolous, and yet a little frightened, gay but not outside of the echo of a sense of tears. Europe looms up ahead of us, the laboratory in which is to be fashioned a new world. 'And this new world, madame, is it that it is the parlor of the furniture of walnut of our grandmothers?' 'But no, no, monsieur, it shall be the free garden of our grandchildren.'

N'est-ce pas?

A GREAT LITTLE SOLDIER

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON

I

I MET him, you might say, by accident — through causes in a way very remote from the war. It was about the time that Marshal Joffre was over here, and the English Mission.

His coming was heralded by a quaint little note, such as people who write get now and then: —

DEAR SIR, —

Being interested in Oriental books, and knowing that you have been in India, I would like to talk to you. May I?

Truly yours,

EUGENE LEE.

I asked him to come. He arrived at breakfast-time.

‘I came early,’ he said, ‘because I was afraid I might miss you.’

It transpired, indeed, that, in his zeal, he had come without breakfasting — an omission which I was, happily, able to supply.

He was short and slight and a bit bent in the shoulders; not, at first sight, the figure of a student of high philosophy. You would have expected, rather, to find him working in a drug-store, or something of that sort. And this was about the fact with him. But I got a shock of happy surprise when I caught the fire in his eyes and the fierce flame of enthusiasm that blazed through his small frame.

‘You know,’ he said, ‘I think this is like the war in the *Bhagavad Gita*, a war of spiritual forces, a war of principalities and powers — like Michael fight-

ing against Satan! That is why I wanted to talk to you about it. What do you think?’

But, without waiting for my answer, he went on with his own idea.

‘It seems to me,’ he said, ‘that the Germans have given themselves up to the powers of evil — what the *Bhagavad Gita* calls the forces of Darkness and Passion, Tamas and Rajas — is that the way you pronounce them? Listen, and I’ll show you what I mean!’

He pulled out of his coat-pocket a little edition of the great Indian book, which had evidently seen pretty hard and continuous service. He did not comment at all on the book, or the oddity of his carrying it about with him, but began to dive among the pages, hunting for his passage. Then he paused and looked at the book, his head set contemplatively a little on one side.

‘Tell me,’ he said, ‘how did the *Bhagavad Gita* happen?’

‘When I was out in India,’ I told him, ‘under the palm trees and the blaze of the opal sky, I found the Brahmans everywhere in power — men white as we are, under the sun-burn; some of them with heads and faces like ancient Romans; men full of intellect, but full also of priest-craft and guile; spiritual tyrants over the lesser castes, the brown folk and yellow and black, that make India’s hundreds of millions. But I found, too, that the Brahmans were not the true spiritual lords of India, creators of her deathless splendor. The Rajputs were that — one of the lordliest races on earth: great

men, warriors, bronzed like the most ancient Egyptians. From the red Rajputs came the Buddha, holiest of mankind, and Rama, the divine hero, and Vishvamitra, creator of the Vedas' noblest prayer. And from the beginning, the Rajputs had set their faces like flint against idolatry and priestcraft, and all the dark forces that have brought India to eclipse and shame.

'But civil war sprang up among them, — five thousand years ago, if the Indian tradition be true, — a war of brother against brother, an internecine war of kindred blood. And the Pandus, with the hero Krishna as their spiritual leader, stood for the divine ideals, the old splendor of the Rajputs, while the Kurus fought for anarchic tyranny and the powers of darkness. The great battle was fought and won, on the sacred plain of Kurukshetra; but, in that supreme victory, the Pandus gave their life-blood; the great race of the Rajputs, weakened for ages to come, was eclipsed, and the lesser race, the men with priestly tyranny in their veins, won dominance over India.

'The mighty battle was first recorded in war-songs and martial ballads. Then wise men saw that this battle was the type of that far greater battle, waged in the heavens, with God and his angels on the one side, and the powers of evil on the other — the endless battle for immortal souls. So they made the *Bhagavad Gita* the Scripture of that eternal war.'

You should have seen his eyes, glowing, yet full of contemplation, as he listened. Then he began again, meditatively, to seek for the passage that was in his mind, turning and re-turning the pages.

'Here it is!' he said, after a concentrated search; 'listen! — "Those of demoniac nature know not right action or right abstinence; nor is purity or discipline or truth found in them.

This world, they say, is without truth or firm foundation, without a Lord; not ruled by mutual law, driven only by wilfulness. Resting in this view, self-destroying, devoid of wisdom, they come forth violent and hostile, for the destruction of the world." — Is n't that exactly Germany?' he exclaimed triumphantly, 'all except about discipline. But I suppose it means spiritual discipline. And is n't this exactly like the Kaiser: "This foe has been slain by me, and I shall slay yet others. I am lord, I am master of feasts, I have won success and might and happiness. I am rich and of high estate; what other is like unto me?" And is n't it fine how it goes on: "Wandering in many imaginings, enmeshed by the nets of delusion, he falls into the impure pit of hell!" I think that's just what will happen to him!'

After breakfast, we went for a stroll through the highways and byways of the village. From time to time, the corner of his eye rested approvingly on the green spire of a hollyhock dotted with blossoms like red roses, in one of the village gardens.

'Is n't that fine?' he would say; 'I love flowers!' And then he would come back with a swift rebound to the spiritual issues of the war.

'Don't you think,' he asked, his brown eyes aglow, 'that the spiritual forces — angels and demons — are hard at it, on the two sides? That would account for all the stories of apparitions, would n't it? though I don't remember anyone on the German side saying anything about seeing devils in the air; but of course they would n't, would they? They would think they were angels! But, even so, I don't remember hearing about any Germans thinking they saw angels! All that kind of thing seems to be on our side!'

Then he fell to admiring a beautiful cluster of larkspur, dark and light blue

sapphire and turquoise, drawing in his breath with a quick ecstasy of delight.

It happens that I am a lover of birds and find much joy in their morning music. So, after we had talked a while about the world-war and the great spiritual war, of which it is the outer shell, I began to point some of my feathered angels out to him, for the village, as it happens, is pretty rich in them. And some such conversation as this followed, odd enough, and in its essence humorous enough, to be worth recording.

'That's a rose-breasted grosbeak!' I said, pointing him out, on one of the higher twigs of an oak, over our heads. 'Listen a minute, and he'll sing again!'

'Yes!' answered young Lee; and he whistled the fifteen or sixteen lovely notes with perfect accuracy. 'I could play that on my flute! Don't you think it's a wonderful idea, in the *Gita*, of all the good forces incarnating in one tribe or race, and the dark forces incarnating in the other; and then coming together in battle, to fight it out to a finish — as if they could n't have a settlement any other way? Every one now sees that France stands for all the splendid things, with England rushing to her side, and now ourselves! I've been trembling to think that we might not have got into it! Think if, afterwards, we were all to know it was the great war between good and evil, and if we had stood back! But what a pity about Russia! Do you know, I think the Allies are getting what's coming to them because of Russia getting out, for their desertion of their ally, the Tsar!'

'Yes!' I said. 'That was a goldfinch that looped his song over our heads: *pe-cheechichee!* He has a charming song, like a canary, only richer and mellow, besides! Listen! Do you hear that fellow on ahead, in the gum tree? — a brown thrasher!'

'Seems to sing different words, in sets of two!' he commented, appreciatively.

'Could n't play that on the flute so well! Could n't get the different words! — How soon do you think people will see the real significance of the war, — the spiritual side of it, — and be able to set it out in black and white, like the war in the *Gita*?'

An odd dialogue. When I think of it, and of him, and of our different preoccupations, it wakes an odd emotion, of mingled humor and pathos, in my heart. As I saw him off at the station, — where military trains are now a magnificent daily experience, — he said, —

'I am ever so grateful to you! I hope we shall meet again!'

But I felt that the debt was on my side.

II

When we met again, young Lee was in the uniform of the United States army. He had written me, from Camp Devens, saying, very briefly, that he had been drafted, and asking me to send him three or four books on Persian mysticism. Then, some little time later, — for I had been a bit slow in getting the books, — he had written again, asking me not to forward them, as he was on his way to our own camp; I call it our own, because the reservation skirts the village limits. And, in a postscript, he asked me to come to see him.

So I walked over to the camp, on an early day in spring. There was lots of mud, but I have the exact date fixed in my mind for another reason, in its way characteristic: I saw the first robins of the season, not singing yet, but hurrying overhead, against a gray sky; the vanguard of the great migration. So I know it was the ninth of March.

A kindly soldier-chauffeur ferried me over the last desperate stretch of mud, — calling up, in its symbolic way, the mud of Flanders, — and I stated my errand to another youth in

khaki, brisk and competent, with the badge of the Military Police on his arm. He directed me to the Hostesses' House.

It was really a heart-moving scene. One feels, in the splendors of this war, so much that is akin to tears; much, too, that passes the depth of tears!

Once more I told my errand, and a message was sent for Private Eugene Lee. I sat down in the corner of a wicker sofa, close to a snug wood-fire, and, going through the motions of reading one of the monthlies, — there were plenty of them lying about, and brightly bound books, — I turned my authentic attention to the big, cosy room and the people in it. For the most part, besides the officially occupied persons, they were young soldiers and their kin, taking, there, in the quiet daylight, what, in a good many cases, was certain to be the final farewell.

And the notable and touching thing was, that nearly all of them felt constrained to give to that ultimate leave-taking a drawing-room air. They were very reticent, very quiet; they seemed, almost of set purpose, to be limiting themselves to commonplaces. There was only one exception — an elderly Jewess, fondling the hand of her soldier son, was frankly sobbing, the tears trickling unwiped over her furrowed cheeks.

In part, I think, that almost detached air was due to the other people present, even though all of them, or nearly all, shared the same poignant emotion. In part, it was due to our American spirit which, so deeply Anglo-Saxon in so much that is best in it, is so shy, so ill at ease, with deep feeling, so unable to express it. With the elderly Jewess, it was different; in her veins ran the blood of those who sang, 'By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept.' But, in still larger degree I think that quietude had another and greater cause: the splendor

of the undertaking, the awful eternalness of the issues, made their way into every heart and raised it somewhat above personal feeling; the poignancy of parting was hushed by the very presence of the Eternal.

Young Lee came in, and, after a quick glance about the room, marched briskly toward me, smiling, his hand stretched out in greeting. As I rose, I met the smile in his brown eyes — and that fire of enthusiasm that sprang straight from his eager, daring soul.

'You know, I think,' he said, as he sat down beside me on the sofa, 'that the Lord made up his mind to have me in this war! I'm pretty short, and I'm pretty light, and I wondered whether I could get past the Board; but they passed me all right!'

Yes, the khaki uniform, the heavy army overcoat, a good deal too large for him, brought that out. His body looked even smaller, slighter, than when I had seen him in hollyhock time; but his soul, looking out through those eager brown eyes, looked bigger. No question at all about his valor.

'Thanks for getting the books!' he went on. 'Won't you keep them till I get back again? I would n't know where to put them now! They'd get knocking about!'

Curious — I have talked to scores of them, on the trains, on the ferries, and as they pass my garden; and every one seems certain of coming back. I wonder whether they have ever heard of the 'First Hundred Thousand'? Not so many of them came back. From Ypres, from Verdun, so many did not come back. But perhaps many of them do think, instead, of going 'forward,' and this lighter talk is only Anglo-Saxon shyness.

A young couple sat at a wicker table a few feet from us — a soldier boy and his 'girl,' pretty, and light-hearted, and smiling; yet you could see from

her bright eyes that she had given her whole heart. And they had been talking nothings, a dance, a play, a bit of innocent gossip, until the moment had come for them to part — he, on his crusade, she to her 'war-work,' her Red Cross committees.

'Well, so long, Elsie!' the soldier-boy said, as they rose; he held her hand and smiled, as if they were parting on the front porch; and her cheerful smile exactly echoed his.

'So long, Jack! Take care of yourself!' And then tears suddenly welled in her eyes. She laid her other hand on his, which still held hers. 'God bless you, dear!' she said; and then, standing on tiptoe, she kissed him on the forehead. I think it was their first kiss.

'And you too, Elsie — God bless you!'

Then he bent down, and just touched her cheek with his lips. Purity could not have been purer. Then he straightened himself up, smiled, stood for a moment at the salute, and turned and stepped briskly out through the door.

Elsie went over to an aunt, who had been waiting. Though there were tears in her eyes, she bravely left them there.

I turned to young Lee; his clear brown eyes were watching them, shining.

'That was fine, beautiful!' he said. 'I have no one to bid me good-bye like that! I'm sorry, in a way, but glad in a way! I'm taking nobody with me but the Oversoul, the Lord. You're the only person I expect to see, that I know — and I only saw you once!'

He smiled — one of those luminous smiles of his, that expressed all the soul shining in his eyes.

We sat a while in silence. Then, I think simply with the wish to say something, I asked him, —

'What did you find hardest in your training?'

'Oh,' he answered, after a moment's

thought, 'I don't quite know! Everything and nothing! Getting out of my shell was hardest, perhaps! And at first I could n't sleep, for the noise! Now I can just curl up, and sleep like a top, even if somebody is sitting on my bunk, playing cards! And I'm not afraid of anybody now!'

His smile showed that, and the light in his eyes.

III

I heard from him, a good many weeks later; no address, simply a rubber stamp, in red ink, '*Over-seas.*'

'I am learning French!' he said; 'began in an odd way. We were mixed in with French soldiers, and some of us were lying out in a big wood, in trenches. The moon was full; you could see it in a hole among the treetops, in a veiled sky, and with a big, yellow ring round it. And suddenly there came the most lovely song, up among the branches; pathetic, and glad, and heart-breaking. Somehow it reminded me of the soldier and his girl we saw in the Hostesses' House; do you remember? My French friend heard it too, and listened.

"Ah!" he said, "un rossignol!"

'So that is what it was, though I don't know the English for it; but it's some bird we don't have; at least, I don't remember hearing it!

'Do you know,' he went on, 'I think the Lord was right, in getting me into the army — in lots of ways! A small man has lots of advantages! And it pays to be skinny, too! I don't think a skinny man minds starving a little quite so much as a fat one, or not getting water. And I'm sure the tall men get cramp in their shoulders, stooping in the trenches! But I've discovered another thing! A little man has a lot of advantage with the bayonet; I've discovered a trick — what you told me about that little Malay dagger on your table, the one you use for a paper-

cutter, you know, suggested it, I think. You remember, you said, when I picked it up and made a stab with it, in the air, "Oh, but that's not the way! They always stab upwards, under the heart, because there are no bones in the way! A blow downwards might easily glance off the ribs; a man has such a lot of ribs!" You did n't think much, at the time you said it, but it stuck in my mind; and it came back, like a flash, a few days ago; just at the right moment, I think. If I'd waited ten seconds, I don't think I'd be writing this letter! We were pushing forward through the woods — a string of six or seven of us; we had missed the rest somehow in the rush. Seven or eight big Boches suddenly jumped up out of nowhere, and rushed at us with bayonets. Then what you said flashed into my mind, and I shouted, "Jab upwards! Into their guts!" That sounds a bit coarse, but forgive me! My Boche — you can't think of them as men; they're not! they're devils — was over six feet, and heavy, and he made a downward lunge at me; but that's where a small, skinny chap has a pull! I side-stepped and jabbed upward! Well — another advantage is, your bayonet comes loose, quick! And that may mean the difference between this and kingdom-come, if there's several of them. You know, if your bayonet gets jammed between his ribs, you have to snap a cartridge off, to loosen it up. But the upward jab comes loose of itself. Well, the rest of the boys caught the idea. We got those Boches. They told about it, and I got my stripe! What do you think of that?

'Another thing. A small, skinny man can crawl through grass and brush and things, like a brown cat. And that's a tremendous pull, in getting after machine-guns. I think they fix them so that they can't easily fire down at you, even if they see you. But there's so

little of me to see! So I squirm along like a tortoise — you have a kind of odd feeling, a sort of itching, down your spine, thinking how it might feel if they did get you; and I would n't like to be shot in the back — or in the face, for the matter of that! Well, you squirm along till you get a good sight; and then you must wait until they begin firing, — not at you, of course, — so that they won't hear the snap of your rifle; then you get a slow, steady bead and let go. It takes time and patience, and you must only fire while they're firing; but the small, skinny man has a long pull.

'I've just read that over, and I'm wondering if you think I'm blood-thirsty? Well, when it's Boches, I am! You'd have no compunctions about killing a devil, would you? And I've seen a bombed hospital. But there's more than that. The *Gita* taught me. You remember that fine passage — wait a minute, I'll look it up! — So he had his *Gita* with him, in his knapsack! — 'Here it is! It's where Krishna says to Arjuna, "I am Time, grown ripe for the destroying of the worlds. Even without thee, they shall all cease to be, the enemies who stand there in the opposing armies. Therefore arise, win glory, conquering thy foes, enjoy thy splendid kingdom! For these are slain already by Me." You know the passage? Well, that's what I feel, and so I'm enjoying my kingdom!

'You know, I think, when I entered the army, I left myself behind — lost self-centredness, in a way; and now, in France, in the actual fighting, I've found Myself. You know what the *Gita* says, "Unborn, eternal, immemorial, this Ancient is not slain when the body is slain!" So, though I can get the Boches, they can't get me. "Swords cut Him not, nor may fire burn Him"; that's what I feel, now. Do you know, I've come to think that Krishna and

the Lord are all one. I said that to the chaplain the other day, when he came on me reading my *Gita*. He did n't say anything, but he looked a bit shocked — I wonder why? I hope all this about myself does n't sound conceited. I don't think I am; that's the great advantage of being small, and insignificant-looking; you don't get vain.

'Well, I must stop now. I'm very happy. I hope you are. — I'll have to close this, and you may n't hear much of me for a while. They've passed the

word, that something big is on tomorrow. I must n't say any more, but you may hear of it. Good-bye!'

And, by God, we have heard about it, for his letter is dated July 16! What, in Foch's magnificent attack, may have befallen my great little soldier, how he fared, I do not know; I may never know. But I am well assured that, alive or dead, in the body or out of the body, he would fight on, blithe and valourous, an unconquerable soldier in the Lord's war.

WAR NEUROSES

BY FREDERICK W. PARSONS

IN the early days of the war the attention of newspaper readers was attracted by the stories of queer behavior on the part of men exposed to prolonged and violent bombardment. Men reported as being 'gibbering idiots' emerged from the battered Belgian forts, men with reduced intelligence wandered about in a dazed and dreamy state, men were partially or completely paralyzed, were blind or deaf or insensible to pain. It was immediately thought that these conditions were the result of violent concussions occurring in the vicinity, and the striking but misleading term of 'shell shock' came into being. The name was applied to all queer nervous and mental symptoms, and these patients suddenly acquired considerable notoriety. To be added to the group later were any nervous phenomena not definitely and obviously connected with peace-time neuroses, and all were thought to be satisfactorily

explained by proximity to exploding shells.

The alliterative name caught popular fancy; everybody, soldier and civilian, heard of it; the soldier exhibited it as evidence of how thoroughly he had done his duty, and the victims of 'shell shock' were the object of much misdirected but well-meant philanthropic effort. It was thought to be a satisfactory excuse for any anti-social act that brought a soldier before the courts. The misconceived idea that these symptoms were due to shell-explosions led the soldier to think them a natural consequence. If he had no wounds, then he should have nervous symptoms. If he had neither, perhaps people would not think he had participated in all the experiences of present-day warfare — which, of course, was an intolerable thought.

It is important that the psychological aspects of the development of war neu-

roses receive some attention, and that they become known to the public. The danger of mismanaging the American soldiers so incapacitated will then be less acute, and we may avoid some of the mistakes made by the Allied countries during a period of stress and hurry.

The nervous symptoms included under the misleading and forbidden term, 'shell shock,' are now called war neuroses, or simply nervousness. They are known to be similar to peace-time neuroses, and they are peace-time neuroses with a war-time coloring. The names — nervous prostration, nervous exhaustion, neurasthenia, and hysteria — are known to everybody. They represent symptoms for which there is no organic explanation; that is, they are not associated with any structural changes, and the gap caused by the absence of an organic explanation is filled by a psychological explanation.

It is believed that there are but two fundamental instincts, the instinct of self-preservation and the instinct of reproduction. In civil life one has no concern as to his safety. We live sheltered lives, and it is only the very timorous who ever thinks of his personal safety. Most of the maladjustments in civil life centre about the reproductive activity of the individual, and on this fact a well-established, but not universally accepted, psychological theory has been built, first promulgated by Freud, but greatly elaborated by others. It is enough to say here that it is generally believed that Freudian principles are very important factors in the precipitation of peace-time neuroses. The neurosis is a maladjustment of the individual to his environment; his way of meeting a difficult situation. It is not the best way, but it is a way accessible to the individual. It is an avenue of escape, chosen unconsciously; it gets him out of the difficulty and does it in a manner acceptable to the individ-

ual's temperament. His conscience will not permit him openly to evade his duty and responsibility; but lacking the will and determination to stick to the job, his real desire to escape is gained by back-door routes, by an illness which he thinks is real; and his end is accomplished in an acceptable manner. Of all this the patient is not aware. He does not recognize his motive; he speaks of it and clearly shows it, but until it is called to his notice he does not see it, and even then he has great difficulty in accepting the explanation.

In discussing war neuroses as well as those of peace it must always be borne in mind that, although the language used is that of conscious action, the results of a true neurosis are never conscious and voluntary.

There are many causes for a war neurosis, but the foundation of all is a difficult situation. This difficulty may range from a lack of courage to the slight feeling of having been unfairly dealt with in a man who has given many examples of personal courage. The constant and unavoidable association with people whose natures grate on his own; the feeling that someone else should have been given a disagreeable assignment; the belief that blame has been unjustly placed; the strain of constant and unwarranted petty criticism; the knowledge that one cannot rely on one's associates, that leaves have not been fairly distributed, and that considerations other than merit govern promotions — all of these and many other similar sources of irritation produce more neuroses than does shell-fire.

After brooding over real or fancied wrongs, getting desperately sick of the situation, perhaps sleeping poorly, being cold, wet, and hungry, fighting an internal conflict in addition to the one with the enemy, a shell lands near, and there results a fit, a period of uncon-

sciousness, a dazed state, blindness, deafness, inability to speak, or coarse jerky tremors which may be so severe that locomotion and other voluntary motions are impossible and the soldier is taken to a dressing-station and eventually is put in a hospital. The whole trouble is credited to the shell-explosion, which may have occurred nearer to many others without damage to them; or the individual may be the sole survivor of a group.

The precipitating shock may be an emotional one. His chum is killed by his side; his officer is wounded in a particularly distressing manner; or, being detailed to escort walking wounded to the dressing-station, he is shocked by what he sees. In any event the situation has become intolerable, and without conscious mental activity, he finds that the neurotic symptoms accomplish his purpose; he is satisfied with the reaction, regards it as perfectly justifiable, and accepts the situation. It gets him out of his difficulty: he is incapacitated, everybody about him is wounded, and he justifies his presence in the hospital by the perpetuation of his nervous symptoms. He does not like to part with his neurosis, for getting well means a return to a mode of life to which he has not reacted in the average way, and he parts with his symptoms with considerable reluctance.

The psychological explanation is not flattering; he finds he is not the man he thought he was, and there is a reaction against the explanation, the person presenting the explanation, and the place in which the explanation was made. It is difficult for us to think well of the individual who tells us unpleasant truths. We much prefer to reject the explanation and keep our own misconceptions, particularly if they give us a comfortable feeling of self-satisfaction; but if the facts are put in such a manner that acceptance is un-

avoidable, then a reaction of dislike and criticism develops against everything and everybody connected with explanations which made the neurosis no longer a desirable experience.

The picture given presents the psycho-neurotic individual in a rather bad light. All are not so bad. Patients repeatedly have said that, if the explanation was correct, then their symptoms were without foundation, they were being imposed upon by subconscious mechanisms, — a condition that was not acceptable, — and a state of affairs existed that could not be continued. These patients get well at once, and are then better than ever before, for they are warned against the subtle approach of neurotic symptoms, the censor is on guard, and they are protected against an inner enemy by the knowledge of his tactics.

The man whom an hysterical paralysis protects from a hated return to the front does not consciously will his paralysis, nor does he easily believe it to be the result of a wish, unexpressed and unrecognized by himself. Sometimes the simple explanation that such is the case brings about a cure, so completely does the patient revolt against what seems to him his unconscious simulation. A very small percentage of patients show definite symptoms of brain-concussion. Men are violently thrown to the ground by exploding shells; sticks, stones, and clods of earth are hurled through the air, and organic changes take place comparable to the effects sustained when one is hit on the head by a brick falling from a chimney. These patients are dazed or even unconscious; but if without a fractured skull, they quickly resume a normal state and are willing and anxious to return. Men go for days without sleep, have insufficient food, suffer from lack of water, reach a stage of absolute physical exhaustion, and perhaps are

nervous, dazed, and jumpy. After twenty-four or thirty-six hours rest, they are well and wish to return. Both the concussed and the exhaustion cases urge the medical officer to discharge them; they want to get back to the company, and present an attitude quite unlike the neurotic patient, who often asks to go back but at the same time shows symptoms which absolutely prevent his being sent back — symptoms which would not exist if the desire expressed represented a real wish.

A number of patients show no spectacular symptoms, and this applies largely to officers. They have an anxiety reaction. Officers doubt their ability and worthiness to lead and have the responsibility of men. This is a transference of the emotion of fear for themselves to the possibility that injury may come to others. The transference of an emotion from the real to a false object is a common psychological experience. These cases are stubborn and not as easily cured as are the gross physical-hysterical symptoms, such as paralysis, tremors, speech-disorders, and disturbances of smelling, seeing, hearing, tasting, and feeling.

States of forgetfulness (amnesia) are not uncommon. A soldier overreaches in an effort to forget painful experiences, and forgets his name, organization, and occasionally all the facts of his early life, reverting to an infantile state. If his reaction is infantile, he is in effect an infant, and infants do not fight — obviously the fulfillment of a wish. Such states are transitory episodes, the changes from a lisping, toy-playing infantile state to a normal adult reaction taking place within a

few days, the condition having lasted from a few weeks to several months.

War neuroses are rarely found among the wounded, although the slightly wounded occasionally develop neurotic symptoms, and sometimes even the severely wounded, but only when convalescence becomes well established and a return to duty approaches. Prisoners of war never have a neurosis. Being wounded or taken prisoner accomplishes the same purpose as a neurosis, therefore neurosis is unnecessary. Even the thought of an active participation in war produces a neurosis in highly unstable individuals, and there are a number of so-called anticipation types developing as men are drafted, as the sailing time approaches, or when the European training period draws to a close. These cases show precisely the same symptoms which were formerly attributed to shells.

On the other hand, an over-sympathetic attitude or neglect, is likely to make permanent invalidism out of what should be a passing phase. These patients need employment, encouragement, suggestion, and explanation to help them on the way to recovery. Too much petting and too much attention make the neurosis a pleasurable experience to which the patient clings. Public glorification of the neurotic will be most unwise. Many will recover spontaneously after peace is declared; but there are failures to cure, and there will be a group of individuals superficially in a deplorable state, but in reality people who would rather have a neurosis than not. They will get well when the neurosis becomes as intolerable as the situation which caused it.

BIRDS OF A FEATHER

BY MARCEL NADAUD

V. THE BEST WAY (*Concluded*)

TRANSLATED BY FLORENCE CONVERSE

IV. EVERYONE TO HIS TASTE

'WHERE's your mother?'

M. Bassinet entered the porter's lodge after wiping his big boots on the door-mat in the passage.

'You're home early, papa,' replied Sophie, who was watering the pot of pansies in the window, with a thousand precautions.

'Lolotte was tired — me too. Since morning we've whisked from Dauphiné to Vincennes, and from Montpernas¹ to Montmarte¹ — We haven't either of us stopped a minute. Ah! is that fried potatoes you're cooking, Mama Chignole? If it's not too much trouble, cut them very thin; they're crisp — that way. — Well! — Where's your mother?'

'Mama Chignole' kept her eyes lowered on the potatoes, while Sophie hid the red in her cheeks by leaning out of doors.

'Gadding about the neighborhood! If I had known it, I should n't have hurried. Ah, these women! Their tongues! Their tongues!'

He was launched upon his great monologue on feminine garrulity, its causes and effects, when Madame Bassinet came in like a whirlwind, but stood transfixed at sight of her husband, whose presence she had not suspected.

'Here already?'

'Yes. But what does that mean?'

¹ Pronunciation Bassinet.

His large forefinger pointed at her elaborate costume.

Madame Bassinet had not worn a wedding ring thirty years, not to know that the way to prove yourself in the right is to bluster.

'Yes; I am dressed up to-day! And what of it? Have n't I the right? Must I always be looking like a scrub-woman?'

She awaited the good smack which would permit her to close the incident in tears; but M. Bassinet was content to ask very gently, —

'Where have you been?'

She threw her umbrella and handbag on the table, took off her bonnet, and thrust the pins into it as if she were stabbing the stronger sex.

'You might as well know. I have been to see Vermillon.'

'Has anything happened to our Chignole?'

'That's not what I went for. You remember, Chignole was apprenticed to a bicycle manufacturer? Well, the man has made money off the war. He's working now on airplanes and he has called Chignole back to his factory. I flew up there; Vermillon waggled his thumb, and the release from military duty was dispatched!'

'Vermillon is no longer minister.'

'That does n't make him any less powerful. In eight days, your son-in-law, once more a civilian — do you understand that? — a civilian — will be taking his cocktail with you.'

Sophie kissed her mother. 'Mama Chignole's' eyes lighted up with unspeakable joy. M. Bassinet chewed the ends of his moustache.

'You seem annoyed! What are you shaking your head about?'

'No — but —'

'But what? I know what's the matter with you — stupid! You're afraid they'll call him a slacker! — Slacker! — Who would dare? Hasn't he done his duty — that boy — and more? Infantry, aviation, wounded, medal! If everybody had done as well as he, we'd be in Berlin by now. Ah! And, if you don't approve, who cares? Go take his place, then!'

M. Bassinet submitted to the insult, shrugged his shoulders, and said with a wry smile, 'I beg your pardon, Mâme Bassinet. It is true, I have nothing to say. I am no longer good for anything.'

Whereupon, Madame Bassinet was seized with remorse. Realizing that she had gone a little too far, she went to him and laid her head upon his breast.

'Give me a big blowing up. But yes, my poor old dear, you are still fit to be a grandfather.'

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'Chignole and Frangipane, the cap'n is asking for you.'

They left the mess, where they had been smoking as they watched the rain-storm, and went to the captain's office.

He invited them to sit down on the petrol case which served as a sofa; then, vainly trying to soften his harsh voice, —

'I wanted to tell you first, before the news spread, that your friend — that our friend has been killed within the German lines. Headquarters has sent me last night's German wireless. They announce a bombing-plane brought down by their guns in exactly the region where our artillery observers saw Papa

Charles go down. The pilot was killed. There's no doubt about it.'

He rammed his pipe to keep his countenance. Chignole and Frangipane said nothing, and the silence was filled with the noise of the rain on the roof.

'There's no need to say anything. You understand me. — The Country — The Flag — For France — I've said the words twenty times over the tomb or to the memory of all those children who were given into my care, and whom Fate has taken from me. But I would like you to know how much I regret them. They have died of their own free will, as an example; to show their comrades, by their heroic suicides, what a Frenchman will do. War, like religion, has its martyrs. These are they.'

'I sent for you also to say good-bye to you, or rather to receive your farewells. Yes; you are to leave me. I have received two messages concerning you. One releases Chignole from military service and sends him into a factory; the other sends Frangipane to the school at Pau, to learn to be a pilot.'

Their eyes went instinctively to the map on the wall, where the bombarded objectives are marked with a red circle; then to the pennant of the squadron, adorned with the *fourragère*. They were on the point of breaking down, but they stiffened and saluted.

The captain held out his hand. '*Au revoir*, Frangipane — come back to us soon. There will always be a place for you here. Adieu, Chignole.'

The door slammed. The two friends were gone. The captain stood musing, his imagination filled with the vision of all this youth mowed down before its time. Then, shaking off his sad mood, he called through the telephone in a dry monotonous voice, 'Six machines ready for three o'clock — one hundred litres of petrol, twelve bombs.'

At mess, where, through an indiscre-

tion of the secretary, the two transfers were already known, bottles of champagne were stripped of their straw, and the Head of the Mess had taxed his wits to arrange the bill of fare for a farewell breakfast — rather a heavy one.

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In the train they seemed to take a lively interest in the landscape; in reality each was following his own thoughts.

For Frangipane, this was the supreme reward: he was to be a pilot, his own master, the brain of the machine, the tamer of the beast; he was to take the responsibilities, no longer to be a piece of luggage. Nevertheless, a great sadness filled his heart. Only a few months ago, they had come to the front, four friends, so congenial, so closely identified, that they were like one man. Death had taken two, and would life spare the third?

Since the news of his return to the rear, Chignole had been an enigma. At the breakfast he had spoken only when he was obliged to, and now, sunk in his corner, he pretended to watch the smoke of the engine as it floated alongside the train.

Frangipane wanted to be certain, though certainty might mean pain.

‘Chignole, I have a proposal to make. To-morrow I shall go to the department, and I’m not boasting when I say that at my suggestion they will give you an appointment as pilot-pupil. Should you like that?’

The eager, enthusiastic, noisy Chignole was now quiet, reasonable, cool.

‘I should like it — if you think it possible —’

His eyes gave the lie to his lips. Frangipane took pity on him and did not prolong his torment.

‘After all — well — go back to the factory — as they’ve asked for you.’

Chignole felt keenly the mute reproach in what this last one of his old friends had left unsaid. He wished that he had sufficient control of himself to cry out, ‘Well, yes; I’ll go with you — I’ll break my neck — or be an ace!’

But no, he could not. He no longer had his nerves under good control. He had seen too many of his companions die. The deaths of Flagada and Papa Charles, coming so close one upon the other, had shocked him, depressed him, overwhelmed him. Was he to be condemned without excuse? Since chance put off the fatal moment, should he not take advantage of it? Life was offered him, and was he to reject it? There was Sophie, his wife, his very soul and his own flesh, awaiting him at the end of the journey. There was love, family life, the future; there was workaday Paris and the Paris of holidays; there was money to buy happiness; finally, there was his mother, whose old age he could smooth. Should he refuse Paradise, now that the way back to it was made easy? It was not as if he had asked this favor. It had been offered him, and he would take it. He was not a saint, he was a man who wanted to live. War had educated him, had opened up to him horizons hitherto shut away. Now, he knew joys in which he longed to share; and why should he not, indeed, since he had already done all his duty?

Still, Frangipane, too, had done his duty, and instead of going back to the rear, to safety, he was deliberately turning his face to new dangers.

If Papa Charles had been there, with his unwearying kindness, his contagious vitality, he would very soon have convinced Chignole, who changed his mind at a word; he would have given him back his faith in himself. But Frangipane, with his unresponsive face, his elusive manner, seemed to him already hostile.

Paris. — They separated with a foolish excuse, and said good-bye, feeling that they should never see each other again. They were already strangers.

V. CHIGNOLE GETS FAT

It was the end of November, and seven o'clock in the evening. Chignole came up out of the station of the 'Métro Blanche,' and went toward rue Lepic. He turned up his collar, for the rain was fine, invisible, but penetrating.

Yellow gleams from the shops streaked the sticky asphalt and lighted the pushcarts standing at the edge of the sidewalk with their wheels in the refuse of the gutter. The houses exhaled a stale damp smell that mingled with the city's stench, for the wind was bringing the reeks from Aubervilliers. Housewives, with shopping-bags in their hands, hurried to the street-hawkers' baskets, and chatted and made jokes under their bumping, mixed-up umbrellas. Little women, unwashed but painted, with dogs tucked under their arms, went down toward the bar-rooms of the Boulevard de Clichy, stumbling along on their absurdly high heels. Sewing-girls, going back up the hill to Montmartre, were buying pork sausage and vegetables 'ready cooked' for their dinner.

Chignole, crossing the street to make short a cut, saw someone approaching who looked like him. It was merely his image reflected in the glass of a shop-window. He stopped to look at himself, but the examination did not satisfy him, for he sighed. Here was no longer the elegant silhouette of the aviator, with his English jacket, his laced boots, his shoulder-belt, and the jewels of his decoration. This was the image of an ordinary, everyday civilian. Only the boutonnière, with its edge of colored ribbons, recalled a glorious past.

In this street, where once men and

women had turned to look at him as he passed, the best he could expect now was not to be jostled. In the military uniform he had been anyone's equal; now he was once more the workman with hands soiled by work, with broken nails — he who, in the escadrille, had polished his nails, like Flagada. He suffered from the promiscuousness of the factory. Where were the repartees of Papa Charles, the conversations at mess which had meant so much to him? Where were those unforgettable days of aerial warfare: the raid on Germany, the battle in the sky, the anguish over encompassing danger; the fighting against elements and men unchained; the triumphant returns, and the wedding procession across Nancy, winked at by benevolent authority?

He had nothing to complain of, for his work on the motors interested him; he was earning high wages; and he was prolonging his honeymoon with Sophie, to the delight of the old mothers. Still, he was not happy. He did not breathe easily here at the rear, where everything, even himself, seemed too narrow. The outlook of his wife, his mother, the Bassinets, was not his own. He had to force himself, to bore himself, to keep in tune with them.

Once he had gone into a bar where he knew he should meet comrades on leave.

'How fat you're getting!' they had said meaning it as a compliment. But he never went back.

He bought the *Liberté* which a ragged boy was hawking in the corner of a doorway, and he ran through the bulletin mechanically, under a gas-jet. His eyes went to the news of the war in the air: 'Adjutant de La Guérynière has brought down his fifth airplane.'

'La Guérynière — La Guérynière,' he stammered. 'Why, that's Frangipane!'

A flush of pride mounted to his face, but at the same time he was stirred by painful agitation.

'That's what I might have been — an ace. I too might have been cited in the bulletin. My name might have been in the newspapers — in history; my photograph on the covers of the illustrated magazines. But — I needed Papa Charles; by myself, I had n't the sand.'

It is easy to see what we might do, but we make so many things our excuse for clinging to life; a thousand little rootlets issuing from our hearts tie us to earth and prevent our flight.

At the corner of rue Durantin, he heard himself hailed by M. Fondu, who was also returning to the bosom of the family. M. Fondu was a changed man. All of a sudden he had felt warlike appetites arise in him. At the City Hall he was now nicknamed 'the General,' and privately he was flattered. He could not go to the front, but his combative instincts overflowed into numerous extraordinary memorials which he addressed to competent ministers, 'To be used where they will do the most good.'

'My boy, I have just put the last touch to a report on aviation. I've been looking a long time for a title. You know the title is everything. But I've found it. *How To Make Her Hum!* What do you think of it?'

The ramblings of 'the General,' which Chignole was careful not to interrupt, led them to rue des Saules. M. Bassinet, on the doorstep, beckoned them to hasten their steps. 'Hurry up! Come on! We want time to sip our lemon and gentian cocktail quietly before we sit down to the table.'

The first thing which struck Chignole as he entered the lodge was his picture as a soldier, 'an enlargement very highly finished and resembling him exactly,' according to his father-in-law. The soldier in the frame seemed to

mock the civilian. He was genuinely unhappy and it was with an absent minded 'Good-evening' that he replied to his family's noisy demonstrations of affection.

'A penny for your thoughts, Chignole.'

'Oh, not Chignole — Arthur — Chignole's a back number — Chignole — that's over and done with.'

Tired out, he went to the window and leaned his head heavily against the cold pane of glass.

The women were troubled, but M. Bassinet quieted them. 'Pshaw! A cloud which will vanish — when he knows about the surprise'; and with a wink, 'Go to it, Mâme Bassinet.'

Madame Bassinet hesitated coyly; but her husband, assuming a little of his forgotten authority, insisted: 'Go to it, Mâme Bassinet. Go ahead! Out with it! It's high time to tell him.'

Madame Bassinet wiped her eyes with a duster; 'Mama Chignole' was knitting baby-socks harder than ever; M. Bassinet murmured a broad joke to M. Fondu, who had abandoned his grandiose dreams for the moment. Sophie lowered her eyes.

Chignole started up! — Father! — He was to be a father! — A child! — His name, his blood perpetuated. The future, which had escaped him hitherto, belonged to him now. His mortifications, his regrets, his disappointments, his fears, were to melt away beneath the white curtains of a cradle.

'If it's a girl,' clamored M. Bassinet, 'we'll call her Victoria. And if it's a boy — well — what shall we name it if it's a boy?'

Then, in the silence caused by the general emotion, 'Mama Chignole's' voice arose, very clear: —

'If it's a boy, we'll call it Papa Charles!'

(The End)

THE HOUSE OF THE MIND

BY EDGAR J. GOODSPEED

It was John Bunyan who long ago wrote an allegory on the Castle of Mansoul. Houses are more fashionable than castles nowadays, and minds, I fear, than souls, and it is time that someone produced a treatment of the House of Man's Mind.

It must perhaps be reluctantly admitted that not every mind merits description under the figure of a house. For some conventional intelligences the Flat of the Mind would be an adequate symbol. Yet at its best estate the mind is like some spacious mansion with varied chambers, Victorian or Colonial, but not without a very comfortable modern wing for practical convenience. For the mind is no unalterable house, but a developing structure in which successive historical periods are reflected, just as they are in the material fabrics of old seats of learning, in the remodeling of whose very buildings one can read the history of their times.

Only yesterday, the great collegiate houses of the mind were putting on new fronts and adding new wings, to meet the needs of war. Perhaps a tent would be a fitter symbol of these martial additions, for in the autumn of 1918 the universities were military camps. In hundreds of colleges the first academic assembly this year was At the Flag Pole, at 11 A.M. October first. At that hour, in all these little sisters to West Point, the members of the Student Army Training Corps, one hundred and fifty thousand strong, 'pledged their lives to the honor and defense of their country.' We felt ourselves in a different

world, even from that of last spring. We had given up our favorite courses, our seminars and select groups of graduate students. We were ransacking our past and digging up some less rarefied studies in which we were once, we dimly remembered, counted proficient. The happiest man in this new order was the one who could turn his back upon the specialty of his mature years and teach the military freshman what the army told us he needed most to learn.

Our colleagues in law and divinity went about disguised as professors of trigonometry and surveying, to which matters, it now appeared, they had devoted their studious youth. Others of us, fearful that such mathematical instruction as we could give might pave the way for military disaster, volunteered for less devious subjects — American history, French, and English composition.

One learned doctor of divinity, on undertaking to renew his youth by imparting trigonometry to the troops, ventured timidly to inquire about the textbook. His mathematical Mentor launched into a glowing account of the work (which it turned out he had written), declaring that it read like a novel and was as simple as a child. My friend hastened to provide himself with this paragon of textbooks. The first sentence that caught his eye was this: 'The method pursued in this book is purely heuristic.' This had a reassuring sound, but disclosed nothing definite about the method save that it was clearly no ordinary one. As the paragon contained no glossary, and

the large dictionary was not at hand, he took counsel with his erudite neighbors. Some weakly suggested that it must be a misprint. Others, under Gallic influence, hazarded that the method was to study the book only so long as the student found pleasure in so doing. This interpretation tallied with the conviction general among instructors that study is now a much more pleasurable process than it was when they were students.

The great reading-rooms of the library were halls for supervised study for the corps, each presided over by an officer. For this and other duties, an initiated friend informed me, we were to be reinforced with thirty-seven officers. 'Real officers?' I queried doubtfully. 'Real officers,' he replied a shade sternly. But he was related to Stonewall Jackson and is not appalled by the atmosphere of war. It was a stirring sight of an evening to see the companies marching from their several barracks across the moonlit quadrangles to study-hour in those big reading-rooms, with no sound but the regular beat of marching feet and an occasional sharp word of command.

The flag-raising was, indeed, an impressive occasion. Together our academic and military chieftains, across a hollow square flanked by serried masses of civilians, confronted fifteen of the real officers, backed by the Technical Corps in uniform, while a mixed multitude of prospective S.A.T.C. men brought up the rear. 'Technical Corps forward — *How!*' shouted the commanding officer. But the Technical Corps for some reason, perhaps for fear of treading on the fifteen real officers, did not advance. 'Come right forward, Technical Corps,' continued the major soothingly; and the Technical Corps, thus encouraged, advanced with all soldierly propriety a few steps nearer the seat of authority. The bugler blew 'To the Colors,' the flag slowly rose; the officers saluted, the soldiers stood at attention,

the civilians took off their hats. Militarization had set in.

The divinity halls were barracks, and so was the football stand. For a time the football team was without a habitation, and the Old Man was desolate. The men's clubhouse was turned over to the Y.M.C.A. The women's clubhouse was a hostess house, and the deans of women, martially dispossessed of their office rooms, sought temporary shelter in Classics. In a corner of one of the quadrangles is a building modeled on St. John's garden front at Oxford — a gray stone thing of mullioned oriel windows, half hid in clambering ivies. In our upheaval, this mellow and solid fabric became a hut, thus reversing the process applied to ancient Rome by a certain gentleman who found it brick and left it marble.

So was our sanctuary violated, so our fair college turned, not to a hospital, perhaps, but to a military school. It was all reflected in our new vocabulary. The clubhouse had become a hut. The men's halls were barracks. The dining-hall was 'mess,' not to say 'chow.' We marched to class (now known, alas, as 'school') and recited standing at attention. Mess, drill, school, quarters — in these four life was comprised. The freedom, leisure, idleness of academic days gave place to the fully prescribed routine of military training. Our sole period of repose was night, which began with taps and ended with what a freshman described to me as 'revelry,' thus casting new light upon Byron's famous line, —

There was a sound of revelry by night.

Truly we were upheaved. You rose up blithely in the morning, a mere professor of patristics, with not a care in the world and with very few students. You lay down wearily at night, a Y.M.C.A. secretary burdened with the responsibility of a large and crowded hut,

with a flourishing canteen, and a staff of three secretaries each more efficient than yourself. And all through no fault of yours; but solely because the real secretary's passports were unexpectedly ready and he had left for France.

The military transformation was not indeed wholly free from minor inconveniences. The first night that guards were set about our Campus Martius a surprising number of suspicious strangers fell into the military net. Library attendants, setting out for home as usual after taps, found their ordinary egress barred by zealous sentries, and were ordered to the other end of the quadrangles. There they encountered an even more resolute sentinel, who improved the opportunity to administer to them an extended reprimand. A zoologist who had worked late over his experiments was not a little astonished to be halted on the confines of the campus, and narrowly missed exchanging the security of his laboratory for that of the guardhouse. To enter the academic precincts was even more difficult. The janitorial night-shift, coming on for its priestlike task of pure ablution, found the quadrangles like the beleaguered city of scripture, straitly shut up; none went out and none came in. With such custodians we were surely in no danger of surprise. But it is not a little disconcerting toward the close of a recitation, when the notes of a bugle float in at the open windows, to see your whole class rise as one man and rush from the room, the hindmost, as he disappears, crying over his shoulder, 'He's blowing "Retreat"!'

Not the least benefit of all this upheaval is that it in a measure relieves us from the bondage of books. So short a time ago we cared for nothing but the reading and the writing of books. In this time of war-making the vanity of such pursuits has become clear. A statistical friend informs me that modern

publishers turn out almost a hundred thousand different books a year. One shudders to think how many they refuse. The most extraordinary thing about this excessive book-production is that we get on with reading so few of them. The fact is, reading books is not the wholly beneficent exercise it was formerly considered. For one thing, it begets in one a negative and commonplace attitude of mind, and unfits one for free self-expression. I once knew a man who had read so many books that he was quite incapable of independent thought. It is like being led about by the hand until one cannot get around in any other way.

But in the presence of war, actions speak louder than words, and practical studies are to the fore. There was little of the familiar casual attitude till lately fashionable with the modern undergraduate. For all the distractions of orderly duty and supervised study, the freshman of October, 1918, made a serious business of trying to be both student and soldier. There was a spirit abroad among them which, as one freshman wrote 'put a new face on the old saying, "Gott mit Huns."' Nothing better illustrates this new spirit than the behavior of the women students. They militarized themselves, and in their Woman Student Training Corps formed an organization with drills, officers, uniforms, a war-service pledge, and a muster-roll almost equal to that of the local S.A.T.C. itself.

Never was academic transformation swifter or more complete, and never did one hold shorter sway. For six weeks to a day this extraordinary experiment linked us to history. It was no small satisfaction to be teaching men, some of whom, as we all believed in October, would soon be officers in the new army. Then came the armistice. But those morning and evening bugles, and those columns in khaki which made the col-

lege a castle, will not soon be forgotten even in the haunts of ancient peace.

If these academic houses have been camps, the individual house of Man's Mind has been in the way of towering again into its old lofty proportions of the Castle of Mansoul, and marks of this period will long be with us in stouter walls and higher turrets. Others not quite so near the scene of conflict have at least forsaken the rich and quiet chambers of the mind, to build and occupy new quarters suited to the hour.

He can have given little thought to his own mind who does not see in it a complex structure, with many rooms that are far from modern. Everybody, one observes, is orthodox in some phase of his thinking; that is, there are some old rooms in his mind which he has not yet remodeled. Nor are these older chambers of the mind tenantless. In many a one of them dwells the spirit of some ancestor who added it to our mental establishment. For the mind is in a measure an inheritance, however much we may be responsible for the furniture we put into it. It is partly the society of these old fellows that makes these chambers of the mind attractive or otherwise. Who has not felt, in moments of sheer enjoyment, the disapproving presence of some stiff old Puritan forefather to whom all pleasure was anathema, and has not forthwith fled to some sunnier mental spaces where he could not follow? For these subtenants of ours, as if bedridden, cannot leave the quarters they have bequeathed to us. It would not be possible to get them all down to the dining-room together, to devour, say, a good book with you. And if it could be done, probably no single book would hold the interest of all these diversities.

What with construction and addition, some minds come to be of palatial proportions, richly furnished by read-

ing, travel, and observation, looking out through many windows upon fair prospects and far horizons. They are affluent, tranquil, settled abodes, in which the occupant lives busily, yet at ease. Their cupboards and store-rooms quickly yield what you are in search of, in the way of fact, opinion, or reaction. It is not alone that they contain much, but their contents seem to be so conveniently and accessibly disposed. These are the palatial minds, the houses of the mental aristocracy. They have many chambers, some looking westward over the fruitful past, but others to the east and the expectant future. For these houses are not mere treasuries of old values. Their occupants will show you many a new acquisition, with all the zest of the discoverer. Only these have not destroyed the proportion and perspective of the possessor, or made him forgetful of his other goods of longer standing. In minds like these you can wander for hours, finding new treasures, interests, and outlooks. We stay in them with a sense of luxury, and we leave them with a feeling of deprivation.

One sometimes finds his way into minds less spacious and well-ordered. Some are small but exquisitely furnished, and with their one or two rooms make delightful visiting. They have a genial atmosphere that is lacking in many a grander house.

Whatever be the origin or extent of the mental habitations that we occupy, for their furniture we are responsible. A common scheme of mental furnishing consists of a few prejudices inconspicuously placed where the chance visitor will stumble over them. Once, as I was playing the fourth hole of a Western golf course, a man driving by in a wagon stopped to offer me a golf-ball that he had found, and pressed it upon me as a free gift until I could not very well refuse. He then invited me to

enter his mind, which I did. It was not large, but it was a busy place, elaborately furnished with prejudices of the most substantial sort. He expounded to me the war, which, it developed, was nothing less than the irrepressible conflict between Romanism and Free-Masonry. The war has led to a remarkable airing out of the cupboards of the mind, and some very quaint furniture has incidentally been exposed to neighborly observation.

Not only in the amount and arrangement of their furniture, but in its character, minds differ very much. Some admit nothing but the latest thing, and think shame to show anything as old as last season. Others exhibit only second-hand articles. In the bric-à-brac of such a mind you encounter a host of jokes and anecdotes which bring back your lost youth. One sometimes meets men whose minds are furnished exclusively in the style of the eighteenth century — and unfortunately not always with the genuine antiques. And what a treatise might be written upon mental housekeeping: how windows should be kept clean, the furniture frequently shifted and overhauled, and grievances aired as little as possible, and only when nobody is about.

The most gracious aspect of a house is its hospitality. Some guests we admit to certain chambers but never think of entertaining in others. They would not understand or enjoy them. So it comes about that the same mind shows very different sides to different visitors. One you admit at once to the living-room; another never gets farther than the reception-room. A third has but to show himself, to be ushered into the intimacy of the garden or the study; and a fourth may come in without ring-

ing, and you will cheerfully take him with you over the whole house from attic to cellar. For friendship is to have the latchkey of another's mind.

It is clearly the business of the mind to build it more stately mansions as the swift seasons roll. For the mind cannot remain fixed, no matter what the psalmist thought about the heart. Ourselves, like everything and everybody else, must change. Here we have been misled by what we may call the delusive fixity of art. Art has beguiled us and we have been beguiled. In all its forms it has conspired to create in us the conviction that life, when it has attained a certain estate, becomes stationary. Everything about art is calculated to give one that settled impression. It has taught us to expect fixity, whereas life shows us only endless process and function, to which in mind and body we must conform.

Our minds are filled with these images of art, and upon them we unconsciously frame our thinking. But they are not real. Even the realities for which they stand are constantly changing. Your friends and associates of last year are now lieutenants, captains, majors, colonels. They are not the same. The very nations are not the same. What were *Ukrainia* and *Czechoslovakia* when you last went abroad? Can the mind then remain the same? It is a painful business living in a house that is being remodeled, and doubly so when it is the house of the mind. But in a world of new forces and changed faces, when a new thoroughfare is being opened through the mental property of each of us, it is not enough to withdraw into our mental habitations and shut the door. We must change our minds.

THE WAR AND THE MIND OF GREAT BRITAIN

BY J. L. HAMMOND

I

It is not difficult to trace the reactions of the great wars of principle in the past on the imagination of the combatants. By a war of principle is meant a war in which peoples are consciously defending some political idea, in contrast to wars that are solely concerned with the ambitions of rulers, the machinations and intrigues of commercial enterprise, or the restless movements of a growing race pushing here and there for more elbow-room in the world. In certain struggles some great issue stands out amid all these motives and causes of conflict. A great many questions were thrown into the melting-pot when France faced Europe in 1793: all the world is interested in the problems that were raised when Western Europe faced Germany in 1914. But in both cases there was one great overruling crisis of principle. France was fighting in 1793, even as the Allies were fighting in 1914, to give democracy its opportunity in Europe.

This was clearly recognized in Germany, where a distinguished German professor declared four years ago that Germany was making war on the ideas of 1789. The organization of the German State has been based on the belief that Europe made a false step with the ideas of the French Revolution, and that what the world needed was a return to the ideas of Frederick the Great. The war was to vindicate and establish this theory. The same view of the meaning of the German challenge in

1914 was taken by the eminent French historian M. Aulard:—

‘The present war, the war we are waging against Prussian militarism, against Prussianized Germany, is but the continuation of the French Revolution. We are fighting for the same cause for which our ancestors fought in 1793 and in the year II.’

This was the dominating issue. It is true that, as the war developed, the ideals for which the Allies were fighting have sometimes been obscured, the temptations of the old diplomatic world distracting men’s minds from the true purport of the struggle. Fortunately, the entry of America into the war restored the full sense of its meaning, and whatever the designs and expectations of this or that group, this or that interest, the normal Englishman hopes about this war, not that it will make his country richer or more powerful, but that it will create a world more favorable to the aims of democracy and the spirit of freedom.

A century ago England was profoundly influenced by the circumstances of her quarrel with France. England and France had often been at war. In the war that began in 1793 and ended in 1815 both nations behaved outwardly very much as they had behaved in former wars. This was Burke’s grand complaint against Pitt. There was the same filching of territory: ambition and intrigue took the same forms, if they found a larger theatre for their operations. But the war of 1793 affected the imagination of

England in a direct and lasting manner. We were fighting against France; it was more important that we were fighting against French principles. Pitt's phrase, 'the liquid fire of Jacobinism,' described the real object of our terror and our hatred. French doctrines frightened our rulers much more than French power. We derided French governments, not without reason, for their inconsistency in talking about popular choice while they were seizing cities here and states there on the good old-fashioned plan of tradition. But our ancestors would not have liked them any the better if they had kept their principles with the most scrupulous fidelity. For by the stability of Europe Pitt understood the maintenance of an equilibrium between a few great powers, without any kind of reference to the wishes and feelings of the people they governed.

The ideals that France preached were more dangerous and disturbing than the cynicism she practised. This explains why the feeling between the aristocracy and the few distinguished aristocrats, led by Fox, who welcomed French principles while they criticized French policy, was so bitter and irreconcilable. So long as England was fighting against Louis XIV, it was a contest of military powers; the war with Jacobin France was a spiritual conflict, and there was danger that French ideas might invade our society, even if French soldiers were unable to set foot on our shores.

To-day again we have been fighting, not merely against a formidable enemy, but against a theory of life and politics; only in this case we were fighting on the side of the principles that we opposed in 1793. The contrast is seen in the difference in the domestic history of England during the two wars. In the earlier war Parliament passed acts to suppress trade-unions, and the agitation for Par-

liamentary Reform was resisted as Jacobinical and seditious. 'Would you choose the occasion of a hurricane for repainting your house?' asked Windham, who was Burke's chief disciple. Burke himself denied that there was any particular in which the British constitution could be improved. Prejudice against democratic notions led statesmen to use language about the mass of the nation which at other times would have been judged dangerously provocative. Pitt talked of the artisans of the new industrial north as 'idle and profligate,' and Burke used an expression that was not easily forgotten by the reformers — 'the swinish multitude.'

Turn to the present war, and we find that the trade-unions have been scarcely less important, scarcely less integral a part of the administration of the country than the House of Commons itself. Voluntary recruiting, exemptions from military service on the ground of industrial need, the rationing of the textile industries, the control and organization of trade — all these administrative measures have been conducted with the responsible coöperation of the trade-unions. And Parliament, so far from recognizing the national emergency as a reason for resisting or postponing electoral reform, has enfranchised six million women and has more than doubled the electorate.

This association in the British mind of all democratic principles with a dangerous and bitter enemy had ominous consequences in the history of the nineteenth century. It brought ruin on all the liberal ideas, preached by Fox and his followers, which would have saved England from a disgraceful and a fatal chapter in the history of her relations with the Irish people: she might otherwise have escaped that distressing legacy which still embarrasses our good name in the sight of the world. But it had consequences not less important on

the development of our own life and our own institutions. For it helped to determine the form of our Industrial Revolution and to inspire the gospel that contemporary economists and politicians preached with such mischievous success to their own and to succeeding generations. And as the most important question we can ask about the effect of the present war is the question whether or not we are going to release the life and the prospects of our society from the tyranny of these ideas, it is worth while to examine their character and their origin.

II

If we turn to the writings and speeches of economists and politicians of a century ago, we are struck by their confident tone. Brougham and Macaulay believed emphatically that the miracles of invention and adaptation that make up the story of our mechanical triumphs during the early phases of the Revolution promised mankind complete power over its surroundings. A few eccentric persons like Thomas Love Peacock questioned this optimism: readers of *Gryll Grange* and *Crotchet Castle* will remember the fun he pokes at the 'Steam Intellect Society' and the march of mind. But it was the general view that the discovery of the uses of steam had provided the key to most of the problems of life, and that Great Britain, in full possession of these secrets, was stepping out on a course of triumph and wealth.

Now, it would seem reasonable to suppose that a great increase in the power of man over his surroundings ('Nowhere,' said Macaulay, 'does man exercise such a dominion over matter') would lead to a general improvement in the whole standard of life. A group of settlers living on an island on terms of equal comradeship would find life eas-

ier and simpler for each and for all, as new devices were invented to save labor and economic effort. But when we look at the history of the mass of the people living in the districts that were the centres of the new industry, — in Lancashire, for instance, and the West Riding of Yorkshire, — we find that just the opposite has happened. The majority of people in the districts were better off, freer, and living with a wider range of initiative and enterprise in 1750 than in 1830. This is the great standing sorrow of the Industrial Revolution. Something of this atmosphere of tragedy clings to the villages and the hills of the West Riding. The bleak and sombre landscape that gives such a setting to Charlotte Brontë's works seems to speak of the sad destinies of the hardy men and women, spinners, weavers, combers, croppers, who worked in the old days in their homes and rode across the hills with packs on their horses' backs. On this world the Industrial Revolution fell like a plague, or a war. It is not altogether surprising that the deterioration of their standard of life escaped the notice of the optimists of the day, for this whole world was more or less strange to them. But it is surprising that Brougham and Macaulay were not more impressed by the material aspect of the new civilization: by the hideous, squalid towns that grew up round the new factories, by the character which the look and the arrangements of these towns gave to the population that was to benefit by the great discoveries of science.

This seems strange to the modern mind, and it is intelligible only if we think ourselves back into the moral atmosphere of the time. This is easier to do because that atmosphere has hung about our thinking down to the present day. Roughly speaking, we may say that the men who welcomed the Industrial Revolution as the dawn of a great

age of discovery and human power believed that the law of progress demanded that the mass of men and women should live in poverty, and with no control over their own lives. It has been the custom sometimes during the war to talk of Marshal Foch's two armies: one an army of sacrifice, the other an army of victory. The first army was to resist, suffering tremendous losses, hoping only by its hardihood to create the opportunity for the ultimate triumph of the army of victory. In the same way our ancestors thought of the mass of men and women engaged in the new industry. They were an army of sacrifice. True, it was a dreadful spectacle that they presented. The records of the Committee of the House of Commons over which Michael Sadler presided tell a story of the sufferings and degradation of the children of the Lancashire and Yorkshire factory population that nobody can read to-day without emotion. The early pictures of the state of the Lancashire towns, revealed in the reports of Chadwick to the first Board of Health, make one wonder how any race could have survived such conditions of living. But most of the ruling class believed that this was inevitable, and that the ignorance and servitude of the many were as necessary to the development of the great Industrial Revolution to which England looked forward as the enlightenment and the riches of the few.

Why was this?

The answer is that the Industrial Revolution broke upon a society accustomed to certain fixed ideas of inequality and subordination. Those ideas had been encouraged by the course of English history from the break-up of the monasteries, the inclosure of the common lands, and the establishment of a social oligarchy as the ruling power, absorbing all the functions of government and all the opportunities of develop-

ment and education. To these ideas the war with France gave a tremendous stimulus. The first impressions of the French Revolution in England were favorable; but when the reaction came, it was overwhelming. It was not merely in the world of landlords and rich merchants that the ideas of equality and freedom were abhorrent. Bamford, a Lancashire weaver, has left an account of the early efforts of the English reformers, and he shows that a workman who talked about democracy ran a good risk of being put in the nearest horse-pond by his fellows. Equality was a French idea, and the Frenchman was the enemy. The Industrial Revolution took a form that was fatal to the ideas of equality.

Mr. Belloc goes too far in suggesting in his book, *The Servile State*, that the capital for the new industries came exclusively from the rich, for a great many of the new employers were poor men who scraped together a little money and started a small factory. Robert Owen was one of many who started from small beginnings. Gaskell, a contemporary writer, says that the men who succeeded in the industry 'were raised by their own efforts, commencing in a very humble way, and pushing their advance by a series of unceasing exertions, having a very limited capital to begin with, or even none at all save their own labor.' It is, therefore, a mistake to argue that the new industry was capitalized entirely by rich men. In truth, one of the strange features of the Industrial Revolution is the fact that the big merchants who had provided the capital for the earlier forms in which industry was capitalized did not become the pioneers of the new processes. The new capital was provided largely by small men.

But Mr. Belloc is perfectly right in his conclusion that the disastrous form that the new society took was deter-

mined by the moral atmosphere of the time. Two forces might have checked the new tyranny, the tyranny that swallowed up the whole life of society in this new industrial system. One was a sense of equality — a feeling for human dignity and freedom. The other was the corporate spirit that would have enabled bodies of men and women to resist by means of some kind of social organization the sweeping claims of the new power. Neither of these forces had any place in English society. A corporate sentiment had been fostered and maintained by constitutions of the past: the universities, the guilds, the Church. But the universities had become the private belongings of the aristocracy; the guilds had disappeared; the Church had become only one aspect of the governing class. Puritanism again had been an intensely individualistic influence on business and commerce. It was only in the trade-unions that this spirit was effectively maintained, and they were not strong enough to hold their own against the ruling powers. For the ruling class, which might in some circumstances have restrained the new power of capital, as a danger to society, threw the reins to it, believing that the more complete that power, the greater would be the prosperity of the State. The new masters of industry had only to declare their wishes and the government made haste to obey them.

There was then no corporate unit that could give conscious expression and vigor to any body of opinion or interest that was threatened by the new development. The inclosure of the commons, which had destroyed the old peasantry with all the bonds which brought its members together, had been the signal for the Agrarian Revolution which created the agrarian proletariat. The Industrial Revolution found certain obstacles in its way in the organized combinations of particular classes of work-

ers. Charlotte Brontë's novel *Shirley* gives a vivid account of one such struggle. But it was an unequal conflict. On the one side were the ruling powers and the vigorous capitalists of the new industry, preaching a simple doctrine that the mass of men and women were to be the instruments of the new system; that education, decent living, leisure, and any encouragement to the use of their minds would make them discontented with their inevitable lot, and thereby make them less efficient instruments. Mrs. Trimmer, one of the leading educationalists of the day, explained that, though she wanted some instruction for the poor, it was only such instruction as would make the poor 'less disgusting to their superiors.' On the other side were groups of workers able to organize themselves in defiance of the law, with great difficulty; sometimes in isolated unions, sometimes in larger combinations, in order to dispute the power of their masters at this or that point. There could be no question of the issue of such a conflict. The industrial system, with its concentration of power in the hands of the few and the regimentation of the mass of workers as irresponsible wage-earners, became a means, not for making a people more free, but for making authority stronger.

This theory, a kind of complacent Calvinism, was challenged by Shaftesbury and those who struggled with him for factory acts and mines acts. Shaftesbury accepted the general doctrine of subordination, and he had no sympathy with trade-unions or 'the workers' demands for political rights. But he would not accept the sacrifice of human life and human happiness which the industrial system seemed to his contemporaries to demand. A more direct and passionate challenge came from the Chartists, who disputed not merely the claim of the industrial system to dictate the general conditions of life, but

also the whole doctrine of inequality. But the Chartist movement failed, and the reaction of that failure on the working-class mind was seen in the temper of politics for the rest of the century. The note of revolution disappeared. The industrial system was accepted. And the conventional respect for the claims of that system limited all our ambitions and our ideas.

For the last few years before the war there was a new ferment. Mr. Wells has given a picture of this social unrest in *Joan and Peter*. In the strikes that were frequent, in the talk of the more thoughtful labor leaders, in discussions and policy, a new spirit was beginning to appear. It was significant that the most important piece of constructive thinking was contributed, not by any of the old intellectual leaders, but by a young man who, after a brilliant career at Oxford, had settled down to devote to the cause of industrial reform talents that most men in his position would have employed in the service of the Treasury or in making a career at the bar. This was Mr. G. D. H. Cole, author of *The World of Labour*. Mr. Cole was given an appointment on the staff of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers — a remarkable event to those who know the trade-unions' suspicion of middle-class advisers; and in that position he has shown that he has great gifts as an administrator. Already, then, before the war there was the beginning of a new spirit, an impatience, not merely of the injustices of the industrial system, but of what appeared to be its whole character. Freedom and democracy were casting ambitious glances in new directions.

III

What effect will the war have on that system?

The two most important facts about

our society before the war were that it accepted more or less consciously the argument that, in considering the reform of its life or institutions, we had to think first of the needs of the industrial system, and that it acquiesced in all the gross inequalities of life which resulted from this belief. Consider our towns. Could anyone imagine that those who designed them had any idea that they were to be the homes of men and women with minds to develop, with imaginations to nourish, with leisure to use for the recreation and the health of their bodies? They served none of these purposes, for they were not meant to serve any of them. They were simply an aspect of an industrial system which refused to recognize that the mass of men and women had any business with education, recreation, or the wider and spiritual purposes of life. The age which thought of men, women, and children as 'hands' for feeding the machines of industries had no use for libraries, galleries, playgrounds, or any of the forms in which beauty and space could bring comfort and nourishment to the human mind. As Morris said in the 'March Wind,' —

The singers have sung and the builders have
builted,

The painters have fashioned their tales of de-
light;

For what and for whom hath the world's book
been gilded,

When all is for these but the blackness of
night?

Consider again our education system. It is quite untrue in one sense to say that England before the war despised education. Parents of the professional classes have been ready to make great sacrifices to send their boys to a public school. What most of them valued in the public school was its atmosphere of comradeship, its tone and standards of mutual honor and loyalty, its opportunities for healthy and developing

games. How far the English public school is successful as an educational force; how far its aims, methods, spirit, equipment, are adequate or well-conceived; how far, in other words, England has understood education — these are questions on which there is active and endless controversy. For the purposes of this argument it is more important to point out that, whereas a very expensive education was judged to be necessary for the children of a small class, the nation was quite prepared to let the children of the working class go into the mill at twelve, and that the children of the poor living in large towns and even in villages had to find their playgrounds in the streets.

In the middle of the nineteenth century our educational resources were scandalously deficient. Everybody remembers how they were described by Matthew Arnold and Carlyle. What was the nation's answer? There was a burst of public-school expansion, and nine of our chief public schools were founded in twenty years. But for the working classes scarcely anything was done. It was not till 1870 that there was a universal system, and the standard of efficiency was deplorably low. And down to the war itself the nation showed singularly little sense of responsibility for its children. We washed our hands of all responsibility for the boys and girls who left school at thirteen or fourteen. What became of them? In a great number of cases they became riveters' boys or errand-boys or van-boys; they dropped into some occupation which gave no training and left them stranded a few years later.

The Consultative Committee of the Board of Education issued a report in 1909 which pointed out a terrible truth, on which Mr. R. H. Tawney, one of the brilliant pioneers of the Workers' Educational Association, had long insisted: —

'There are signs that the factory system (where its operations are not held in check by the conscience of the employer or by the regulations of the State) is beginning to seize upon the improved human material turned out by the elementary schools at the close of the day-school course. Certain branches of machine production are being so organized as to make profitable the employment of boy and girl adolescent labor in businesses which, while demanding some intelligence and previous training, are in themselves deadening to the mind.'

Persons who talk of reconstruction mean different things by the term.

Some mean merely a more efficient nation on the old lines, greater output, energy better organized, mechanical improvements, industrial expansion. Others think of a nation on new lines, and they believe that the nation will emerge from the war prepared for a moral revolution. And the greatest revolution of all would be the emancipation of our minds from the bondage of this tradition.

Let us imagine what a difference it would make if we started boldly by asking what are the conditions that are essential to the good life and the free development, not of a class or a favored few, but of the community as a whole; if we put the industrial system out of our minds until we have decided what kind of a life a society ought to build for itself.

This is what the war has done for a great number of people. In one sense war must inevitably breed inequality and injustice. But it is true also that it is the nursery of a new spirit of justice. This war has been the opportunity of the common man. No higher service can be rendered to the nation than the service of the simple soldier, yesterday, perhaps, a dock laborer uncertain about

the morrow, or an errand-boy with the most precarious footing in our social system, who stands in the trench waiting for the cold dawn and an expected attack. What more can a nation ask of a man than she has asked of four or five millions during these suffering years? And the man who has made these sacrifices will not accept the values of the old system. War makes life cheap, but it does not make a man's life cheap in his own eyes. The more ready he is to risk it for an idea, the greater the value he puts upon it. The soldier who returns has broken through the strongest force in our nature, the customary standard, the habit of accepting the world as he finds it. In the old world he was the instrument of a system; in the new world he means to be in some sense the master of his life. The industrial system is challenged no longer by the reasoned discontent of a few, or the slowly spreading impatience of the many: it is challenged directly by the most powerful sentiments in a great body of the men who serve its needs.

This is a new moral force in our society: the presence of a great mass of men, conscious of sacrifices and services, who look at the world with new eyes. In the old days it seemed natural that a few people should have a life of spacious comfort and leisure, and that the great mass of the nation should live under conditions which gave no opportunity for a free and full life. The 'comfortable classes' had two or three holidays abroad every year; carters were on strike in London the year before the war, because they were not allowed a single day's holiday until they had had ten years' service. It seemed natural — this is the important truth about it — to poor as well as to rich. The war has made it seem grossly contrary to nature: the common sufferings of the trenches have taught a new philosophy

to the soldiers: the experience of rationing has taught a new sense of equality in the most docile of our villages.

Our bonds have been broken in another way. In one sense war exhibits more than anything else the impotence of man. Here are twenty millions suffering every kind of horror because a few people, by willing certain ends, have brought the whole world into this enveloping net. On the other hand, the war has revealed the wonderful resourcefulness of man. Take Great Britain alone, with her millions drafted into the army, and millions drafted into munition works. She could yet maintain her economic life, and feed, clothe, and arm other nations as well. The word impossible has dropped out of our language. It is seen that the human will and human energy have an infinitely greater power over the circumstances of life than anybody had supposed. New methods of organization, new forms of social effort, have been discovered.

Thus, at the very time when men are demanding a new kind of society, able to live its own life and pursue its own spiritual ends, freed at last from the lingering shadow of the Industrial Revolution, a new experience opens up new avenues for our ambition. The war has brought at the same time a new faith in human power and a new sense of the freedom and the range of the human will. The next few years will show whether our statesmanship can satisfy the spirit created by the war among the millions of men and women who have learned to ask of their common life that it should satisfy the spiritual needs of men and women, or whether it will break down under the influence of the forces which still judge a society by its industrial power. On the answer to that question depends the future of our civilization.

SOME SOUTH AFRICAN SNAKES¹

BY WILLIAM CHARLES SCULLY

I

THE indigenous fauna of South Africa was, a century ago, richer in genera and species than that in any other part of the globe. To-day the mammals have largely disappeared, — ruthlessly obliterated, — mostly slain by natives armed with the white man's weapons. Even fifty years since, vast tracts were still stocked with noble wild beasts, whose numbers and variety are quite incredible except to the old wanderers whose feet, in those long-bygone days, trod those then remote wildernesses. The reptiles were, relatively, almost as numerous as the mammalia, but their habits have enabled them to avoid destruction to the same extent. Usually dwelling underground, and largely of nocturnal habit, the lizard and the snake still survive in considerable numbers, except in the immediate vicinity of the abodes of men.

Yet one may live to-day in an environment in which are large numbers of snakes, and be hardly aware of their existence unless some unusual conditions bring them to one's notice. Before entering the Indian Ocean the Great Fish River runs for some hundreds of miles through a deep valley, between high banks of clay heavily perforated by the burrows of large field-mice and other rodents. Its sluggish,

muddy current is usually of insignificant volume. But occasionally heavy up-country rains cause the river to swell into a brimming torrent, on which are borne quantities of uprooted trees and shrubs. The mouse-holes become submerged and the snakes (principally the great African viper, *Bitis arrietans*, known as the 'puff adder'), which share the burrows apparently on amicable terms with the rodents, emerge to avoid being drowned. Gripped by the flood, they climb into the branches of the drifting trees and are swept out to sea. Soon afterwards the trees are cast ashore by the tide, their occupants chilled and lifeless. But on the first hot day they come to life and may be seen basking on the sand in quite embarrassing numbers. Then one realises that there are still snakes, and plenty of them, in South Africa.

The classification of snakes is as yet indecisive; its terms frequently change; in each system hitherto proposed numerous anomalies may be pointed out. One principle has, however, been established, namely, that no solid-toothed snake is venomous, but all snakes possessing grooved, channeled, or tubular fangs are venomous in a greater or less degree. No snake masticates its food. The teeth are invariably sharp and recurved, and thus adapted only for gripping and holding. The popular idea that a snake slavers its prey before engulfing it is incorrect; the saliva is never poured forth until the prey is well within the snake's maw.

The great family of colubrine snakes

¹The author wishes to acknowledge his indebtedness to Mr. F. W. Fitzsimons, F.Z.S., etc., Director of the Port Elizabeth Museum, whose book, *The Snakes of South Africa*, contains extensive and useful information.

is well represented in South Africa. Some are venomous; some are not. But the venom of a colubrine snake is usually far more deadly than is that of any viper. The head of the family is the mamba, *Dendraspis angusticeps*, which is the longest venomous snake in the world. This distinction was formerly claimed for the Indian hamadryad, which, however, does not appear to reach a length of more than twelve feet. I have personally measured a mamba thirteen feet four inches in length, and they probably run to fifteen feet in exceptional instances. The mamba is, moreover, undoubtedly the most dangerous of all snakes. Not alone is its venom deadly, but it is highly aggressive at times and its speed is quite extraordinary. If disturbed during the pairing season, the mamba attacks without hesitation; and if at any time one happens to get between the mamba and its dwelling, the snake rushes straight for its objective and, in passing, strikes swiftly as lightning at the intruder. The mamba's fangs — two on each side — are long, deeply grooved, and powerful, and the amount of venom injected when they are buried in the flesh of a victim is much more than is necessary to cause death.

The mamba is very thin in proportion to its length. Occasionally, on being disturbed, it puffs itself out, thus considerably increasing the girth. It is primarily a tree snake, but is sometimes found in open spaces. It progresses in a series of bounds, suggestive of the successive uncoilings of a steel spring. The eye is large, round-pupiled, and expressive of intelligence. There are two varieties of the mamba — one colored a vivid grass-green and the other steely black. There is still some uncertainty as to whether one or two species exist. Mambas are common in parts of Natal, in Zululand, and in the northeastern Transvaal. Some years

ago certain stretches of scrubby forest land near the mouth of the Umkomas River in Natal were left unoccupied by both Europeans and natives on account of the prevalence of mambas. To-day, in Zululand, the news that a large mamba has been seen will cause the vicinity to be shunned — perhaps for months.

The mamba, like most colubrine snakes, is oviparous. The eggs are often laid among dead leaves between the protruding roots of trees. Soon after being hatched the young snakes ascend among the branches, where their protective coloration makes them difficult to discern. They live upon eggs, birds, and small mammals. The mamba has the habit of lying coiled among the branches adjacent to a footpath in a forest. Woe to the passing wayfarer in such a case! If he touch a twig, and thus impart the least tremor to the snake's lair, a lightning-swift stroke upon face, neck, or arm seals his doom. Such a stroke may be delivered either forward or sideways, with equal speed and effectiveness.

Another formidable colubrine reptile is the cobra — *Naja haji*, *Naja flava*, and the rest. These snakes, only slightly different from the Indian cobras, often attain a length of over six feet. Their venom is the deadliest substance known; I am not aware of anyone having recovered from a cobra's bite. Cobras vary much in coloration; I have killed adult specimens of a light lemon-yellow, jet black, and all intermediate shades. The cobra is a fierce fighter and, when reared up, with expanded hood, looks very formidable indeed. Anterior to the head the ribs lengthen and then gradually shorten to normal dimensions. These lengthened ribs, about twenty in number, lie, when the snake is quiescent, more or less laterally along the spine. But when the snake becomes excited, the neck

bends and the ribs spring out at right angles. Over them the loose folds of skin expand umbrella-fashion. When much enraged, the cobra spits drops of venom at its enemy. These are propelled a distance of about four feet.

The fangs of the cobra and the mamba are not erectile as in the case of the vipers, but are fixed in position, ready for action, at the anterior ends of the maxillary bones. They are deeply grooved, and occasionally the sides of the groove lap over and form a tube. Into this the poison is led by a duct from a gland which lies imbedded in the maxillary muscles. The latter, when the snake strikes, become strongly constricted and force a jet of poison through the duct. The fang is easily broken, in which case another soon takes its place. The number of possible replacements is indefinite. A microscopic examination of the tissues at the base of the fang reveals myriads of supplementary fangs in various stages of development, some being less than a two-hundredth of an inch in length.

The cobra is found all over South Africa, but is especially plentiful in the dry, sandy deserts to the northwest, in and beyond the Cape Province. Here extensive colonies of large mice abound, patches of ground thirty yards in diameter being thickly honeycombed with burrows. In these the cobras dwell — apparently, as in the case of the puff adders, on the best of terms with their hosts, upon whom they principally feed. It would seem as if the mice had resigned themselves to paying a certain toll to their formidable guests. However, it is probable that the mice revenge themselves by seeking out and destroying numbers of the cobras' eggs. The snakes are seldom seen. Occasionally — for instance, on an exceptionally cool day in summer — they emerge. In winter they hibernate, and on an ordinary summer day the

sand becomes so hot that any snake attempting to crawl over it would immediately be scorched to death. However, their frequent zigzag spoors show that cobras are in the habit of emerging at night.

The cobra is an incorrigible robber of birds' nests. Among the rocky hills fringing the desert its presence is often revealed by a swarm of angry birds. These circle around the marauder, screaming, pecking at it, and beating it with their wings. The bite of the cobra is fatal to all snakes, the cobra itself included.

A close relative of the cobra is the ringhals, or ring-neck, so-called from the presence of two black bands across the throat. This snake — *Sepedon haemachates* — is also widely distributed. In superficial appearance it resembles the American rattlesnake. The ringhals, when excited, exudes a quantity of venom, which drips down the fangs and lodges behind the abrupt, horny lower lip. Upon this the angry snake directs a blast of air through its extensible wind-pipe, with the effect that a jet of fine venom-spray is emitted toward an enemy. This jet may reach a height of six feet. That the eyes are aimed at, I have proved by experiment. If the poison reaches them, blindness — which may be permanent — results. The bite of the ringhals is highly venomous, but the snake appears to prefer disabling its enemy by means of the spray of venom.

II

The puff adder — so called from the loud, guttural, warning hiss which it utters when disturbed, is about thirty inches in length, with a girth of about six inches. It has tubular fangs about three fourths of an inch long. These are attached to the anterior maxillary bone by a hinged process, which

corresponds with the zygomatic arch in the higher mammals. Until brought into action, the fang lies back along the maxillary, under a protecting membranous sheath, — the *vagina dentis*. When one fang is broken or dislodged, another immediately takes its place. In the valley of the Shire, a tributary of the Zambesi, the puff adder attains a length of five feet, with a girth equal to that of a man's thigh, the fangs being correspondingly huge.

The coloration of the puff adder is in groundwork a series of delicate browns, with more or less regular curved transverse patches darkening to black and edged with vivid yellow. Its scales are keeled; its short tail tapers suddenly to a point. It is a sluggish creature, incapable of swift progression. When disturbed, it flattens itself to the ground, the air expressed in the process causing the warning hiss which has saved many a life. But if the foot of the intruder touch it, or even tread in its immediate vicinity, the puff adder lunges either forward or sideways, with a swiftness that the human eye cannot follow, and, having buried its fangs deep in the flesh, holds on like a bull-dog, forcing two streams of venom into the tissues. The expression of this snake, — its square muzzle and glaring, lidless eyes with vertical pupils, — the extraordinary gape of the jaws, and the huge, erected fangs, form what is probably one of the most fiendishly menacing combinations in Nature. Nevertheless, apart from its head, the puff adder is a creature of great beauty — more especially in spring, when the old skin has recently been sloughed off. The rich tints shade into each other in a pattern of bewildering complexity, and the curved, transverse markings form a tracery full of symmetry and grace.

It is to the great length of the puff adder's fangs that the comparatively large number of recoveries on the part

of human beings unfortunate enough to get bitten is due. This seeming paradox is explained by the circumstance that the venom is usually deposited deep down in the areolar tissue, between the blood-vessels. So that, if immediate incisions be made and a ligature be applied, the outflow of blood will probably carry the venom with it. The nearer the surface of the body, the more crowded are the blood-vessels, and the venom of a short-fanged snake is thus more likely to get rapidly into the circulation than is that of one with long fangs. But if the venom be discharged into an artery or vein, death will result within a few minutes, owing to clotting of the blood. Nevertheless, the venom of the viperine is not nearly as swift in its action or as deadly as is that of the poisonous colubrine snakes. The puff adder is not affected by its own venom, but most colubrine venom injected into its tissues will cause death.

The food of the puff adder consists of rats, mice, frogs, toads, and other small animals. Like most South African snakes, puff adders eat each other. If two, one larger than the other, seize an animal at the same time by opposite ends, the jaws of the larger snake will, on meeting, close over those of the smaller one, and the latter, as well as the prey, will be swallowed. In dealing with a toad or a very small animal, the puff adder will seize and swallow it without using the poison fangs; but in the case of a larger rodent, the snake will strike, let go, and wait until the victim collapses before swallowing it.

There are various other members of the viper family in South Africa, all more or less deadly. One, *Bitis atropos*, usually inhabits high plateaus and mountain ranges. Another, *Bitis cornuta*, the 'horned adder,' — so called from the groups of erect scales resembling horns which grow over the eyes, — inhabits desert places and has the

habit of burying itself in the sand at the base of a grass tussock, with only the head emerging. It is in point of species almost identical with the 'worm of old Nile' which Cleopatra employed to ease herself of her burden of life.

The 'night adder,' *Causus rhombeatus*, is much dreaded on account of its habit of lying at night in pathways and failing to move out of one's way. This snake is one of the exceptions to the rule of the viper class, in that it is not viviparous. It has another remarkable peculiarity: the poison glands, instead of lying compactly imbedded in the maxillary muscles above the angle of the jaw, are much elongated, and lie one on each side of the spine. They are connected with the fangs by long ducts.

Another aberrant genus is *Atractaspis*, of which two South African species have been recognized. These have adopted the habits and appearance of the blind burrowing snakes (*Typhlops*), which are non-venomous. These vipers also are oviparous. They have fangs so abnormally developed that the mouth cannot be opened wide enough to admit of their being erected.

One of the most interesting adaptations found among snakes is that of the non-venomous 'egg-eater' — *Dasyplectis scabra*. This creature is only about eighteen inches long, with a diameter of about three fourths of an inch. Yet it will swallow an ordinary fowl's egg without difficulty. Its teeth are rudimentary, but it has extraordinary power of expansion of the jaws and neck. The neck vertebrae have developed spines — *hypapophyses* — which slant forward and pierce the esophagus. After the egg has been swallowed, the snake lifts its head and neck, and works the egg backward and forward against the spines, which act like a saw and cut the shell. The egg collapses, the contents run into the stomach, and the shell with its membrane is ejected.

Another interesting class of snakes is the *Opisthophaga*. In their case the grooved poison-fangs, which are very small, are fixed, not at the anterior end of the maxillary bone, but behind the orbit of the eye. Consequently, they are but seldom brought into action. The largest South African example of this class is the 'boomslang' or 'tree snake,' — *Dispholidus typus*, — which is to be found wherever trees abound. The boomslang grows to the length of about six feet and varies in color between vivid grass-green and dull brown. Like the mamba, it has the habit of puffing itself out when interfered with, until its girth is more than doubled for two thirds of its length. The boomslang was, until recently, looked upon as non-venomous. I have handled them freely and often prevented their being killed. However, in 1907, Mr. James Williams, who was employed as snake-catcher by the Port Elizabeth Museum, was bitten by one in the arm, and narrowly escaped with his life. Thereupon Mr. Fitzsimons demonstrated, in the course of some interesting investigations, that the boomslang, as well as other species of the *Opisthophaga*, is not only venomous, but deadly.

The only sea-snake found in South Africa is *Hydruis platurus*, which ranges from Southern Asia down the eastern coast of the African Continent as far as the Cape of Good Hope. From there the cold current prevents it going north. This snake — one of a large genus — measures about two feet. It is black above and yellow beneath, and has a vertically flattened tail. *Hydruis platurus* is highly venomous, its poison-apparatus being as intricately developed as that of the cobra, to which it is related. This is remarkable, in view of the flattened tail and the position of the nostrils, which indicate that it has been a sea-dweller for an immensely long period. The venom can be of little

or no avail against the cold-blooded creatures upon which this snake preys.

The largest of all South African serpents is the python, — *Python sebae*, — which occasionally attains a length of over twenty feet, with a circumference of eighteen inches. One is recorded as having measured twenty-five feet. The color-scheme of the python is yellowish brown, various tints of which are harmoniously arranged in darker blotches upon a lighter background. Near the vent are two claws — evidently rudimentary survivals of limbs; corresponding with them is a rudimentary pelvis. The python principally frequents rocky chasms in moist, warm forests. It is not dangerous to man, being quite non-venomous. It will, however, fight fiercely if attacked, and the long, sharp, recurved teeth may inflict a severe bite. The python usually preys upon small animals, such as minor antelopes, monkeys, coneys, and birds. Sometimes this snake coils itself at the bottom of a stream and lies with its nose just emerging. When a small buck comes to drink, the snake seizes it by the nose, the recurved teeth taking an inextricable grip. After the buck has been drowned the python coils itself around the body and crushes it into an elongated mass, for convenience in the process of swallowing. The saliva of the snake flows freely, but only over that portion of the prey which is engulfed. The python does not regard the horns, which are occasionally to be seen sticking out through its abdomen. When the carcass, including the bones, has been dissolved in the powerful gastric juices, the horns drop off and the holes fill up, the snake apparently being none the worse for the perforations.

So far as I know, the python is the only snake which incubates its eggs. Such, numbering from thirty to fifty at a brood, and weighing about five

and one-half ounces each, are usually laid in a deep rock-crevice or in the deserted burrow of an ant-bear or a hyena. The mother coils herself over and around them. During the incubation period the snake's temperature rises somewhat.

Many snakes not only are harmless, but are distinctly beneficial to man, in that they tend to keep the barns and dwellings they frequent clear of rats and mice. The mole-snake — *Pseudaspis cana* — grows to a length of more than seven feet. It, unfortunately for itself, bears a certain superficial resemblance to the cobra. It is viviparous and extremely prolific; one case is recorded of a brood which numbered eighty-four. The mole-snake, which lives upon animals nearly all of which are mischievous to man, constricts its prey after the manner of the python. It may here be noted that no venomous snake practises constriction.

It is very unfortunate that these useful and innocuous snakes have to suffer on account of the vices of their relatives, but it is quite useless to expect the average person to discriminate between the venomous and the non-venomous varieties. Even wild animals, whose perceptions are far keener than those of man, cannot do this. A captive baboon, for instance, will exhibit as much terror in the presence of a non-venomous snake as in that of a cobra or a puff adder. This raises an interesting possibility. May it not be that at one time all snakes were venomous, but that in certain instances the poison-fangs have disappeared and the venom has become merged in the gastric juices, which form the most powerful known solvent of animal origin? How far the venom of the cobra and the gastric juices of the mole-snake are homologous is a question I have often speculated upon, but have had neither the opportunity nor the technical skill to investigate.

III

Practically all South African snakes take to the water in hot weather. They swim freely across both rivers and salt tidal lagoons. Sometimes they lie coiled on the surface of the water, fast asleep — the long, single lung being inflated to provide the requisite buoyancy. In some localities, boating at night in hot weather is distinctly dangerous; for snakes are apt to coil about the oar without being observed, and thus get into the boat. But there are several species of snakes which are practically amphibious. These inhabit the margins of streams and pools, and prey on frogs and small fishes. It is their habit to climb trees suitably situated; from these, they dive and pursue their quarry to considerable depths. None are venomous.

The green water-snake — *Chlorophis hoplogaster* — is, when gliding sinuously through clear, still water, probably unequalled for beauty in the animal kingdom. The liquid medium enhances its gloss, until it resembles a living emerald. Its rhythmic curves weave patterns graceful almost beyond the possibilities of imagination. Another, — *Ablophis rufulus*, — olive and pink in color, is almost incomparably beautiful. One recalls Coleridge's lines:

Within the shadow of the ship
I watched their rich attire;
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
They coiled and swam; and every track
Was a flash of golden fire.

O happy living things! no tongue
Their beauty might declare.

Were it not for the fact that snakes are wholesale and consistent cannibals, these creatures would increase to a very embarrassing extent. Even the mother snake has usually no compunction in the matter of eating her offspring. The snake has many enemies: the mongoose,

the meercat, and the badger destroy large numbers. So does the secretary bird, which provokes the snake to attack and, when the latter lunges, dashes forward with wings expanded to form a shield, and thus flings back the attacker. After these tactics have been repeated several times, the snake becomes exhausted, and then the bird rushes in and with a nip of its powerful beak dislocates the spine just behind the head. The great turkey buzzard seizes the snake just behind the head, flies spirally into the air to a height of several hundred feet, and then drops its victim to the ground.

But in regions closely settled by human beings, the most deadly and relentless enemy of the serpent tribe is the domestic cat. The snake is, unless the weather be cold, largely a nocturnal hunter. It lies in wait on the pathways used by small rodents — on the margins of pools and water-courses frequented by frogs. The cat stalks the stalker, pouncing after the latter has seized and partly swallowed its prey and is thus relatively helpless. The cat is fully alive to the danger of his sport, and invariably endeavors to inflict a disabling bite in the vicinity where the spine of the reptile joins the head. The rapid disappearance of snakes from the vicinity of human habitations is undoubtedly due to the 'harmless, necessary cat.' The latter appears to be proud of its achievements in this line, and will often bring home a freshly killed snake with every appearance of satisfaction. I have known several cats with whom this was a habit.

The real nature of snake-venom is still mysterious. It is evidently an albuminous substance containing complex and highly specialized proteids, which induce numerous and varied pathological conditions, and consequently symptoms quite dissimilar. The poison-gland of the average venomous snake

and the parotid salivary gland of the mammal are homologous. There is probably considerable affinity between human saliva and snake-venom. The latter has been kept for upwards of thirty years without its toxic powers becoming weakened. The pathological effects of some venoms on the nerves strongly resemble those induced by curare.

The effects of snake-venom can be counteracted only by means of serum taken from the blood of immunized animals. One by one the so-called remedies — often widely advertised — have been tested and found useless. Unfortunately it is but seldom that the serum is at hand when required. The venom of each individual species of snake has a special toxic effect: immunization from the effects of the bite of a puff adder, for instance, does not involve immunization in respect of the bite of the cobra or the mamba. Venom has three well-marked separate toxic consequences: it is a nerve-poison, a blood-poison causing the corpuscles to break down, and a ferment which induces coagulation in the fibrin of the blood. Colubrine venom has primarily a nerve-effect; viperine acts mainly on the blood. The nerve-centres controlling the pulmonary system are those primarily affected; in every fatal case which has been professionally observed, the heart has continued beating after breathing has ceased.

The so-called 'wisdom of the serpent'

is completely mythical. The mind of the serpent is inferior to that of all mammals and birds and to that of many fishes and insects. A dull, senseless malignity is its most outstanding characteristic, but of wisdom it has hardly more than the oyster or the clam.

Physically the serpent is a creature of most marvelous adaptations. Moreover, it exhibits great beauty in its coloration and consummate grace in its movements. It possesses a considerable share of that low form of vitality which is characteristic of inferior, slow-blooded organisms. For instance, a snake's heart may beat for a whole day after its head has been cut off, or for a quarter of an hour after removal from the body.

Mystery and terror are instinctively associated with the serpent; myth and legend show that this tendency has existed since the dawn of the human intellect. The instinctive dread which the serpent induces is not confined to the human race. The hiss of a snake will fill most animals, although they may never have heard such a sound before, with dread; even as the howl of a wolf, in a country where wolves were exterminated centuries ago, will drive horses and cattle mad with panic. It is one of those trumpet-calls of elementary dismay which wake echoes in that wondrous labyrinth, the germ-plasm, within whose caverns lurk all the terrors and tragedies of the immeasurable past.

THE GIFT

BY MARGARET PRESCOTT MONTAGUE

I

THE two men went slowly down the garden-path together: the one rather short and thickset, but light enough in his movements; the other in clerical dress, tall and spare, stooping a little in his walk, his head dropped forward on his chest. At the gate they paused.

'Well, good-bye,' the shorter man said heartily, holding out his hand. 'Good-bye, old man. It was a real inspiration of mine to stop over between trains, and talk my perplexities out with you. You've cleared the whole atmosphere for me. It's wonderful to come into your old friend's garden out of all this welter of a world at war, and find him just the same — still believing in God, and standing for righteousness. You always did put heart and the fear of the Lord into your friends.'

A deeper shade passed over the Reverend Thomas McCord's face, and he turned his eyes hastily away; but his friend, full of his own thoughts, went on unheeding.

'You know,' he said, with an embarrassed laugh, 'I would n't say this if I did n't know I was just running for my train, but for more of the old crowd than you ever suspect, you stand for a sort of rock of Gibraltar that we anchor on. When we're up against some particular bit of life's devilishness, we say, "Well, anyhow, there's old Tom — he's still standing firm; he still believes in the eternal verities." Now I'm off,' he ended, with a final hand-clasp, and turned quickly to go; then, struck for the

first time by a gray, stunned look on the other's face, he turned back again, startled.

'But, I say, you don't look very fit yourself,' he said. 'Here I've been so full of my own difficulties, I never asked how things are going with you. How's young Tom? Doing great things over there, I bet. Good God, what have I said!'

He broke off, aghast; aware the moment the careless words were out of his mouth, that he had uncovered a bottomless pit of grief.

'Tom was killed on the twelfth,' the other said in a dead voice. 'I heard two weeks ago. I — I knew you had n't heard, Jim,' — he touched his friend's shoulder for an instant with a shaken but forgiving hand, — 'but I — I could n't speak of it.'

Then he turned, and fled with hurrying strides away up the garden-path.

The other man looked after him appalled. 'Good Lord! Young Tom killed!' he whispered. 'Why, that will be the end of the world for his father!'

But he did not try to follow. He knew that what he had seen on his friend's face was past all consolation he had to offer, and the world was at war, and he was due in Washington; and so, shocked and distressed, he turned and made his way sadly to the station.

As Thomas McCord left his friend and went up the garden-path with those long, hurrying strides, a terrible door in his brain opened, and a cry rushed out in a young, horrified voice: 'My God! I'm blind — I can't see a thing!'

The garden and the path swam before him, as giddily he made his way to the little summerhouse, and there sat heavily down. It was an early spring after a hard winter, and the climbing roses on the summerhouse were out in full leaf; spring bulbs also were in bloom, and many of the flowering shrubs as well; while from his perch on the top of the rectory chimney the mocking-bird poured forth a stream of golden joy.

Three weeks ago these would all have been things to write to young Tom about. 'You know,' the boy had written in one of his letters, 'when I have a little breathing space, I run away in my mind from all this filth and awfulness, to you and the rectory garden, and we walk about it together, and tell the towers thereof; so be sure and write me all about it.' But now the boy who had loved it would never see the garden again.

This little secluded summerhouse, the vines of which hid one from the rest of the garden, while its open sides looked out over a steep declivity down on the broad, sunlit valley below, had always been a favorite retreat with Thomas McCord. Here he had dreamed of young Tom's future; here thought out many a sermon; and here time and again the Great Companion had seemed to come to him. He would not come now. 'I'm blind — I can't see a thing!' His son — all that he had in the world — had died in France, blind and among strangers, and his father had not been there to take the boy's hands, to hold them fast, to speak to him of the Light beyond. Was there a good God after all? Had he given his whole life to his service, to be taunted so terribly in his old age? And to-morrow was Easter, and he must preach to his people about God's love and promises, about the Everlasting Arms, and 'Let not your heart be troubled.'

On the little rustic table of the sum-

merhouse, he stretched out his arms and bowed his head upon them. He did not groan. There was no groan deep enough to plumb the depth of his agony. His only child had been snatched from him, and his faith in God was cut from under his feet.

The brief official notice of the boy's death had come two weeks ago. This morning there had followed a letter, with further particulars, from the nurse who had been with him at the end. She had opened her letter very kindly, evidently intent upon giving him all the details. Tom had been unconscious at first, it seemed, but after a little he had come to.

'I must tell you all for the sake of the end,' the letter ran. 'He stirred and reached out his hand, and when I took it, he asked, "Where am I?" I told him. "Why is n't there any light?" he said; and then in a moment he guessed. "My God!" he cried, "I'm blind — I can't see a thing!"'

Thomas McCord folded the letter hastily here, and put it away. That had been the crashing climax of his grief.

For two weeks the blow of his son's death had gone with him hour by hour, all through the cruel days and the more cruel nights. He had not slept save for brief periods of sheer exhaustion, and then it was always to wake again into the dark nightmare. He had somehow managed to get through the daily Lenten services; he had managed the Good Friday ones of yesterday; but all the time he had had no sense of God to sustain him, and he had felt his old faith slipping and slipping from under him. This morning the climax of his suffering and despair had come with the letter. His boy was gone, and he was in a waste place from which his God had gone also; and with the blankness that was in his heart, how could he go into the pulpit to-morrow and preach of love, and faith, and Easter promises?

Though Thomas McCord had always tried to be patient and understanding with those whose faith had deserted them, when grief struck at their own hearts, nevertheless, he had always in the back of his mind a secret contempt for such weakness. Yet here he was, now, in the same plight. In vain he tried to reassure himself with the thought that most of this awful blankness was due to physical exhaustion. It was not real unbelief, he told himself, it was only that his grief-stricken, confused mind was too stunned to find its way into that assurance of God which had been his for so long. Thus he had managed to keep himself together through the terrible days, holding on desperately, and waiting for the light to return. But today the letter had come, and he found himself in the depths of a black despair, from which all the old sense of an enfolding presence had been swept into nothingness.

In these later years of his life there had come a superstructure to the foundation of his old faith, that had been infinitely wonderful. God had seemed to become his very friend. Before his study fire, in his church, working in his garden, and, most often of all, at night just as he dropped off to sleep, he had experienced, again and again, that enfolding sense of the Great Friendship. But now that was all gone, and in the blackness of his thought, he wondered if it could ever have been more than his own imagination, built up out of good health and the happiness of his life with his boy.

And to-morrow, with the big German drive on, and soldiers giving up their lives by the thousands, there was an Easter sermon to be preached to a congregation from which many of its young men had gone over the seas to France, or were very soon to go.

That was the immediate and most terrible part of it all for Thomas Mc-

Cord. He was very truly a pastor — for years he had suffered with his flock, rejoiced with them, and been their leader; and he knew without any vanity that what his friend had said about people resting on his faith was true. For years his congregation had rested on him; and now at this grim war Easter, when they needed him more than ever, he was to fail them. He knew also that much more than Thomas McCord would be weighed in the balance to-morrow and found wanting. If he, who had always proclaimed God so triumphantly to them, could not now, in the face of his own grief, stand up in the pulpit before them and steadfastly reaffirm his faith, then there would be plenty who would not think religion worth bothering with. To-morrow the church would be filled with flowers and triumphal music; but to complete the picture, to bring home the hope of all these things, their rector, in spite of his son dead in France, must be there in his pulpit with a message of hope and faith for his people.

With his head still buried deep in his arms, he prayed into that blank space within, which heretofore had been filled and overflowing with the presence of God. 'Lord and Life-giver,' he whispered, 'help me, help me!'

He straightened up wearily then, and looked out over the wide stretches of the valley, seeking to rest his aching eyes with its spring effulgence. Below him was the sprawling village, and the prosperous farm-lands of his people, with white roads wriggling in every direction. For a time he watched the scattered traffic of these roads, unseeing; and then, far away on the Winston Pike, he was attracted by a motor moving very fast. Drearily he fell to watching it. There was something swift and inexorable in the way it came on, passing team after team, and slower motors, on the way. To his distorted mind

it seemed to visualize the coming of the letter. Nothing had stopped it either; nothing had turned it aside until it found the destination of his heart, and stabbed its message home.

Very smoothly and affluently the motor came, winking now and again in the sunlight. If it turned off to the right, it was going to Beckly and not his village. It did not turn, it kept straight on into the village main street. If it kept down the street to the end, then it was bound either for the rectory or for Williams's farm on the left.

He began to dread the thing moving so swiftly and so surely. It must not come to him. This terrible Easter Even must not distil any more people out of the world's tragedy seeking strength and refuge in his garden. But the car came straight down to the end of the street; at Williams's farm it did not turn, and in a moment more it was rushing up his drive, it was stopping at his gate.

II

It was a handsome car, all its appointments speaking of wealth and luxury. Two women got out of it. One was all in gray — long gray cloak, gray veil, and gray sad face. The other, much younger, helped the gray-clad figure to descend, with a certain air of professional solicitude. She would have taken her arm and entered with her, but the gray woman waved her aside, and came through the little gate alone.

Thomas McCord forced himself to rise and go forth to meet this fresh demand.

'Mr. McCord?' she questioned as he came down the path; and at his bow of assent, she went on in a small breathless voice, 'May I see you? May I talk to you for a few minutes? I am Mrs. Seldon. I've come from Winston to see you.'

'Let us come into the summerhouse;

it is pleasant there and we shall not be disturbed,' he said.

When they were seated, she went on again, still hesitating a little, still a little breathless.

'I heard you preach once at Winston — in St. John's Church there. It was soon after Richard — after my son — was killed.'

'Your son?' he breathed.

Her face quivered.

'Yes, my only boy,' she answered. 'He was killed early in the war — more than two years ago. And — and I've come to you,' she went on presently, 'because, after I heard you preach that day, I knew if anybody could ever help me it would be you. Your faith is so strong — you seemed inspired.'

A shudder of revulsion went through him. He remembered that day at St. John's well. He had seemed to himself inspired then — but now? Yet the habit of service was so strong upon him, that she was conscious of no faltering in his manner. She only felt the presence of one who would completely understand — one to whom she might tell her uttermost trouble.

He waited quietly, not looking at her, looking down instead at his own clasped hands. But the few glances he had bestowed upon her had enabled his trained perceptions to build up some idea of her character. She gave him the impression of a small personality, a childishly undeveloped woman, stunted by ease and money; yet under it all there was something else that was poignantly appealing. There was a certain surprising air of courage and steadfastness, the impression of a child facing something terrible, and yet trying desperately hard to be good. He guessed, moreover, that she was very ill.

She had drawn her gray gloves feverishly from her hands, and folded and unfolded them as she talked.

'You see, I'm dying,' she began

abruptly, 'and so I've come to you to hear you say again, as you did that day, that there is a God who cares.'

He raised his eyes quickly, and would have spoken; but once started, she rushed on unheeding.

'One does come to clergymen in trouble, does n't one?' she asked with that pathetic air of an uncertain child.

'Certainly,' he forced himself to answer, as he would have answered in the past, 'that is what we are here for.'

'I thought so, but I was n't sure. You see, I know so very little about clergymen, or religious things — it's all an uncharted sea to me. I don't seem to have any natural faith, either; I just grope about in the dark.'

'Your husband?' he questioned, fencing for time, to put off as long as possible the moment when she would call upon him to declare his faith.

'My husband is always so kind,' she answered. 'He has given me — he has always given me everything that money could buy.'

He did not say the words that trembled on his lips; but she answered his unspoken thought.

'Yes, I know now that that is very little,' she assented. 'But I used not to think so. It was all I wanted at first — all I really cared about. But since the war —' Again he did not speak; but again she seemed to glimpse his thought. 'Yes, the war has put money in its proper place for a lot of us,' she said. 'It did n't keep my boy from being killed, and it can't keep me from dying a dreadful death. Life is bigger than money.' She stated the fact as if it had come to her as a real discovery. 'I know that now, but there were a lot in my set who did n't know it before the war.'

'Your son — tell me about him,' he said gently. He was still fencing for time.

'He wanted to go at once, in 1914.

He seemed somehow to see things straight from the very first. But we did n't. We said it was n't any of our business. My husband said —' But she caught herself up, hastily and loyally, and changed it to, '*We* said — God forgive us! — "Let them kill one another; what do we care? There're too many of them over there anyway." So he ran away to Canada, and enlisted, and — and was gassed. And I don't know whether he ever got any of our letters. He may have died thinking we were still angry with him. And now,' she went on after a moment, 'I shall never see him again. I don't believe in survival of the personality — I don't think I do, I never have. But — but,' she said stumblingly, 'I think, if you would help me, I *could* believe in a God who cared.'

Suddenly she began to beg piteously, as if to coax him into giving her the faith she needed. 'Please! oh, please!' she implored. 'I want so little. I don't need any of the extra frills of belief. I don't need to believe in heaven or hell, or that I survive — I should like to, but I don't think I can, and that is not necessary. All I need,' she reiterated passionately, 'is just a God who cares. And you need n't bother about arguments out of books, and dogmas — I should n't understand them, they would n't convince me. But I thought, if I could just hear you proclaim God once more, and *look* the way you did that day at St. John's, that would be all I should need. — Please, please —'

Her fingers were twisted together and her tragic eyes implored him. He put his steadying hand over hers and made himself speak quietly.

'Try to tell me exactly what you mean,' he said.

They were just two tragic souls groping together through the dark.

'Forgive me,' she apologized, making an effort to control herself, again

with that pathetic suggestion of a child trying to be good. 'It's — it's this way,' she went on in her hurrying nervous voice. 'I know I can't live, — I made them tell me, — and soon now, — very soon, — I shall have weeks and weeks, and perhaps even months and months, of supreme suffering, and all that goes with it — despair, and disintegration of character. Oh! I know what it will be like! I've had twinges already. The drugs give out after a time — they don't tell me, of course, but I know they do. I knew a man who had — who had this disease, and every day for three weeks he begged the doctor to kill him. And the doctor would n't, of course he would n't. But I would n't leave it to the doctor, I'd do it myself. Why should I suffer so if there is no big plan of things — if there is no God who cares what we do? They could n't keep me from it. They would leave me alone once too often, or someone would drop asleep when they should have watched, and — and why should n't I do it?' she reiterated violently; 'why should n't I find release and nothingness if it makes no difference whether we are good or not — if there is no big plan being worked out through humanity? Some people,' she went on at a different angle, 'would think I was justified in doing it anyway, would think I had a right to put an end to hopeless suffering.'

'Would you think so?' he asked, to test her.

'No,' she said simply, 'I would n't. I've always considered suicide wrong, and I always shall. I have n't been much, perhaps, but I've never been a coward. And to wriggle out at the end like that would be cowardly, to my mind, and going against all my moral code.'

'Tell me exactly what you need to believe to keep you from this terrible thing, and to help you through your agony,' he urged.

She rose like one making a confession of faith, and stood, a gray little figure, looking out across the wide valley beginning now to dim in the late afternoon light.

'I do not need heaven, and I do not fear hell,' she said. 'But there must be a great plan moving through it all. Life must not be a fantastic chaos, and it must make a difference what we do. Something must be served. There must be some great scheme running through it all, something which we cannot grasp, perhaps, but which we may serve. And there must be a God who cares, who wants our help in this great game. Righteousness, and self-sacrifice, and courage, and oh, all the little bits of plain everyday goodness, must not be wasted: they must be gathered up into a great whole, must become part of something permanent. Oh! oh!' she broke down suddenly, 'why do I put it in this cold way? What I *really* need to believe is that what my son did served some great magnificent purpose — not just the immediate one of beating back the Germans — but something beyond even that. That it did make a difference to God, and to his plan, that Dickie — that my boy — should so willingly have offered up his joyous young life for what he thought was right — should have been willing to die so frightfully on the battle-field, instead of living out all the beautiful days that might have been his. I must believe that there is a God who cares for the unspeakably precious gift that my son offered, or else I shall turn my back upon what I consider to be right — I will not serve out my term.'

He had risen and was standing beside her; and now the dark barrier within him was beginning to break up, and a luminous emotion was beating in upon him. Yet he still persisted; he had to have it stated in so many words.

'Then,' he said, 'with, as you say, no fear of hell, and no hope of heaven, if you believed that you were taking part in a great plan, directed by God who appreciated the help humanity tried to offer Him, you would be willing to endure these days of agony, — some of the torture of which you have already experienced, — even though you have no belief in the slightest personal reward for it, and no hope of ever seeing your son again?'

'Yes,' she answered simply, and he knew she spoke the absolute truth; 'I should be willing to do it then — I should be almost *glad* to do it. I should be walking where my son walked, and serving as he had served.'

Her simple declaration swept away the last walls of his despair and doubt, and great waves of illumination surged in upon him. All unconsciously she had rediscovered God for him. She had revealed Him at work in the heart of the race. Her stumbling words had seemed to uncover the very soul of humanity, to reveal all its aching, passionate, heroic desire for service in the great cause of righteousness, no matter at what cost of personal agony. And if this amazing, this transcendent and unselfish thing was there in the depths of humanity, then God was the only thing that could account for it. If a little woman, ordinary enough according to her own confession, could be strengthened to face weeks of extreme suffering by the thought that her loyalty served some great cause, then there must surely be the God he had always trusted and labored for — only He could inspire flesh to such amazing heroism. And only God was big enough to receive the gifts offered to Him; only He was tender and understanding enough to appreciate all that stumbling, pathetic, heroic humanity held out to Him again and again. And it was God alone who knew how to gather up every

least little drop of this poured-out offering into something big, and everlasting, and beautiful beyond any dreams to conceive.

'Sometimes,' she went on again falteringly, 'I seem to get a glimpse of what I want. I seem to feel something bigger, and more tender, and infinitely more understanding than anything I could ever have thought of. Something — *Someone* — who appreciated and loved Dickie, and his gift, more, far more than even I did. Someone to whom you would want to give your whole self, even though it did mean weeks and weeks of agony. That is what I *seem* to glimpse,' — she was crying now, — 'and that is what I want you to say is true.'

'It is true! It is true!' He almost shouted the words. It was the triumphant cry of a great revelation. 'And infinitely more than that is true.'

He poured out a torrent of words, of assurance, of faith, of hope and joy. His face shone with conviction, and he spoke as he had not spoken even in St. John's that day; and all the time, he felt that it was not himself speaking, it was the infinite tenderness of the God who cared, striving to break through for her consolation and help.

'Yes, and far, far more than I can possibly tell you is true,' he reiterated passionately. 'And when your brave service is over, your son will take you into the presence of the God who cares.'

'My son!' she caught eagerly at his words. 'Oh, do you *really* believe that? Really believe I shall ever see him again?'

'I do not believe it, I *know* you will see your boy, as I shall see mine,' he answered. And, as he spoke, he knew that Tom was there beside him in the garden, his very self, alive with tenderness, with joy, with mirth even, and affection.

They rose at last and went down the path together.

'You have given me so much more than I ever hoped for,' she said, tremulous with gratitude and happiness.

'But you have made a greater gift to me,' he answered solemnly.

She looked up astonished, but she was too exhausted now to try to understand further.

'It does not seem possible that I could ever have given *you* anything,' she said simply; 'but if I did, it was only what my son gave to me.'

'You gave to me, and your son gave to you, as mine gives to me,' he returned. 'We are all making extraordinary gifts to one another in these great and terrible days. It is the flaming gift of humanity, that God inspires mankind to make to mankind.'

She did not understand; but he had given her what she needed, and much more, and she went away content, and deeply fortified. Presently, back in the little summerhouse, Thomas McCord saw her car dart away down the white road, and speed off and off again into the distance. But now, for him, the whole world was changed. It was filled once more, replete and overflowing with the great Presence, and there was, as well, the infinitely dear and close companionship of his boy.

For a time he sat still, swept away on great tides of love and joy and healing. Then at length he drew forth the letter once more. In this moment of exaltation he could bear to face the full details of his son's death. His eye ran hastily down the lines, until they came at last to the cry, 'My God! I'm blind! I can't see a thing!' 'I would not tell you this,' the letter continued, 'if it were not for what came afterwards. Your son was very brave, and presently he got himself together, and began to talk about you, and how you had been everything to him, father and mother

both. He wanted to dictate a letter to you; but before I could get back with the writing materials, he had gone to you himself. They said his mind wandered, but I knew it was n't wandering — it was just where it wanted to be. He was going with you all about the old places, the village, the church, and the garden — most of all, the garden. Have you a mocking-bird that sits up on the chimney and sings? He heard him all the time, and kept laughing and calling to you to listen. And is there an especial clump of daffodils that he called his?' (There was! there was! They were blooming now, not ten feet from the summerhouse.) 'He said, "Look, dad, my daffies always bloom first." But he kept wondering why it was so dark. And then all at once he saw something, — I don't know what, — but he flung out his arms wide and cried, "*The light! the light, father! Look at the light!*" I never in my life heard such joy and triumph in any voice — it rang through the whole ward. And that is really all. He was quiet soon after that, and just slept away.'

Thomas McCord laid down the letter, and the great relieving tears — the first he had shed — rushed down his cheeks and shook him all over.

The light! The light! Yes, he would look at it where it had been freshly revealed to him in this flaming hour, there in the heart of great, suffering, heroic humanity. The heroism of all the world — glorious young humanity standing firm on the battlefields, and little gray unnoticed humanity being steadfast at home. Only God could have awakened it, only God, to whom all hearts are open, and all desires known, could ever comprehend it all. Alone in his garden, yet not alone, he seemed to feel the outpouring of mankind going up in waves of devotion and self-surrender, to be received by an infinite understanding, an infinite

compassion and love; the offering and the response — the great antiphonal of the world.

He rose up and stood in the fading light, his face raised in adoration. 'There is nothing, nothing of any of us that is ever lost to Thee, my Lord,' he whispered. 'Every drop of our being — every smallest offering that we ever make — is known of Thee and gathered up into thy everlasting treasures; and Thou — the Gift of all our hearts — art worthy beyond all power to ex-

press, of the uttermost that a man may offer. And to-morrow, my Lord, if it is acceptable unto Thee, and if Thou wilt give me the strength, I will speak to my people, not from any of the old texts, but from the new Book of Revelation, which, freshly inspired by Thee in these transcendent days, is being written page by page, by mankind, for mankind. And with thy help, the words of my text shall be the words of my son: "The light! The light, Father! Look at the light!"'

LIES

BY GRACE FALLOW NORTON

SHE fed her trembling life with lies.

'O sinful sin!' she said;

'I dare no longer feed it lies

In place of bread.'

Her trembling life sank near to death —

She knew no bread to give.

Girl, doom it not straightway to death!

Lies let it live!

And so she wept and fed it lies —

There seemed nought else to do.

It lived! It throve! O lies, lies

That may be true!

WHAT WON THE WAR?

BY WILLIAM OLIVER STEVENS

I

It is the fate of most great teachers that their doctrines are met at first by indifference or hostility, but later, when generally accepted, they are carried to lengths of interpretation and sanctification that the masters themselves never intended. Something of this latter state has now fallen upon Admiral Mahan. Having demonstrated the importance of sea-power in history by principles and evidence beyond dispute, he has been succeeded by a school of journalistic war critics who write of sea-power as if it were in itself a talisman against defeat, as if there were some inherent magic in sea-power that could always be depended on to bring victory. And in every such utterance the name of Mahan is brought in, to bolster up a generalization which he himself might be the last to accept.

Thus, during the blackest days of the war, English and American 'war experts' assured us placidly that everything would come out all right because England held the sea. The Allies, therefore, could not lose. Now that the war is over, these same experts and others swell the chorus that 'sea-power won the war.' One enthusiastic Englishman, for instance, exclaims, 'Armies are, after all, only the projectiles of the navy.' There is just enough truth in these statements to sweep the reader into conclusions that are utterly false, and to make of Mahan's famous phrase, not a scientific principle, but a shibboleth.

At the outset, it is important to call

attention to the difference between saying that sea-power proved decisive and that 'sea-power won the war.' The latter statement carries an unjust implication concerning the other forces that may, in fact, have borne the greater burden of the conflict. Thus, it is fair to say that the entry of the United States was decisive, but to say that America won the war would be a silly boast. Mahan says, of the Union navy, 'Never in history did sea-power play so decisive a part'; yet no one would say that it 'won' the Civil War, because the effectiveness of the fleet was wholly dependent on the parallel effectiveness of the army. The South fell a victim to the blockade, because of its need of manufactured articles from the outside world. If, however, Lee had broken through at Gettysburg and captured Philadelphia and Washington, Northern sea-power would have availed little or nothing, because the South would have gained its necessities by conquest and ended the war.

If it would be going too far to assert that the Union navy won the Civil War, what shall be said of the British navy in this war? Conditions, in the two wars, were, of course, vastly different: for one thing, the South had no navy whatever at the opening of the war. Nevertheless, in judging the comparative weight of sea-power in the two conflicts, we have every right to consider simply the results.

What did the Union navy accomplish? It opened the entire length of the Mississippi, thus splitting the Con-

federacy in two, carrying the war by water, up the tributaries, into the very heart of the South, and creating a western line of blockade. It captured the important seaports, one after another. It maintained a blockade that made increasingly difficult the exchange of cotton for manufactured goods on which the South depended for its life, and finally shut it off completely. At the same time, except for the depredations of the Alabama, the seas were kept open for the commerce and other communications of the North. These services make an impressive total, even in the briefest summary.

What, by comparison, have been the results attained by British sea-power? On the side of strictly strategic or tactical achievement, the story is disappointing. There has been no New Orleans or Mobile Bay, to say nothing of a Nile or Trafalgar. In fact, things seem to have missed fire since the day the Goeben and the Breslau slipped through the Mediterranean fleet at the very outbreak of the war. There was the failure to send adequate support to Cradock in the Pacific. There was the futile ten-minute bombardment of the Dardanelles forts a little later, resulting only in warning the Turks to improve their defenses; and in the following March, the abandonment of the naval attack on the straits at a time when one more day's push would have won the great prize. This failure has been characterized by Mr. Pollen, the English naval critic, as 'the greatest blunder in naval history.'

It is still more difficult to understand why Jellicoe did not close with the beaten German fleet at Jutland; why he lost contact with it during the night after the action; and why, on the following morning, he abandoned his position between that fleet and its bases. And why, after the ruthless submarine campaign was inaugurated, did it require

three terrible months of destruction to make the Admiralty realize the necessity of the convoy system? The one bright spot is made by the dashing and successful attacks on Zeebrugge and Ostend; but even these raise the query why they were not carried out about four years earlier. In fact, the governing policy suggests that of the French navy in the eighteenth century, which figured on what might happen in case of defeat, rather than on running certain risks for the sake of a decisive victory. To the layman, at any rate, the suspicion is hard to overcome, that sea-power with a more aggressive strategy might have accomplished considerably more.

As to the services of the British blockade, we have the statement of an American admiral that it was the 'greatest contributing cause of Germany's ultimate collapse'; but the fact may be debated. This blockade, on account of German mines and submarines, was carried on under the most difficult conditions, and to make it effective at all, international law was put to considerable strain. The small neutrals were practically put on rations; the old distinction between contraband and non-contraband was thrown overboard; and the real pressure of the blockade was felt only when the largest neutral came in on the side of sea-power. In spite of every effort to make the blockade effective, it appears since the armistice that neither the German people nor the German army were in the dire straits that we had fondly imagined. The statement has been issued from Washington that, at the time of the surrender, Germany had eight months' supply of food on hand, and that the October harvest was fifteen per cent more abundant than ever before. Indeed, it is doubtful if there was as much actual scarcity of food and fuel in Germany at that time as there was in Italy, which has been on the side of sea-power.

Undoubtedly the blockade of the Central Powers was felt and felt keenly, but it never reached the crushing effect of the Union blockade of the South. The reason for this difference will be apparent later, when we analyze the significance of sea-power.

On the defensive side, however, that of maintaining communications, the service of British sea-power has been enormous. In this respect it has been the keystone of the Allied cause. It has swept German commerce from the sea, isolated German colonies, maintained contact with all parts of the British Empire, its allies, and neutral sources of supply. With the naval resources of its allies, it has also conquered the pirate submarine. Finally, British sea-power was the chief means by which the United States army was enabled at the critical point of the war to deliver the decisive blow. These services have been of the utmost importance, and they have been performed under unprecedented difficulties and with the greatest heroism and devotion to duty; but they have consisted mainly in holding for the Allies the highways of the sea as lines of supply. The army man, therefore, who remarks that in this war the navy has been 'only a commissary wagon for the army,' has fully as much truth on his side as the naval enthusiast who says that 'armies are only the projectiles of the navy.'

Naval power, as Mahan says, is like FitzJames's blade, 'both sword and shield.' The Union navy was emphatically both, and its greatest service was as the sword. British naval power in this war has been almost entirely shield. Sea-power has been on the defensive. Hence to claim for sea-power in this war what one would not claim for sea-power in the Civil War is singularly inappropriate. Moreover, it does not follow that any single element was responsible for victory, simply because the war

would have been lost without it. The war would as certainly have been lost without the French army. And, essential as sea-power has been to the Allied cause, it has been no magic Excalibur, as so many British writers seem to believe. On the contrary, Germany came within an ace of winning this war without sea-power, even as she won the Franco-Prussian War without it.

Let us suppose the saner heads in Berlin had carried the day against ruthless submarine warfare, and thus kept the United States out of the war until a more convenient season. The new fleet of U-boats completed by January, 1917, by virtue of their size, cruising radius, shell-guns, and mines, could have done great damage to Allied shipping without deviating from the requirements of the Sussex agreement. Aside from the submarine menace, events ran in a black flood against the Allied cause for a year and a half. Roumania was conquered at the close of 1916. The subsequent March brought the revolution in Russia, which proved to be only the beginning of her collapse. In April, Nivelle launched his bloody offensive and failed, with the result that a grave mutiny threatened the very existence of the French army, and women paraded the streets of Paris, waving the red flag and crying, 'Rendez-nous nos soldats!' (All of which, by the way, the censorship kept everybody but the Germans from knowing.) Throughout the summer and fall affairs in Russia went from bad to worse, until it became clear that there would be no longer an Eastern front, that the German armies of the east would be available to strike in France and Italy, and that the British blockade would not affect Germany's access to the supplies of the Ukraine and the Black Sea. In October came the disaster of Caporetto, revealing the critical loss of morale in the Italian army. Both France and England were

compelled to send troops they could ill spare, to bolster up the Piave line. At this time England was at the limit of her man-power, and yet was under the necessity of combing out of her armies the men who were needed for the vital industry of shipbuilding. And apparently the government had so little faith in its control of the sea, if ever the Germans captured Dunkirk and Calais and Boulogne, that it kept a large army in England to repel a possible invasion, an army that was not released for service in France until the arrival of American troops for training in British camps.

With the coming of 1918 Ludendorff's machine was ready, and the story of its assaults is too fresh to need the telling. It was not so many months ago that we trembled for the fate of Paris and the Channel ports. It is reasonably certain that, without the reinforcements of the United States in troops, credit, supplies, and the morale created by the knowledge of our resources thrown into the struggle, France and Italy would have followed Russia, and that England, with her armies crushed on the Continent and the Channel ports in German hands, would not have lasted long as a solitary antagonist, in spite of her control of the sea. Napoleon needed sea-power to control the Channel crossing, but with the power of modern artillery the Germans could have controlled the passage from fortifications ashore. Under these conditions, even if an actual invasion were not accomplished and the war were settled by a negotiated peace, at the conclusion of a drive to the Channel, can there be any doubt that Germany would have emerged triumphant? The sea-power enthusiasts stress the fact that a million square miles of German colonies lay in Allied hands as a result of control of the sea; but in a negotiated peace one square mile of northern France or Venetia would have been worth more for

trading across the green table than ten thousand square miles of African jungle.

Briefly, then, while the control of the sea made the entry of the United States decisive, it is important to realize that, if the Germans had not committed the stupendous blunder of bringing the United States into the conflict, they would have won in the face of sea-power, and won overwhelmingly. And not even Tirpitz would have claimed that the German army was 'the projectile of the navy.' The situation makes an interesting parallel with the Napoleonic era. In 1811, England, in her struggle with Napoleon, as Mahan says, 'touched the verge of ruin,' and it was Napoleon's ill-founded contempt for Spain, and particularly for Russia, which broke him just when he had almost reduced England, despite her control of the sea.

II

In order to appreciate why land-power came very near beating sea-power in the Great War, it is necessary to go back to first principles. What is the importance of sea-power? As Mahan has pointed out, this means control of the 'illimitable highways' of the world — in brief, of *communications*.

In Napoleon's day, and of course during the centuries before, ocean highways were cheaper, easier, and safer than land highways. Roads were notoriously few and bad, even in the heart of civilization. In our day, however, communications by land are enormously improved. In addition to the military roads that were built in Europe as a consequence of Napoleon's campaigns, there has arisen the vast system of railroads. In turn, the military road originally laid for marching troops became an invaluable supplement to the railroads, by means of the still later invention of the gasoline engine and motor-transport. It is true that sea-travel

has also improved, but the old superiority of sea communications as against land communications has sharply declined. For instance, a route by rail from Hamburg to Bagdad has obvious advantages, for either commercial or military purposes, over the route from London to Bagdad by water.

Again, it is essential to understand that the importance of sea communications depends on the positions of the belligerents in relation to their resources. Repeatedly Mahan emphasizes the enormous value of *interior lines*. Sea communications usually represent exterior lines; but those exterior lines, when controlled by a sea-power, may come between the enemy and its necessities. In that case, control of the exterior lines more than offsets the advantage of the blockaded power in interior lines. If, however, a land-power be so well organized in its resources as to be self-sufficient, and has developed a system of interior communications, it will lose its commerce and its colonies, but it may wage war successfully in the teeth of sea-power. Thus the Central Powers, in spite of their dependence on the rest of the world for certain raw materials, were on the whole so well prepared to stand alone that they were able to keep the initiative for four years. Moreover, they were able by conquest to make up for certain deficiencies in natural resources: as, for example, the iron and coal deposits of Belgium and Northern France, and money and food from every conquered province. Indeed, as to the vital question of food, vastly more might have been gained by conquest, had it not been for the wanton destruction that laid waste the fields of Poland, Galicia, and Roumania.

As to interior lines of communication, it is hardly necessary to point out the system of transport by rail and road which made it possible for the

German High Command to strike a sledge-hammer blow, first on one front and then on another, with a celerity and a concentration of energy impossible to the Allies, whose communications were the exterior lines of the sea.

But these are merely the old factors which Mahan has discussed in his analysis of sea-power in history. In this war there have appeared two new factors which have already weakened sea-power in its very element, and threaten to weaken it very seriously in the future. In June, 1914, Admiral Sir Percy Scott wrote a letter to the *Times* in which he ventured the opinion that the submarine and the airplane had made surface navies obsolete. The test of the war proved that that prophecy had not yet come true; but Scott's professional attainments are too well known to warrant treating that prophecy with ridicule. In a recent statement he declared that, if Germany had had two hundred submarines at the beginning of the war, she would have put an end to Britain's sea-power and won the war at the very outset.

The submarine has, indeed, proved too slow to dispatch surface craft as readily as Scott expected; but it has proved to be the most powerful weapon yet devised for a naval power on the defensive. It is an ideal blockade-runner. Aided by mines, it has also held the blockading fleet hundreds of miles off the German coast and seriously threatened the very existence of the blockade. It is the deadliest commerce-destroyer ever invented. From the revelations of Captain Perseus we have learned that Germany never had more than one hundred and forty-nine completed submarines, and that no more than twenty or thirty were ever on the warpath at any one time. Indeed, the capacity for trouble that lies in a single one of these under-water craft raises the question whether it is even possible for

any one nation in the future to claim control of the sea, especially as the submarine is now only in its infancy.

Surface sea-power is threatened, not only by a line of operation beneath the surface, but also by the line above the surface — the air. The air knows no islands, or 'splendid isolation.' The insular position of England has not rendered her immune from attack in this war, as it did in the days of Nelson and the centuries before. London and other English cities have been bombed on moonlight nights as regularly as Nancy and Dunkirk. Suppose Germany had begun the war with 100,000 fighting planes? And the airplane, even more than the submarine, is in its infancy, with an even greater range of development before it. In 1914 planes carried one or two passengers; at the end of four years Caproni is turning out a machine that will carry a hundred. The first transatlantic flight is not far in the future. Already the air is the highway of the messenger and the raider; in the future it may become the road of commerce and invasion. If the sea has held its importance in the past because it was the 'illimitable highway' of the world, how much more aptly does that phrase apply to the air?

In brief, the important point to be borne in mind is that the significance of sea-power in the past, present, or future is *communications*; and the *need of communications by sea* is the sole measure of the value of sea-power to any belligerent nation. For the Allies in this war sea-power was a matter of life or death, but for the Central Powers it was not essential. And for the Allies, sea-power and land-power were mutually dependent. One cannot be separated from the other with the title of 'winner of the war.'

Moreover, even the sum of land-power and sea-power in this war does

not complete the equation. A third force deserves to stand beside army and navy as a factor of success — namely, propaganda. One of the great lessons of the French Revolution is that there is no explosive so terrible as an idea; and no historian of the present war can afford to overlook the tremendous driving force of the written and spoken word upon the peoples involved.

The fundamental aim of warfare is to destroy the enemy's will to fight, or morale. The usual method is to destroy his powers of resistance by crushing his armed forces and by starving him into surrender. But a nation actually without an army and navy may, as Spain did in 1808, fight a desperate guerilla warfare against the invader, preferring extermination to surrender, and winning in the end — winning by sheer morale. On the other hand, we have the spectacle of Germany, while still uninvaded, while still in possession of huge tracts of enemy territory and of a still powerful army and navy, suddenly collapsing and accepting terms appropriate to a nation beaten prostrate and helpless. Clearly the morale was gone, and it was gone most conspicuously in the nation behind the lines. Undoubtedly a large share of this decay of morale was due to the growing victories of Foch and the failure of the submarine campaign; but a nation with the fighting spirit of Spain in 1808, or even with that of Germany in 1914, would have held out in spite of these things for many months. Clearly the German people had ceased to believe in their war and were only too glad to quit; and it was precisely to this end that the utterances of Lloyd George and Woodrow Wilson were aimed.

It is not possible within the limits of this article to do more than suggest the great part played by propaganda in this war. Two fanatics, — or scoundrels, — introduced by Germany into

Russia, have done more to make Russia impotent than the armies and genius of Hindenburg and Mackensen combined. Propaganda in Italy led directly to one of the greatest military disasters of the war, — Caporetto, — and very nearly put her out of the war also. On our side, who shall estimate the value of the unified spirit of the United States in supporting the war, a spirit which surprised even ourselves, and was due largely to the campaign of the speech, the poster, the popular weekly, and the moving picture? Who has reckoned the effect of Woodrow Wilson's leadership in keeping the radical elements of France and England behind the war at a time when they distrusted their own national leaders? What of the oppressed peoples of Austria-Hungary, who came to know that England and America stood openly for 'self-determination' and a 'world made safe for democracy,' and that the story of their own fighting in 'defense of their fatherland' was a lie made in Germany?

Bulgaria was the first to leave the sinking ship and scuttle it as she went. Bulgaria was not organized for war as Germany was, and she was invariably left out in the cold in the matter of dividing the plunder. Consequently she felt the blockade much more keenly than Germany. This was undoubtedly one reason of her collapse; but if she had been fighting the Turks for independence, as in the early days, such hardships as were suffered would have counted little. A recent analysis by an observer in Bulgaria¹ gives two important elements besides the blockade in breaking down the fighting spirit of the Bulgarian troops. One was the humanity of the British against whom they fought at Salonika, which led them to

¹ E. B. Haskell, 'Bulgaria Points the Way,' in *Asia*, November, 1918.

feel that those who had once been their friends could still be counted on to do them justice. The second is expressed as follows: —

'President Wilson's attitude had still greater influence. Although his speeches were reported to the country very inadequately, enough got out to convince the people that he favors a settlement on the lines of self-determination and of equal rights for the small and weak with the big and strong. They said, "If he will ask the Macedonians themselves what they want, our object is gained. We need shed no more blood." For their impression is strong that the Peace Congress will be very much influenced by President Wilson's views.'

The amazing rout of the Bulgarians from impregnable positions in Macedonia is singularly like that of the Italians at Caporetto, and according to the foregoing testimony, is to be explained in much the same way. In the case of Bulgaria, the rout involved the withdrawal of the nation from the war — a defection which was fatal to both Turkey and Austria, and, ultimately, to Germany.

Thus, the elements of victory develop a greater and greater complexity. Sea-power and land-power have combined mightily to achieve the prize; to these two we must add this other great force, — an 'imponderable,' — which deserves to rank among the weapons of war, as it has never done before in history, and which may acquire for the future historian an even greater significance than we can see to-day. At all events, this is not the time to announce that any single one of these forces, won the war,' especially that force which, essential as it was to the Allied cause, was compelled to play throughout the war a part almost wholly defensive.

DEVELOPING THE ESTATE

BY ARTHUR D. LITTLE

I

THE old home is mortgaged for about eleven dollars an acre, including the swamp and the hardscrabble. Never mind how it happened — it was in a good cause and worth while. The selectmen have raised the taxes so that now it hardly pays to run the cider-mill; some of the cows are going dry, and the hired man wants more money. Eggs are a dollar a dozen, but the hens won't lay. A new kind of tramp is hanging round, and last night Joe Politski's barn was burned. The boy is on duty as a special constable, and Sis is doing his chores. Something has got to be done.

Agricultural experts may properly object to this presentation as not faithfully depicting life on the farm to-day; dramatic critics may reject it as an inadequate scenario for the first act of a new Old Homestead. Let them do it. It was intended for neither, but it does define with close approximation the situation of the American people on their estate to-day.

For wholly commendable reasons we have placed a mortgage of twenty-one billion dollars on the nineteen hundred million acres of our continental farm. Taxes of a ubiquity and magnitude unheard of previously take heavy tribute of all accomplishment. Many profitable industries are slowing down and government contracts aggregating billions are being liquidated. Wages have risen rocket-wise, both as to height and as to potentiality of explosion. There

is an unprecedented demand upon our food-supply, and the price of the things we buy has made living a problem of the higher mathematics. Bolshevism, contagious as the influenza, is abroad in the world and not unknown at Ellis Island. Millions of our young men are in the army, and have yet to reckon with the elevator-girl and the women who are building refrigerator cars.

If the situation on the farm is one which calls for action, we have still other problems. Housing facilities are everywhere inadequate; the expense of building is almost prohibitive. Public utilities are disorganized, industry is in the throes of readjustment, operating costs of every kind are at flood-level, while permeating everything is a strong governmental pressure toward Socialism. The whole configuration of our environment has been remoulded as by glacial action.

Fortunately, there has come to most of us an awakened vision, broader sympathies, a finer patriotism, a quickened sense of responsibility. We desire, as never before, to serve, and we recognize within ourselves a new capacity for large affairs. The spirit of coöperation is abroad, if not yet immanent.

Strongest, perhaps, among us, of all the new influences born of the war, is the determination to derive from it some compensating good, a determination which scorns indemnities, seeks no territory, asks no favors; which turns within rather than without; but which will not be satisfied until many burdensome follies and injustices of the

past have been corrected, or until new achievement permits comfort and decent living to all who deserve them, provides true equality of opportunity, and furnishes an environment in which growth is stimulated rather than inhibited. With new burdens on our shoulders, this mortgage on our acres, these taxes pressing down on all endeavor, how are these aspirations possible of realization? We must create new wealth in vast amounts and render actual the potential values now neglected. There is a way to do this, and one way only. It is through the development of our estate, the Estate of the American People.

The United States is an aggregation of undeveloped empires, sparsely occupied by the most wasteful people in the world. The Yellowstone Park is three times the size of Luxemburg. There are both space and climate in California for a new Italy and a greater Greece. Our Gulf States exceed in area, and are incomparably richer in resources, than the German Empire, Holland, Japan, Formosa, and Great Britain together. The Scandinavian peninsula, with its limited natural resources, supports ten million sturdy and prosperous people, under climatic conditions similar to those of Alaska; while our great territory, nearly twice as large, and rich in agricultural soil, in fisheries and furs and untouched coal, with mines which have already yielded metal values exceeding \$350,000,000, with spruce and water-power to supply the world with paper, maintains a white population of scarcely more than fifty thousand.

These comparisons, thought-compelling as they are, leave the great heart of our estate untouched, and indicate no more than faintly and remotely the stupendous possibilities of development that lie dormant and convolute within it. Though already we produce

twenty-five per cent of the world's wheat, forty per cent of its iron and steel, sixty per cent of its cotton, sixty-six per cent of its oil, seventy per cent of its copper, and seventy-five per cent of its corn, our estate includes countless storehouses of untouched wealth, and its present agencies of production have a capacity for growth which may well tax credulity.

What are the broad and underlying facts which justify such unrestraint of statement, and to what measures do they clearly point for the development of our estate?

We have land enough to allot to each individual of our population about seventeen hundred and fifty acres, with Alaska and some islands to spare, although such uniformity of distribution is hardly desirable in the absence of a long-distance dinner-bell. Little more than two fifths of this great domain is in farms, and of the farm area only about one half is improved and bearing crops. We are ineffective farmers, growing fourteen bushels of wheat per acre while Germany grows twenty-eight and England thirty-two; content with less than half a bale of cotton to the acre on land which requires only better cultivation to yield at least a bale. In a year of foreign famine and unprecedented prices at home, only forty per cent, according to Mr. Hoover, of our white potato crop of 390,000,000 bushels reached the market. For our present purpose, therefore, the chief significance of the \$24,700,000,000, which represents the value of our 1918 crop and of livestock on the farms on January 1, lies in the fact that it is within our power to double the area of our cultivated land and at least quadruple our agricultural production.

Speaking of him as a class in which there are many notable exceptions, the American farmer has been in the past a two-dollar-a-day man. His ordinary

field crops have not returned him much more than day-laborer's wages, while such profit as the farm could be made to yield was derived from the incidental activities which utilized the family labor: the butter, eggs, honey, and meat, the orchard and the cider-mill. It is therefore of peculiar and great significance that farming to-day is rapidly taking place, and gaining recognition, as a business — a business which demands technical knowledge of a high order, management, skill in coöperative, large-scale marketing, and which offers in return all the possibilities of development and increased reward that business as we have known it affords. The change comes at an opportune time, for agriculture in all the nations of the world was breaking down under the pressure of the industrial system. Moreover, to no other business in the world is there now available so vast an organization for the scientific study of its problems as that maintained by our Department of Agriculture and by the well-coördinated agricultural colleges and experiment stations. It is fortunate that this is so, for never has the world been more in need of an increased food-supply. It needs as well a different and better and more satisfying type of rural life, and this we now have on our estate a unique opportunity of developing.

II

The comprehensive plans of such experienced colonizers as MacRae of North Carolina offer, in place of isolated and lonely farms, compact farm communities, each with a social centre large enough to ensure contact and companionship, good schools, some reasonable opportunity for amusement, and a chance to look into a shop-window. From these centres concrete roads radiate to the farms themselves, whereon are dwellings in which good

taste and skilled design have had a part. Provision is also made for experimental farms to test new practice, and for demonstration farms to afford convincing proof of its advantages when they exist. The compactness of the social organization permits the use of community tractors, threshers, driers, and ensures the benefits of coöperative buying and selling.

All such plans, if well considered, provide for teaching truck-farming as a trade. They encourage community specialization on crops for which the locality affords some peculiar advantage. They aim to keep the settler for the first three years closely in contact with agricultural advisers of experience. Finally, they must offer long and easy terms of payment.

Already, in many of the Allied countries and especially throughout the British colonies, ample provision has been made to assist returning soldiers in establishing themselves as successful farmers. Australia contemplates the expenditure of £20,000,000 for this purpose. A proportionate amount for us would be \$2,000,000,000. Advances for improvement may run as high as \$6000, and terms of payment range from twenty years in Ontario to forty years in Queensland. The interest rate is seldom more than one half of one per cent above that paid on the public securities of the colony. The prospective soldier-farmer is trained on demonstration farms at current wages.

To what extent our own soldiers may be inclined or persuaded to take up farms is, of course, wholly problematical. The experience of Australia suggests that the proportion may reach fifteen per cent; that of Canada indicates that it may even exceed forty per cent. Our Secretary of Agriculture is conducting — through the Reclamation Service and with a special appropriation of \$200,000 — a preliminary investigation

of lands suitable for reclamation by government agency as sites of model rural communities for soldiers. The project contemplates the ultimate utilization for farm purposes of approximately 300,000,000 acres now classed as arid or cut-over land or swamp. Its size implies that it is not intended for soldiers alone. For them only it would be generous to a fault. The preliminary survey is proceeding rapidly and has already disclosed an abundance of good land in the Southern, Central, and Northern States. In New York and Massachusetts state officials are similarly mapping large tracts.

The experience of our Reclamation Service has shown that to ensure success the settler must possess some money and be prepared for hard work, economy, and self-denial. With these, and a general oversight and direction from expert agriculturists, — since even a Congressional medal cannot make a man a farmer, — satisfying returns and ultimate independence are reasonably secure.

From the recent official records of the various projects which make up the million acres now under irrigation in the United States one may cull reports of real performance which have all the fascination of oil-stock advertising. The Yuma project in Arizona opened a new valley of the Nile, where four crops of alfalfa are now raised on what once were arid lands. The streets of Yuma and Somerton are crowded with the automobiles of farmers, enriched by thousands of acres of splendid long-staple cotton, alfalfa, corn, and feterita. Another irrigated valley in Arizona, that of the Salt River, has few superiors in the world, and has come in three years into great prosperity. Arizona planted to cotton last year 92,000 acres. Its crop was ninety-six per cent perfect, the best record in the United States.

On the Minedoka project in Idaho

the first crop on twelve acres of new land was white clover grown for seed. The yield was 8000 pounds, of which 7000 were sold at 42 cents a pound. Settlers in the Boise River project, also in Idaho, claim to have already made it the greatest potato section in the country. They received from each acre of land in the 1918 crop from \$350 to \$400. From the Yakima project in Washington were shipped 5000 cars of apples over one railroad, with as many more to follow. Sixty tons of cherries from three acres brought \$7000, or \$24 per tree. From two and three-quarters acres were packed 2044 boxes of pears, which sold for \$5544.

These examples are, of course, exceptional rather than typical. They could, indeed, be duplicated many times in older sections of our country. They are, nevertheless, flashes which light up the possibilities of American agriculture when more of the spreading acres of our estate are cultivated by trained farmers who treat farming as a business.

Standing timber still constitutes one of the great resources of our estate. Despite a long riot of waste and destruction nothing less than appalling, — with the end of our reserves not only in sight, but almost within reach, — it would seem as if the time had come for us as proprietors to begin to apply ordinary intelligence and prudence in the care and use of what remains, and to attempt in some comprehensive way such restoration as may yet be possible. The wastes in lumbering are proverbial, and, as Mark Twain said about the weather, we all talk about it, but nothing is done. With a total annual cut of 40,000,000,000 feet, board-measure, of merchantable lumber, another 70,000,000,000 feet are wasted in the field and at the mill. In the yellow-pine belt the values in rosin, turpentine, ethyl alcohol, pine oil, tar, charcoal, and paper-stock lost in the

waste are three or four times the value of the lumber produced. Enough yellow-pine pulp-wood is consumed in burners, or left to rot, to make double the total tonnage of paper produced in the United States. Meanwhile, our paper-makers memorialize the community on the scarcity of paper-stock, and pay \$18 a cord for pulp-wood which they might buy for \$3. It takes many years to produce a crop of wood, and wood-waste, which now constitutes from one half to two thirds of the entire tree, is too valuable a raw material to be regarded longer merely as an incumbrance, except by an improvident management.

But the wastes in lumbering, colossal though they are in absolute amount, are trivial compared to the losses which our estate has suffered, and still endures, from forest fires. The French properly regard as a national calamity the destruction of perhaps a thousand square miles of their fine forests by German shells. And yet the photographs that they show of this wreck and utter demolition may be reproduced indefinitely on 10,000,000 acres of our forest lands swept each year by equally devastating fire for which our own people are responsible. You have doubtless already forgotten that forest fire which last autumn, in Minnesota, burned over an area half as large again as Massachusetts, destroying more than twenty-five towns, killing 400 people, and leaving 13,000 homeless.

The exhaustion of local supplies is economically disastrous, although we may still possess large bodies of standing timber elsewhere. It is costly, and should be humiliating, to import pulp-wood from Norway and Anticosti Island, and send it a thousand miles by rail to mills in the interior. Many towns, even so attractive a little city as Bogalusa, Louisiana, are wholly dependent on one or more lumber opera-

tions. When this is gone, the people must move away for lack of employment. Farms dependent on a local market are abandoned. Nothing is more tragic than to follow the trail of exhausted lumber industries in such states as Pennsylvania and the Lake States. Lumbermen estimate that the virgin supplies of pine in several of our Southern States will be exhausted in from ten to fifteen years. We are rapidly destroying our turpentine reserves, and thus entailing great prospective loss upon the states, the nation, and the world.

In the United States thousands of public and private building enterprises, delayed by war, now seek realization. The European demand for lumber is second only to that for food. Thousands of villages and tens of thousands of farm buildings must be rebuilt entirely. Europe is also planning vast wharf, railroad, and industrial extensions. All these things are largely dependent upon American lumber; Latin-American stocks also are exhausted. How shall we justify ourselves if, in the face of demands like these, we continue to burn our own limited reserves?

We need, so obviously as to make argument ridiculous, a vastly increased and adequate organization for fire-patrol and protection. This may well employ some of our returning aviators. And we need to develop and carry into effect a comprehensive programme of state and federal reforestation, which shall ultimately restore wealth and beauty to millions of the scarred acres of our estate.

III

Winding through our estate, and linking together farm and hamlet, town and country, are about 2,500,000 miles of public roads, but only twelve per cent of this great mileage has ever been improved by any form of surfacing. Over this network of highways, many of them

so bad that loads can move only when weather permits, we send 5,000,000 motor vehicles, of which ten per cent are trucks, and maintain a freight movement estimated at 2,000,000,000 ton-miles. Since improvement of the average road reduces the cost of haulage ten cents a mile, we permit our highway system to be burdened with the equivalent of two million tollgates, each exacting a tax of ten cents for every ton of freight which passes through it. The delays and expense to business, the depreciation of farm-properties and losses to the farmer on his produce, the checks upon intercommunication and contact, and the deprivation of pleasure, for which the condition of our roads is responsible, are beyond computation.

The Federal Aid Road Act of 1916 ensured substantial and continuous improvement over a period of five years; but this is a mere beginning. The interests of every business and of every citizen require a great coördinated system of federal and state highways, over which may move easily and on schedule, over regular routes, the traffic of rural motor-expresses, collecting farm-produce, taking it to market, and returning with merchandise and supplies from town. Such trucks are now, under especially favorable conditions, operating as cheaply as freight cars, and are even being used for the wholesale transportation of live-stock. Numerous motor-express lines are already in successful operation, and are proving generally cheaper and more prompt than the old utilities. Meanwhile, it takes five acres of land to feed a horse.

The other day an aeroplane flew across the English Channel, carrying a grand piano. The already commonplace London to Paris passenger trip requires about three and a half hours between hotels, and the tariff is said to be \$78.50. During a recent month

the aero mail between Washington and New York came through every day, with no default for weather, and 105 of the 108 flights were made without interruption. The total cost per mile was 63 cents, including repairs and department overhead. These planes easily carry five or six hundred pounds of mail, while others, already built, can carry fifty people. All this clearly means that in plans for reconstruction we have to reckon with a new factor in transportation, and that, as we once built wharves, we must now build landing fields.

If free verse possessed the epic quality, one might write an Iliad on the woes of our railroads. They are, from every point of view, of far more significance than the deficiencies of our highways. Not only is it necessary for the development of our estate that our railroads function efficiently — they must also function profitably; otherwise, we have to choose between widespread financial disaster and covering deficits by increased taxation. No past experience in government ownership of anything suggests it as a means of profit; nor, on the other hand, does the old condition of enforced competition under private ownership seem more likely, if restored, to meet the requirements of the present or the future than it did those of the past. The trend of expert opinion is apparently toward private ownership, coupled with legal sanctions which shall encourage a regulated co-operation among the roads.

However this may be, it is clear that nothing short of a comprehensive readjustment and coördination of all our transportation facilities will meet the real requirements of the situation. Waterways, highways, railways must be brought into close articulation, and each must be so developed as to perform adequately its appropriately specialized functions.

Meanwhile, with more commerce requiring movement than the facilities of our estate as now administered can move, traffic on the Erie Canal has shrunk to half its former volume; our 295 navigable streams, which offer a free right of way for 26,410 miles, flow practically unburdened; we expend five times more power to move a ton of freight by rail than its transport by water would require.

As long ago as 1905, 8500 river-craft were plying on the Rhine alone, and a large proportion of the total traffic of Germany was water-borne. One reason for our own failure to utilize our vastly greater opportunities for river-transportation is found in the absence of convenient and adequate terminal facilities. In each of a considerable number of cities on rivers and canals in Germany, the provision made for handling and storing freight and boats represents a larger investment than all the facilities for similar service on the whole of the Mississippi River above New Orleans. It was the better railroad terminals which won the old fight against the boats. We ought now to have adequate terminals serving both, and should permit traffic to follow the line of least resistance. Still more essential is the establishment of harmonious relations between railroad and water lines.

In any adequate system of utilization and control a river must be considered as a whole with reference to all its parts and uses: its power for destruction as well as its capacity for service. It is unprofitable to build terminals, only to have them swept away by floods. The flood-damage on the Mississippi has exceeded \$100,000,000 in single years. In 1912, 5797 square miles were flooded in Louisiana alone, and crevasse after crevasse between Memphis and New Orleans created a continuous inland sea from Arkansas to the

Gulf. There was reason and justification behind the slogan 'After Panama the Mississippi,' and no plan for the development of our estate will be complete that does not provide for the control of this great arterial system.

Much work must be done, and in the doing of it many wheels must turn to satisfy the requirements of modern civilization. To do this work and to turn these wheels requires power. All the human muscles in the world could not supply one half the power now consumed on our estate. A well-placed water-wheel, however, will furnish the power equivalent of a hard-working slave, at a cost of one dollar a year. Cheap and abundant power is, therefore, a prime essential of the development, on modern lines, of a great industrial commonwealth.

The energy of falling water is one of the great undeveloped assets of our estate. The utilization of a small fraction — less than fifteen per cent — of the water pouring over Niagara Falls supplies the industries of Buffalo and Toronto with cheap power, operates their street-cars, lights their houses, and has made of the region around the Falls the greatest centre of electro-chemical development in the world. It supplies in quantity such basic products as chlorine and alkali, aluminum, magnesium, sodium, abrasives, carbide, cyanamide; and there was first attempted the commercial fixation of atmospheric nitrogen as nitric acid for fertilizers and explosives. Could our people once visualize Niagara Falls as flowing coal instead of water, and wasting its energy in a vast conflagration through the Gorge, how long would they permit our miners to toil in tens of thousands underground to maintain even so magnificent a spectacle?

The utmost energy of Niagara represents, however, but an insignificant proportion of the water-power potentially

available on our estate, where the possibilities of development attain an estimated total of 200,000,000 horsepower. Five million tons of coal a day would hardly generate as much. The water now flowing idly from our highlands to the sea could turn every factory-wheel and every electric generator in the country, operate our railroads, and still leave much energy to spare for new demands. We have developed scarcely three per cent of its ultimate possibilities, and only about ten per cent of those which are readily available without elaborate provision for storage. We have common carriers for freight in our railroads, for oil in pipelines, for intelligence in our telephone, telegraph, and cable systems. We need now to develop a great common-carrier system for energy, which shall nationalize industrial opportunity now limited to favored and restricted areas, and by eliminating the transportation of unnecessary coal, relieve our railroads of the major portion of their heaviest burden.

The integrated development of our river-systems is thus intimately bound up with flood-prevention through storage, agriculture through irrigation, transportation, and the generation and wider distribution of power, which is the prime mover of industry. Half-way measures will not serve. The problem demands a broad constructive policy which shall take due account of all its several phases.

But power is derived also from the chemical energy of coal, which, under our present economic system, supplies at least ninety-five per cent of our industrial requirements for power. Coal is, however, much more than a source of heat and power: it is a storehouse of chemical values, — ammonia, benzol, tar, and 1200 coal-tar dyes and products, — and it lends itself readily to transformation into coke and gas. In

what relation does this basic resource stand to the development of our estate?

Of coal we possess in West Virginia alone more than Great Britain and Germany combined. The country as a whole has a coal reserve of more than 1,500,000,000,000 tons, but of anthracite there is left not more than 190 tons for each of us. Lignite is even more abundant than coal, and there is a last, untouched reserve in peat. Our coal-miners bring to the surface annually about 650,000,000 tons, of which 90,000,000 tons is anthracite. We have mined less than one per cent of our soft coal, the kind commonly used for power. This is normally worth at the mines about \$1.15 a ton.

These figures, by themselves, would seem to point, as indeed they do, to almost limitless industrial possibilities; but in the humiliating record of our past use of coal there is ample proof that these potentialities will fail of realization unless our methods of utilizing this major resource of our estate are radically and fundamentally changed.

Our bituminous coal is mined under disastrously competitive conditions by a thousand uncorrelated producers. Its selling-price at the mine is too low to permit of conservative mining methods, and its cost to the consumer is generally too high to furnish him with the cheap power which he needs. Our railroads crack, as they did last winter, under the burden of transporting coal, most of which might to better advantage be burned either at the mines or at centres permitting power-distribution, as electricity or gas. Beehive coke ovens and scores of thousands of isolated power-plants now waste chemical values to an annual total of at least a billion dollars. The widespread use of gas for power would double the effective energy of the coal, and would permit, besides by-product recovery, the saving of another billion now needlessly spent in mining

and transportation. We are indeed a prodigal people, prospering for a time by methods which would end European civilization within a generation.

In England, which is already far ahead of us in the economical utilization of coal-values, plans are now under consideration for the establishment of super-power-plants at the mines and at centres favorably placed for the receipt of coal, the distribution of gas, and the transmission of electrical energy. It is to similar immense plants, coupled with the common-carrier system of transmission lines for power, that we must look for any adequate utilization of our own coal-values and a broader basis for our industry.

Surpassingly rich as our estate is known to be in iron, copper, sulphur, clays, and other major raw materials for a vast and varied industry, we may for present purposes conclude our appraisal of its assets with a brief reference to our stores of petroleum and natural gas. In 1918 we produced 345,000,000 barrels of petroleum; our consumption of natural gas was something like 750,000,000,000 cubic feet. We have, since its discovery, wasted more gas than we have used, and with it some billions of gallons of gasoline. We recovered at the casing-head in 1917, 217,000,000 gallons, of gravity so light as to permit its expansion to 500,000,000 gallons by blending with heavier distillates of petroleum not otherwise available for motor-fuel. Thousands of wells remain to be connected with recovery plants.

The wastes in our petroleum industry, under which term refining is not here included, have been shocking and stupendous. Fields are abandoned with from thirty to ninety per cent of the oil still underground; vast areas have been ruined by admitting water into the oil sands; fires take heavy toll. In all not more than twenty-five per cent

of the oil underground reaches the pipeline, and less than half of that is utilized to the best advantage.

IV

We have surveyed our estate hurriedly, and from a height, as in an aeroplane, and the prospect has been one that should fire the dulllest imagination with the vision of the coming greatness of America, provided only that we rise to the measure of our opportunity. The record of our development of our resources is, indeed, in mere achievement, in figures of production, a shining one; but its lustre is dimmed to shadow by the portentous brilliance of the handwriting on the wall. We have been prodigal wasters, reckless destroyers, mere skimmers of cream. Unrestricted individualism must now give way to controlled coöperation, guided by a constructive economic policy which is nation-wide in scope. We must bring to the solution of our peace-problems the unity and cohesive power developed by the war. The plans of Europe for reconstruction are already far advanced, while out of Washington has come no adequate directive impulse.

Not only is the ultimate purpose of all production the satisfaction of human wants, but the human element in production is the most important, and often the limiting, factor. All plans for reconstruction must therefore fail, as indeed they should, unless they bring reasonable satisfaction to the workers upon whom their material realization depends. With Bolshevism, destructive alike to intelligence and property, spreading in Europe, and many signs of unrest and discontent patent to observers here, it is evident that the first concern and effort of those to whom our reconstruction problems may be intrusted should be to reach, if possible,

an understanding and agreement with labor, upon a basis so fair and so obviously advantageous to the interests of all, that a long period of reasonably harmonious coöperative effort may be assured. The industrial creed which has already been indorsed by the Chamber of Commerce of the United States may well serve as the scaffolding for the erection of this essential structure of mutual understanding and good-will.

Discontent, properly directed, is a great constructive force. Only when no way seems open to its relief, does it become destructive. It should therefore be made convincingly clear to labor that the maintenance of its present returns and the satisfaction of its prospective demands are possible only by raising the productive power of the individual. Wealth which is non-existent cannot be divided. Our estate contains resources abundantly ample for all legitimate satisfactions of a population many times as numerous as that which it now supports. But undeveloped resources are not wealth. They were here with the Indians. Their potentialities can be realized, not by labor alone, not by capital alone, not by labor and capital together, unless through the coöperation of the executive brain and science. The war has at last placed science above the salt, even at bankers' dinners. It has penetrated the Privy Council. Chemistry is saluted by the man in the street, and chemists are putting the dollar sign in their equations.

But the problem of reaching an abiding satisfaction involves far more than wages and hours of work. A way must be found to restore something of the old pride and joy of craftsmanship. That this is not impossible, even under the factory system, has been demonstrated by the quality competitions instituted by Wolf, who, in commenting

on them, points out that in the past the average employer has been so engrossed in creating an organization to express his own individuality that he has forgotten to afford the opportunity for self-expression to his employee. So it happens that, in many of our large corporations, the preposterous situation prevails that, to maintain a working-staff of one thousand men, from three thousand to seven thousand enter and leave the organization yearly.

Progress has been linked in many minds with poverty. The new Progress must be the bountiful mother and almoner of plenty. Increased production does not mean, for the individual, more work or harder work. It does mean more efficient work and a new attitude toward work: the desire to make every stroke tell to the utmost. It means gang-ploughing with a tractor, intensive truck-farming, growing beets which yield twelve per cent of sugar instead of eight, grinding with carbocundum, cutting deep into the metal with tools of high-speed steel. It means microscopes and pyrometers, slide-rules and graphic charts, recording instruments, wise planning, and the laboratory control of materials and processes. In a word, it means willing, painstaking, and well-paid effort, backed by capital, guided by science.

VI

To bring our acres to full fertility, to build up and utilize adequately our forest reserves, to reorganize, develop, and coördinate our transportation systems, to generate our power advantageously and distribute it widely, to check the reckless and encourage the effective use of our resources, — all to the end that we may evolve and establish better and more satisfying types of rural and urban life — are the basic and interlocking problems involved in the develop-

ment of our estate. Obviously, all these things require coöperative effort on the grand scale which calls for executive abilities of the highest order. Most of them, also, involve the active participation of the government: some of the more important can hardly be done at all except as governmental activities. With the fiasco of the aeroplane programme fresh in our minds; with government control of the railroads adding \$126,000,000 to the expense of operation in a single month; with delays in mail, delays in paying soldiers, delays in ordnance; with municipal administration the ineffective and often shameful thing it is, how can we hope to place this new and greater burden on our public administrations with any expectation that performance will square with opportunity?

If Democracy, and especially our own democracy, is to prove itself ultimately worthy of the stupendous sacrifices which have been gladly rendered in its name, if it is to actualize the potentialities of a situation unique in the world's history, it must first develop a deeper sense of individual responsibility, and then call to the direction of its affairs a far higher type of administrative capacity than it has been content with in the past. There is no alchemy in the ballot-box which will transmute a good mixer into a great executive, and no accolade can confer brains with office. To do the things we have to do demands vision and wise planning, nation-wide coördination of attack, effective and economical administration, technical knowledge, and much research to bring more knowledge. The conjunction of these essentials is happily not unknown in the larger aspects of American business life, and it is to the American business man in his higher stages of development that we must turn in this Day of Opportunity. He is fresh from great

achievement, as a volunteer, in extemporized relations to the government in the emergency of war. We must now, in our own interest, as proprietors of the estate, provide for him an authoritative and permanent place in our governmental system.

No Congressional committee, no academic council, no ephemeral organization can cope with the stupendous problem. The mutually entangled intricacies of its component elements can be gradually reduced to order and woven into the majestic tapestry of an adequate general plan, only, it would seem, by a permanent commission, as detached from partisan politics as the Supreme Court, comprising in its membership the best executive, economic, and technical brains in the country, and planning and operating over long years. This commission should stand in close relationship to the Chief Executive and to the Congress, its members being appointed by the President, subject to confirmation by the Senate. It should be compact, with no more than fifteen members, including the Secretaries of Agriculture, Labor, Commerce, and the Interior, through whom the chiefs of the scientific bureaus of the government would be brought into its deliberations. Above all, its members must be drawn chiefly from the great constructive and productive agencies of the country, and must be truly representative of the aspirations and interests of our citizenship. Whether its individual components are members of House or Senate, Republicans or Democrats, should in this relationship be of interest only to their biographers.

Such an Economic Commission would evolve from many economic studies and proposals for specific betterments coördinated plans which would bind together in a close articulation the attainable benefits of each. In the exercise of an intrinsic function, it would submit

to Congress recommendations for the required legislation, and apprise the country of the need and reason for its demands. To it should be assigned ultimate responsibility to Congress, through the President, for the execution of its duly authorized proposals.

The war has developed amongst us a new Bushido, another Samurai class pledged to service. Its membership includes those who have toiled with brain or hand for the common good in a supreme emergency; devoted women; our

youth who on land and sea and in the air have dared the impossible and achieved it. Shall we permit this unity of purpose, this capacity for coöperative effort, to become quickly dissipated in the perpetuation of past mistakes, or shall we, by judicious planning, direct these new and potent forces to the development of our estate, to the end that it may furnish the material basis for a higher civilization?

'It is well to be wise in a great moment.'

THE RETURN OF THE BURGOMASTER

BY CHARLOTTE KELLOGG

You feel the pulse of Brussels at her Place de Ville. Since Sunday, November 10, I have wanted to be there day and night. Again and again in the four terrible years, we tried to picture the Place de Ville on the Day of Liberation. The reality of Sunday, November 17, makes all our imaginings pale.

Just one week before, Sunday afternoon the tenth, the two thousand German Reds had gathered at the Gare du Nord, then separated into squads of about fifty, and with red flags flying had set about their work. They opened the doors of Saint-Gilles and other prisons, and tattered, vermin-covered English and Italian and Russian prisoners staggered into the streets, where Belgians hastened to offer them baths and clothes and food.

Other squads went to the house of the arch-brute Rupprecht of Bavaria, fired on it, and compelled him to renounce his command.

The word oftenest used by the Belgians this week is *pitoyable* — contemptible. They almost forget their hate in their unutterable contempt. They would have been glad, for the sake of human dignity, to recognize in their slave-drivers at least some single fearless gesture. You should hear them describe the flight of the cowardly Rupprecht to the Spanish Legation, where he begged for a bed.

The Marquis de Villalobar, ever fearless, went promptly to the Reds (council of soldiers and sailors) to announce that since, as protecting minister, it was his duty to shelter those in danger, he proposed to keep Prince Rupprecht at the Legation until he could send him in the Spanish car to Holland — which he accomplished on Tuesday. Governor-General von Falkenhausen fled to Germany.

The Reds then took over the Kommandantur, or German police head-

quarters and place of infamy. In Paris, on the Tuesday before, we had read that German Reds in Brussels had thrown Imperial officers from windows. They had not, because it was not necessary. Officers tamely lowered their shoulders and bowed their heads to facilitate the stripping off of their military emblems.

Some soldiers near the Gare du Nord were too drunk to resign, so the Reds turned machine-guns on their headquarters, with the result that one hundred persons, including Belgian civilians, were killed that Sunday night.

The following day one white and trembling Imperial ran into the office of the Commission for Relief in Belgium, to beg for civilian clothes. It was a supreme moment for Mr. Baetens, the Belgian Director of that office.

Von der Lanken and Rieth, despised members of the Political Department, slipped quickly into civilian clothes, and got out to Holland Thursday.

So the Revolution progressed, very quietly on the whole. On Monday, the 11th, the Reds were in control; the submissive Imperials wore white bands on their arms. To avoid difficulty, however, the German officer who later conducted Mr. Jacqmain to the frontier, to search for Burgomaster Max, wore a Red band on one arm and white on the other.

Tuesday the work of freeing prisoners continued; they were coming into Brussels from all directions. At the same time the Germans were gathering what they could, and getting ready to evacuate. And daily King Albert and the Belgian army were pressing toward Brussels.

I had left Paris the Wednesday before, by night train to Calais, and from there fought my way by special military train, American Army motor, broken-down hack, Belgian military car, General Headquarters car, and finally

by a blessed C.R.B. car already working in Ghent (under Robinson Smith, who was arranging for the distribution of flour-sacks to cover thousands of windows recently smashed in East Flanders), through the Belgian lines and into Brussels by eleven Saturday morning.

In Alost, just free, ablaze with flags, and tearful and smiling, we passed Burgomaster Max, who had reached Brussels at nine the night before after four years in German prisons, and was on his way to his King, who was at G.H.Q. at Ghent.

Nearer Brussels, in Assche, there were no flags; people were trying to carry off the heaps of tile and brick and glass in front of their wrecked houses. In the street were many large guns and wagons which the Germans had had to leave, though they had taken time to remove the breech from each gun. Little Belgian boys and girls, despite the cold, were climbing over the war-monsters, and with especial delight were whirling the wheels of a great anti-aircraft gun.

A little farther on we began to run into Germans, and despite their sodden appearance, I breathed more freely when my little open car slipped finally inside the city and I saw a few Belgian police. There were crowds, quiet crowds, near the Bourse, where English prisoners had arrived.

I read, later, the posters on all the city walls, exhorting the people to preserve their calm and dignity till the last instant. But despite the calm, things were happening fast. Saturday afternoon we were told that we might expect Brussels to be clean of the enemy by half-past two o'clock Sunday. I say 'clean' because that is the word that passes. 'A dirty, contemptible lot; only let them get out, so we may disinfect — pray for rain to help cleanse the city.' That is the word on the street.

Early Sunday morning they began

to move — Hindenburg directing from Headquarters. I was awakened about seven by the rumble of their wagons under my window, Boulevard du Regent. They were *going* — trains of wagons pulled by fine Belgian horses, — I had passed human horses all the way from Bruges to Brussels, pulling their pitiful refugee carts, — and piled high with sacks and bundles, gray army coats thrown over the top. There were two or three men riding on each wagon, and four or five walking beside, their coats bulging over their heavy packs. There were little carts with stoves and pails, closed hacks and open carriages, smart little Roumanian horses, groups of five and six cows — the cows of Belgian's children. I hear they have not left one in Theilt, where tuberculosis is rampant. Between the wagons, companies of about fifty, marching four abreast, cyclists or cavalry running the line — some of these groups were trying to sing, but it was a sickly kind of singing.

Rumble and tramp, they were going, going! I kept behind a curtain, so that I might not spoil by even so little as letting them know I was looking, the superb attitude of the city. There were many Belgians on the boulevards, on their way to church; but, for them, this retreating army was invisible. They did not turn their heads to look.

When I reached Brussels in July, 1916, the thing that impressed me first and most was the Belgian's capacity to obliterate his enemy. His hatred and contempt set up a wall and put the Boche on the other side of it. He never saw him.

And again, in November, 1918, this is the thing that first strikes me. All tense with unutterable emotion inside, on the outside no sign. The German may stay or go: on the street, to the Belgian, he is invisible. This is the supreme expression of his hatred and contempt.

About ten Sunday morning some workmen told me that the last Boche had left the Gare du Nord, and that they were already washing the station. All along the streets windows were opening, flags were flung out — Belgian, the Stars and Stripes, French, English, and a few Italian ones; while down at the Place, from a balcony of the Hôtel de Ville, the Liberation of the city was being proclaimed by Burgomaster Lemonnier, who so bravely carried on Max's work, and who has himself a year's prison record behind him.

In the marvelous way that things happen in Brussels, almost immediately a great procession formed: the city trustees, schools, the people, made their way to the Place des Martyrs, which commemorates Belgium's independence. I had seen this square on their Independence Day, July, 1916, flanked by bayoneted Boches — no Belgian permitted to approach it, or drop a flower near it. And now, after four years, they marched again to the Place des Martyrs, solemnly singing the 'Brabançonne' as they laid their wreaths at the foot of the statue.

Things were moving so rapidly that it was impossible to keep in touch with them. Belgian soldiers were slipping in by twos and threes ahead of the army; there were a few French officers, and always more released prisoners. People wanted to be at the Place, or on the boulevards; yet those who for four years had been cut off from loved ones sat anxiously, tremblingly at home. Many have not left the house for a few minutes in over a week — at any minute he may return!

Max was again in the city, and would be received at the Hôtel de Ville at half-past two. The acting mayor, Lemonnier, and the *échevins* would welcome him, and he would take once more his place at the head of the Bruxellois. By rare good luck, I received an invitation

to his historic reception — and Échevin Anspach called for me at half-past one. Inside the Hôtel de Ville we were met by other échevins, who helped guide me into the already densely crowded Gothic Hall — the most beautiful in that whole beautiful building. There were a few chairs on the platform for the échevins: a row just in front of it for the burgomasters of the suburbs; two rows of red-upholstered benches for women principals of the schools; but everywhere else people were standing — I should say, men were standing, for there were no women except the few on the red benches. On the platform, at the left, was a group of British and American and French officers, and at the right other guests fortunate enough to squeeze in.

There was a little table toward the rear of the platform — there Max would stand; and behind it, against the exquisitely carved oak wall, hung two handsome flags — the flag of Belgium, and the brilliant red-and-green one of the city. Above them the gilded Saint-Michel triumphed over the dragon, and all along the carved oak walls were ancient flags of the provinces, and historic statues.

Soon the échevins began to take their places on the platform. Lemonnier, the acting mayor, stood behind the table, with the Dutch minister, Von Vollenhoven, at his left. I know many were wishing, as I was, that Brand Whitlock might have been there. The Marquis de Villalobar was absent, too, having been summoned by the King, to G.H.Q. Next to the Dutch minister stood M. Jacqmain, the Director of Education and Beaux-Arts, one of the most conspicuous defenders of Belgium's liberty, as his prison record testifies. All were cheered, but the great cheer was being reserved for the slight little man, with brown hair and French beard, — nervous, intense, and keen-

eyed, — who now slipped to the side of Lemonnier. As Max, in brown business suit, stepped toward the table, the few who had been seated leaped to their feet, and all joined in one delirious cry of welcome, which ended only when he raised his hand. Despite his control, the drawn lines about his eyes and forehead, his pallor, above all, the look in his eyes, suggested something of the torture of the four years. He stood against the red and green of the Brussels flag, his thin hands gripping the table as if to steady himself.

In dramatic and solemn language M. Lemonnier reviewed Belgium's four years and two months of slavery, and the four years of personal humiliation and suffering for Max. As he followed him from prison to prison, and to dark cell for nine months, there were hissings and execrations. And when he said, 'N'oublierons jamais' (We will *never* forget), his listeners answered with a shout. And just then, from the seething square below, we heard an echoing cry, as if the whole city were joining in that pledge — 'We will never forget!'

As the cry died away, Lemonnier continued, 'And now, we feel there is no more fitting gift that we can offer to you on your return than —' And two gold-braided officials, who had been almost hidden behind the tapestried chairs, held high the framed originals of the two famous proclamations that had helped to send Max to prison. The first was to the people of Liège, declaring that the Germans lied when they said France had announced that she would not fight; the second called on the people of Brussels to take down their Belgian flags, as the Germans had commanded, — although Von der Goltz had promised that no such order would be given, — to martyrize themselves individually for the good of all — secure in their faith in their day of Liberation.

The applause finally ended, and a

letter from the Spanish minister was read, welcoming Max, in the name of Brand Whitlock and for himself, and offering as a gift a book of gold in which are inscribed the names of those who from time to time demanded of the Germans the freedom of their Burgomaster. Then followed other addresses and a poem, all marked by a common sincerity and solemn dignity. As we listened, we heard strains of the 'Brabançonne' from the square below, and then terrific explosions from somewhere nearby. They sounded like the booming of big guns on the line — what could this mean? Then again the 'Brabançonne,' and shouts from below.

And then Max. Slowly, distinctly, he spoke of his emotion, on returning to his family, to his city, after four years, and finding his house banked with flowers; of the welcome that almost frightened him. He spoke of the enduring courage of the people of Brussels, and then, as detonation followed detonation, 'As we talk,' he said, 'pillagers are engaged in their ignoble work, and we know who encourages them.' (Lemonnier nodded assent.) 'With infinite regret we recognize that a few lawless ruffians are sullyng the nobility and purity of our hour of victory. Our first duty' — his voice rang out — 'is to restore order to our city. This we shall proceed at once to do.'

Again, terrific explosions of the munition wagons left by the Germans, between the snatches of song from the Place.

Max paused a moment before he added, 'I can almost say that I do not regret Belgium's martyrdom, since it has saved her from a pacifist's rôle in this war of civilization. She may be proud for all time that with her blood she has helped assure the future of humanity. The hour before us is immense.'

He spoke briefly of the problems of

reconstruction, of commerce, and of industry; and as we were clapping and waving, two little girls and a boy were helped forward, with their great basket of flowers, tied with the national and capital colors. A happy moment for the children — and Max turned to hurry out to the balcony, to let the thousands who had been waiting there for hours have their glimpse of him.

And from that balcony I realized how pale my imaginings had been — that incomparable square, framed by the gold-topped buildings of the seventeenth-century guilds, all floating their corporation flags: the Gothic Hall of Roi Albert, — once the baker's guild, — the Hôtel de Ville, on whose balcony we stood, with its fairy spire lifting the gleaming Saint-Michel high above the city — all still there. And from every window people were leaning out, — free people, — while all the rest of the free city seemed to be packed into the square below. They appeared almost to be clinging to the walls.

Nothing could describe the cry of the Bruxellois, as the man who typified their fearless endurance, their four years of torture, appeared once more above them. How they cried out their hearts to him! Then all together we sang the 'Brabançonne' and the 'Marseillaise' and 'God Save the King' and 'Yankee Doodle!' A gay patriotic air followed, and since they could not move laterally, these happy thousands began to dance vertically. Never before have I seen people dance straight up and down.

We turned to say just a word to Max; then I hurried away, stopping only to talk with a mother, who had been crying as others were singing. After four years she had prepared the house for her boy, and an advance cyclist had just brought her word that he had been killed in the last fighting near Ghent.

Explosions and red sky — either accidentally or purposely, the pillagers, who were looking for any kind of loot, had set off German munition wagons, shattering houses near the stations and wounding and killing more innocent people — on the very day of their deliverance! However, by the next morning (Monday, the 18th) the explosions had ceased. Max has been putting the city in order. Not only ruffians are being imprisoned, but also those who have been suspected of selling willingly to the enemy: a sausage-shop keeper has just been taken off.

This morning (Tuesday, the 19th) I passed the King's Palace, where workmen are scraping the moss of four years from the paving-stones, and cleaning and decorating with great zest. I learned that the Queen had sent word that the wounded, to whom the palace had been hospital, should not be moved. So like this splendid Queen! On both sides of the street in front, the cobblestones have been lifted and sixteen big holes dug for flag standards. We hear that the King, the Queen, and the two princes, and the beautiful little Princess Marie-José, will all ride in on horseback.

The Park, between the Palace and

the Chamber of Deputies, which has been shut away from the people and used chiefly by German cavalry officers, will be opened, but not until every square foot of its soil has been cleansed — perhaps not until Friday, the day of the return of the King. Many a time in the black days I have watched hungry people reach defiant hands through the iron gates of this Park to scatter crumbs to the sparrows.

Every hour brings more people — some lucky ones have been brought in a military or government car; many come on foot. The hotel-keepers are distracted, — there is yet no day of rejoicing for them, — no mattresses, no sheets; and even if they could get these essentials, they could not clean and disinfect under weeks. Every Belgian regards a place where the Germans have been as a place of pollution, and you have but to look inside to understand why. So all those who will crowd into the city must be taken into private houses; most will bring their own sheets and blankets. The first detachment of artillery is just rattling by.

The Whitlocks will come in to-morrow — perhaps Mr. Hoover and my husband. And on Friday the King will come back to Brussels!

TERRITORIAL CLAIMS OF FRANCE

BY RENÉ PINON

I

IF the vulture empires which attacked France had succeeded in conquering her, they would, as in 1871, have torn from her pieces of her territory; they would, as they announced their intention of doing at the time when they believed themselves sure of success, have stolen certain groups of men, against their will, from their fatherland. France is actuated by other principles: being victorious, she will not abuse her victory by violating the rights in whose name she has been fighting. We may speak of the territorial claims of France, but not of her territorial ambitions, for what she is determined to obtain by the treaty of peace, is only what is due to her, what has been taken from her by force, and what she has never ceased rightfully to demand, in the name of the people concerned and in accord with them. However cruel and incurable the wound which Germany inflicted upon her by the Treaty of Frankfurt, France certainly would never have made war to assert her claims, however legitimate: she would not have committed a crime against mankind, in order to punish a crime against the Law of Nations! But she was challenged; France will not definitively sheathe her sword until the great injustice of 1871 shall have been repaired in full; until the people of Lorraine and Alsace are restored to the country of their heart. There is no question of conquest, but of the return of brothers long separated to the home of the French family; it is

not a matter of annexation, but of *dis*-annexation. The violence done to the people of Alsace and Lorraine in 1870-1871, the poisoned spring from which so many misfortunes have issued, will be fully atoned for.

France, then, demands Alsace and Lorraine in their integrity. Let us not say 'Alsace-Lorraine'; that is a German administrative expression which combines two countries that differ widely in history, language, and customs, but whose attachment to the great French *patrie* is the same.

The Germans themselves have never denied that Lorraine is French territory, which thinks and speaks in French, and whose customs are French. Metz was united to France in the time of Henri II (1552), with Verdun and Toul; the remainder of the duchy maintained an independent life until 1766; but it had for a long time been following the orbit of France, and had lived her intellectual and moral life. Bismarck declared that he did not desire the annexation of Metz, but that it was demanded by Moltke and the staff; this probably was a lie; the sly fox had arranged to have his hand forced by the generals; but it is, at all events, a proof that he felt the need of finding an excuse for such a detestable proceeding. The Germans have never tried, as in Alsace, to win over the intensely French inhabitants of the Lorraine marches, either by oppression or by assimilation; but they have tried to submerge them beneath a sea of miners and workingmen, coming from all cor-

ners of Germany, particularly to the Thionville district; at times they succeeded by this expedient in changing the result of an election; but this floating population has never blended with the old French stock in Lorraine, and has not succeeded in changing its character in the slightest degree. Lorraine will go back to France as French as it was before 1870.

The Alsatian is as devoted as the Lorrainer to the French fatherland, but he differs more from the average French type. He speaks a German language which is not the German of Germany, but a special dialect, to which he is much attached, and which he handles with all the lightness of touch, all the caustic vigor of a Frenchman. As for the blood of the race, the ancient substratum is Celtic; it received the very deep impression which the civilizing genius of Rome imprinted wherever its domination was established. During the Middle Ages, it formed a part of the Holy Roman Empire; but we find it jealous above all of retaining its local privileges and its individual character. It was divided into a large number of small sovereignties, some secular, some ecclesiastical; its cities engaged in commerce, by way of the Rhine, with the 'Germanies,' and by way of the passes of the Vosges, with France, who was then solidifying her power and establishing her national unity.

Alsace is drawn toward France by community of origin and culture, and by the reputation for strength and justice which casts a halo about the monarchy of Saint-Louis. Amid the chaos throughout Central Europe which followed the period of the religious wars, Alsace, ravaged by the opposing forces, sought the protection of the King of France. M. Batiffol has shown very clearly in a remarkable recent book,¹ how the little Alsatian republics in-

voked the support and protection of Richelieu before the French armies had marched into the country to drive out the Imperial troops. It is much truer to say that Alsace gave herself over to France, than that France conquered her. The treaties of Westphalia, by sanctioning the claims of the King of France to Alsace, did not tear men by force from their native land.

France quickly became the chosen country of the Alsatians, who, moreover, retained their customs, their language, their local liberties. The splendor of the reign of Louis XIV, the excellent administration of the intendants in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, completed the fusion. When the French Revolution broke out, Alsace hailed the birth of Liberty: the people of Strasburg placed on the Kehl bridge, which separates them from the Duchy of Baden, a placard with these words: 'Here begins the Country of Liberty.' It was at Strasburg, in the salons of Mayor Dietrich, that Rouget de l'Isle sang for the first time the 'Chant de l'Armée du Rhin,' which was soon to be called the 'Marseillaise' and to fly round the world on the wings of Liberty. The intense patriotic enthusiasm of the Revolution; the glory of the campaigns of the National Defense; the great epic wars of Napoleon I; the anguish of the twofold invasion in 1814 and 1815 — all these Alsace lived and *felt* with the whole of France.

Many Alsatians stand in the front rank of our most illustrious generals: Kléber, Kellermann, Lefebvre, Rapp, and many others. The fusion, after that great epoch, was absolutely perfect: there was thenceforth but one France, of which Alsace formed a part. When, in 1871, the victorious Germans demanded the cession of Alsace, they cut deep into the living flesh of the country.

To these facts about French Alsace is opposed the historical and ethnograph-

¹ *Les Anciens Républiques Alsaciennes.*

ical fiction which German scholars have devised to justify the conquests of the German sword. While the French were the first to define and invoke the right of nations to decide their own destiny, the Germans base their claims on ethnographic and linguistic considerations. 'Wherever the German language is heard is the German Fatherland.' That is the exact formula of triumphant Pan-germanism. Whoever speaks any German language or any language of Germanic origin — Alsations, Flemings, Scandinavians, German-Swiss — must return *nolens volens* to the fold of German unity. The German-Americans also belong there, and some day the Germans will try to remind them of it. If a person has once become a German, he never ceases to be one, even if he becomes a citizen of another state; for the Delbrück Law assumes that the German, even when a naturalized citizen of another country, does not lose his German citizenship and can always claim it. This theory of race and language does not prevent the Germans from incorporating in their Empire French Lorrainers, Danes of Schleswig, and Poles; they invoke then military and economic necessity, the right of the German people to defend itself, to be powerful, and so forth.

Thus, for the French and for all free peoples, what determines the nationality of a group of men, is the heart, the spontaneous act of their free will; for the Germans, it is language and race; it is the hereditary accident of birth. In the first case it is a democratic, national principle; in the second, it is an autocratic principle, based on the oppression of men's consciences in the name of a pseudo-scientific theory.

II

This irreconcilable divergence of principle explains the political and

moral importance which the Alsace question has assumed since 1870. Right was made flesh, and the battle of principles was translated into living hearts by suffering and anguish. The more the German scholars and politicians declared, 'Alsace is German,' the more firmly the Alsations answered, 'No: Alsace belongs to the Alsations and the Alsations prefer to be French.' Whenever they have had a chance, the Alsations have thus unwearingly answered, 'No!' They said it in the National Assembly at Bordeaux, in 1871, when, by the voice of Keller, they protested against the treaty of Frankfurt; they said it in the Reichstag at Berlin in February 18, 1874, when, in the name of all the Deputies of Alsace and Lorraine, summoned for the first time to sit in the Parliament of the Empire, M. Teutsch read the famous and superb protest whose words must always be remembered, because they belong, as a declaration of Right confronted with Might, to mankind's noblest patrimony. The most important portion of it was the following: —

'All of us who are here present have been sent by our electors to assert *our affection for France*, as well as our right to decide our own fate without foreign interference. You say to us, "You are members of the German family, you are our brothers." Is this simply bitter sarcasm, or do you speak seriously when you say this? *It is impossible for us to regard ourselves as belonging to your family.*'

The Alsations and Lorrainers continued to say 'No' at every election, notably in 1887, when, despite tremendous pressure, they gave 247,000 votes to the protesting candidates. They said it again in 1913, when the children of Saverne followed through the streets the famous Lieutenant von Förstner, the incarnation of oppressive and brutal Prussian militarism, and

made fun of his arrogance, his monocle, and the four armed grenadiers who formed his escort. They said it again by every manifestation of the Alsatian spirit, by the caricatures of Hansi and of Zislin, by Dr. Bucher's *Revue alsacienne illustrée*, by the eloquence of Abbé Wetterlé, by the labor of the Alsatian factories and brains, by the annual exodus of the young people to France.

This obstinate 'No' fully conscious of its grandeur, this 'No' which resisted the most brutal oppression as well as the most skillful enticements, irritated to the utmost the masters of Germany. Cost what it might, this must be stopped, this protest which held the whole power of the Kaiser and his armies at bay, even if it were necessary, for that purpose, to start another war. 'They will lick our feet after the victory,' gracefully observed the wife of a German professor of the University of Strasburg, in August, 1914.

After the outbreak of the war, the Alsatian and Lorraine soldiers availed themselves of every opportunity to go over to the flag of their choice and to avoid fighting for Germany, while in the 'Reichsland' — as the conquered provinces were officially designated — the people were overwhelmed with convictions for the most trivial reasons: a gesture, a smile, a song in which the Boche believed that he could detect a manifestation of sympathy for the French. The Alsatians have reckoned that the German judges in the annexed provinces, imposed, during the war, four thousand years of imprisonment, to say nothing of the fines. No, indeed! German domination will not be regretted in Alsace and Lorraine!

To show how the French idea survived, even in the least cultivated, simplest Alsatian souls, we subjoin a few artlessly touching passages of the examination of a young Alsatian soldier,

who went over to the French in 1917, and was questioned as to the motives which had led him to desert. He was a peasant from Sundgau, with little education, to whom the great problems of politics and philosophy were unknown. Such proofs are the most valuable, because they give expression to all that is deeply rooted and unchangeable in the character of a people. At the beginning of the war, Germany, by her immense military preparations, by the display of so many troops and so much *matériel*, succeeded in impressing the people with such an idea of her power that all the soldiers believed her to be invincible.

During the first weeks [said the young Alsatian], the men of my regiment (from Baden) were like madmen; they pushed forward, they believed that nothing could stop them. When they were forced to retreat, at the battle of the Marne, they had no idea that anything serious had happened. It was not until the first winter, when the war of positions had become definitely established, that they began to say, 'There's a hitch, somewhere, or else we should have taken Paris.' They did not worry over such a trifling matter; but there was something which they did not understand. Then came the great success on the Russian front; the enthusiasm started up anew, and everybody believed that they were going to smash everything again. It never occurred to them that the Germans could be beaten; they believed rather that, to put an end to the business, some sort of a lame peace would be concluded, whereby Germany, in spite of everything, would derive some profit. One day an officer made the remark that Verdun was a defeat. They considered the Somme rather as a victory because the French had not broken through. But the men were indifferent and depressed. It needed the Roumanian campaign and the taking of Bucharest to spur them on. If anyone asked the soldiers why they had confidence, they would all make the same answer: 'Hindenburg.' They are all honestly convinced that there never was a greater general. If he should have a real set-back, a terrible demoralization would

follow; for no man has ever even thought that such a thing is possible.

The young Alsatian was a witness of the devastation in the North of France, in the region of St. Quentin.

By the middle of February [he said], I had already seen between seven and eight hundred people sent away. They were divided into small groups, just enough to fill a railroad car, the men on one side, the women on the other — young girls without their mothers. I don't know what became of the children. They never left a family together. Perhaps it was a sorting out with a view to the work they were to do; but, on the other hand, perhaps it was to overcome all resistance. Some of the poor creatures were crying, but no sobs were to be heard. You could see that they tried their utmost not to give the Germans the satisfaction of seeing them suffer. Their features were contracted, they clinched their fists in their pockets. I went away from the station, for I could not bear the sight. I imagined my parents in a similar situation. That day I felt it was too much, and I said to myself, 'If there is still such a thing as justice, the men who have done that can never win.' My comrades could not feel as I did, but I must say that not one of them joked about it. They preferred to say nothing.

Then the young man described the state of people's minds in his Alsatian village.

On my first furlough, in 1915, I found the sentiments in the village more violent than I would ever have suspected. It was not only dissatisfaction, it was genuine hatred. The Germans acted as if they were in conquered territory; for a mere nothing, it was fines or prison; they forced the people to give up their crops; they threatened on every occasion. All the people were equally indignant. Not till then did I understand what the soldiers of Baden said so often: 'The Alsations are French to the marrow of their bones.' Certain persons of the village had been able to obtain, by way of Switzerland, some French newspapers, and had compared the news. Now, the Germans could go on proclaiming their victories; the

people did not answer, but they said to themselves that at least half of it was false. Like everybody else, when they saw the tremendous display of force, my parents believed that nothing could resist that power. They plucked up courage only when they heard that the German armies had been checked. It took a long time to reassure them.

I had my second furlough in 1916. Ideas had made headway in Alsace. People seemed to express themselves with less vehemence; it was not because they hated the Germans less, but because they were no longer surprised by any annoyance; they anticipated the worst kind of violence; they had made up their minds to bear anything. But they were convinced now that the Germans would end by being beaten. My parents in the village grasped it quicker than I at the front. My father said to me, 'The French won't even need a victory; the Germans will be forced to cross the Rhine of their own accord.' The day before I left he talked alone with me and said, 'Some day the French will come back here, that is certain; it grieves me to think that you are fighting against them.' I replied, 'You know well what fate is in store for you if I desert. Your house will be seized, you run the risk of being carried off to Germany. My brothers will get no more furloughs; they will be in bad odor in their regiment.' I thought it over during the whole of that day. I also said to myself that I did not speak French. I could not make up my mind and I rejoined my regiment.

On March 20, 1917, when I went home for the third time, I had not yet made a decision: I had still the same objections to make. But I had been present at the devastation in northern France; I felt that I *could* not stay any longer in the German ranks. My father persisted and said to me, 'I myself was forced to serve in the German army in my youth; but if they should think best to call the men of my class, I should not hesitate. Our fields and our house won't be long in their hands.' My mother said, 'Think it all over to-night; I don't want to influence you.' The next day I said to her, 'I have made up my mind, but what will happen to you?' She replied, 'Don't take that into consideration.'

And the following night the young Alsatian went into Switzerland, and thence to France.

More convincingly than the actual course of events, this testimony, which shows vividly the deep roots of French sentiment in the simple souls of Alsace, and the ardent and passionate character which love of France has assumed during the war, makes clear the impassable gulf which separates the Alsatians from the Germans. The mother's reply to her son is as sublime as it is un-German.

One of the few Germans who have made an effort to understand the Alsatian soul, Professor Werner Wittich, of the University of Strasburg, whose book caused a scandal on the other side of the Rhine, wrote, 'This people is attached to France by every fibre of its being.' And, in 1917, in the Parliament of Alsace-Lorraine, the two bishops of Metz and of Strasburg, although chosen from among the most ardent Germanophiles, made this solemn declaration: 'Our consciences forbid us to ask in the name of the people the reunion of Alsace-Lorraine and Germany.'

The entrance of the French into Lorraine and Alsace will be a *fait accompli* when the American reader sees these lines; it will take place amid the indescribable enthusiasm of the whole native population. The unity of France will be reconstituted by the return of the two provinces torn from the hearthstone of the nation.

It was a German, Professor Fassbender, who wrote only a short time ago, 'The reproach that we are unable to assimilate the conquered territories, is only too true; they are always like a foreign body in the German organism.' In fact, the Poles of Posnania, of Silesia, and of East Prussia, are more Polish than in 1815, the Danes of Schleswig more Danish than in 1864, the Lorrainers and Alsatians more

French than in 1871. For this reason the essentially just decision which gives these peoples back to their real fatherland, will have not only the greatest political effect, but an unexampled moral and philosophical significance. It will be the announcement and the symbol of a new era, which will begin with the victory of the Allies and will hand down in history the name of President Wilson; it has received for all future time the stamp of American and French idealism.

Should Alsace and Lorraine return to France with the precise boundaries of 1871, or shall we claim the boundaries as they existed before 1815? In 1815, by the treaty of Vienna, the Confederated power took from France, to weaken her defensive system, a slice of Alsace, between the Lauter and the Queich, with the town of Landau, and a slice of Lorraine, in the valley of the Sarre, below Sarreguemines. Sarrebrück and Sarrelouis are the principal towns in this small but rich district: Lorraine would have once more its true historical and geographical form, if these two towns were given back to her. Formerly they were profoundly French: Sarrelouis was the birthplace of Marshal Ney. There still are many families there devoted to France, although they have been separated from her for more than a century; but the coal-mines and the great manufacturing interests have attracted, particularly to Sarrebrück and its neighborhood, a large foreign population. The same may be said of Landau and the district of Alsace north of the Lauter, which seem to have been largely Germanized. France is historically and geographically justified in claiming these towns, but it is not certain that the people would be willing to accept French domination. It is a question which it is hard to answer at present, and which might be submitted to the arbitration of the League of

Nations, to be decided after an investigation, and, if necessary, a plebiscitum. France is particularly desirous not to violate the principles which in this war have constituted her strength and her greatness.

In the same spirit we mention the question of the sources of the Oise. This river, a tributary of the Seine, does not run within French territory throughout its course: to form a barrier against France, or rather, in fact, to leave the door open for invasion toward Paris, the Coalition of 1815, the conquerors of Napoleon, took from France the district of the sources of the Oise, which is called the Trouée de Chimay, with the cities of Mariembourg and Philippeville, and gave them to Belgium, which did not ask for them. The Oise Valley, extended to the northeast by the valley of the Sambre, has at all times been the road followed by foreign invaders of France: the Oise leads directly to Paris through the intervalle where there was such stubborn fighting in 1914 (battle of Guise-St. Quentin), and again very recently — in October, 1918. France might ask Belgium, in all friendliness, to allow her to close the door of her house by rectifying her frontier and occupying the small portion of the valley of the Oise now comprised in Belgium. It is a wooded country, where the population is not very dense. As for the cities of Mariembourg and Philippeville, it is for the French and Belgian governments to come to an understanding with respect to them, in all loyalty, and taking into account the wishes of the people. We may well believe that King Albert's government — especially if Luxembourg, being consulted by plebiscitum, pronounces in favor of union with Belgium — will deem it fair to give to France this modest gratification, which she wishes to owe only to the full consent of her heroic and noble neighbor.

III

In the eastern Mediterranean, in Syria, and in Armenia, France claims no territory; if she did found states in those parts in the time of the Crusades, she never possessed any colonies there, and it is not colonies that she seeks there to-day. But she has it much at heart to retain the high moral and civilizing influence which she has always exercised over the non-Turkish populations of the Ottoman Empire, set free to-day by the armies of France and her allies. With regard to these young nations, liberated by her efforts, she desires to continue her secular work of protection and assistance; she is, and she wishes to remain, best qualified to guide them in their upward flight toward a civilized and well-ordered life, and to bring them the benefits of her civilization and of her high culture; for if these peoples are to-day prepared to set up as autonomous states, they are indebted therefor, above all, to France, to her influence, to her schools, to the diffusion of her civilization.

It is the whole history of France, in its splendid unity and fruitful variety, which we would fain bring before our readers, to establish the ancientness and the great value of our rights in these countries, which a great French writer, M. Étienne Lamy, has so justly called, 'The France of the Levant.' Charlemagne exchanges ambassadors and gifts with the great Caliph Haroun-al-Raschid, and receives from him the keys of the Holy Sepulchre. In the Crusades, religious and warlike France displays her strength and her genius. The crusading idea is symbolized, for the Far East as well for the West, in the gentle and noble figure of Saint-Louis. From this time on 'Frank,' in the Far East, signifies Christian, Latin, Western, and it has kept this meaning; a Frankish kingdom maintained itself in Pales-

time until 1241, with French kings and barons, with French language, civilization, and laws. The Frank, to the oppressed Christian peoples, means the protector, the defender of Christianity; it is upon him that their confidence is bestowed. Through the ages, the governments which succeeded each other in France have retained this confidence, and they were able to win the confidence of the Mussulmans, and, after 1453, of the Turks themselves.

Against Charles the Fifth, who aimed at a universal monarchy and menaced the independence of the kingdom, Francis I entered into an alliance with the Sultan of the Turks, Soliman the Magnificent. The Ambassador of the very Christian King, Jean, Sire de la Forêt, signed with the Great Turk in 1535, the first *Capitulations* (the name given to the treaties of special purport, entered into between the Christian powers and Turkey). Since then, the relations between France and the Sublime Porte have been kept up; but the King of France, by negotiation with the Sultans, induced them to guarantee security to all Latin Christians who should travel in the Ottoman Empire, either on pious pilgrimages or on business.

Henri IV, in 1604, obtained the concession that visits to the Holy Places should be permitted 'to the subjects of the Emperor of France and of the Princes his friends, allies, or confederates, under the certificate and protection of the said Emperor.' Little by little the protection of France was extended to all Latin Christians, and even to such Christian subjects of the Sultan as should lay claim to that exalted patronage. After the brilliant reigns of Louis XIV and of Louis XV, after the Revolution, and the legendary expedition of General Bonaparte to Egypt and Syria, the prestige of France in the Far East was firmly established upon her incomparable reputation for strength,

civilization, and generosity. The Christians of the Far East profited by the influence which France exerted at Constantinople. Bonaparte wrote in 1802 to General Brune, 'The Ambassador at Constantinople is to take under his protection all the hospitals and all the Christians of Syria and Armenia, and especially the caravans which visit the Holy Places.' The whole body of rights and duties, which has been called the French Protectorate in the East, was founded, in the first place, on a very effective protection of all Christians, before it was recognized officially by the Treaty of Berlin (1878), and sanctioned by the decrees of the Holy See. Napoleon III, in 1860, proved, by sending an expedition to the Lebanon, to help the Maronites who were being harried and massacred by the Druses, that the protection of France is not an empty word; from that time until the Great War, the Lebanon has had a governor of its own, who must be a Christian and accepted by the ambassadors of the Powers. On all occasions the protection of France has been exerted efficaciously in favor of the Christian nationalities of Turkey.

The non-Turkish peoples who were subjects of the Sultan of Constantinople represented a large number of races, religions, and social conditions, from the nomad Bedouins of the Arabian desert, whose customs still correspond exactly with the Biblical descriptions, to the Syrians, — Catholics or Mussulmans, — to the Armenians, to the Greeks, whose culture reflects that of the European nations. Some of them are organized, like the Armenians, who will be able to form a nation and a state; the others are merely small ethnical nuclei, all that remains of a far-distant past, grouped around a chief whose power is at once national and religious: like the Samaritans, — of whom but a few hundred are left at Naplouse, —

and the Chaldeans, the Yezidis, and others.

Among all these diverse groups, the historical clientele of France consists, in the first place, of the Christians of Syria and Palestine — Maronites, Melchites, and the rest. In 1250, Saint-Louis wrote to the Maronite Patriarch of Lebanon, 'We are convinced that this nation which we find established under the name of Saint-Maroun is a part of the French nation, for its friendship for the French is like the friendship which the French have for each other. We promise to give protection to you and to your people, as to the French themselves, and to do constantly whatever may be necessary for your happiness.' Rarely has any historical compact been more exactly kept on both sides! Protection on the part of the French, loyalty and attachment on the part of the Maronites. Anne of Austria in 1649, Louis XV in 1737, renewed in precise terms the old contract, and Napoleon III revived it by the expedition of 1860.

The loyal attachment of the Maronites to France manifested itself during the last few years in a very touching manner. When, in 1898, William II went to Jerusalem with all the equipment of a comic opera, he wished to visit Mount Lebanon; he was to arrive at nightfall in the roadstead of Beirut, and had sent word by his couriers that he would be flattered to see the mountain illuminated. That night a watchword was passed along: the Lebanonians refrained even from having lights in their houses and cooking their supper; the whole mountain remained wrapped in darkness, and the next morning, when the imperial mountebank opened his eyes, he saw it covered with French flags; the boat put about and steered for the high sea.

And, during this war, at the time when Lebanon, by virtue of the atro-

cious designs of the Turks and Germans, was dying of hunger, the tempter came thither and offered the people food if they would accept the protection of Austria instead of that of France. The answer was an indignant refusal. More than one third of the population died of hunger; but she remained loyal to France.

It is clear that France can under no circumstances disavow such strong and ancient bonds. Even if she should wish to do so, she could not do it. She has no shadow of a wish to annex the country of the Maronites, or of any of the Syrian peoples; but she cannot leave to any other nation the civilizing and humane task of protecting and assisting them in their autonomous development. All these Eastern races have a small country of their own, which is their nationality; but they feel the need of being allied with a great country which can protect them. Lord Cromer, in his book on Egypt, wrote, 'French civilization has a peculiar attraction, not only for the Asiatic, but also for the European races of the East.' The prayers of these peoples summon the French to their succor, and they will not fail to fulfill this momentous duty.

This attachment of the Levantine races to France, these ancient relations which bind them together, France owes, as we have pointed out, to her history; but she owes them also, and perhaps chiefly, to her admirable schools, which diffuse primary, secondary, and higher education throughout the East, and which mustered before the war more than 120,000 pupils of all nationalities and all religions. Because she has for so many years brought Western culture into this Ottoman Empire which had only Mussulman schools, it is natural that France should be honored by the loyalty of the people.

The Armenians have not been direct *protégés* of France, but they too have

received the stamp of French genius through their schools, and through the great historical traditions. To the greater part of the Armenians, the French language is the embodiment of high culture, of political liberty, of humanity. If Armenia, as it is certain to-day that she will, shall set up as an independent nation, under the guaranty of the League of Nations, France seems best qualified to supply her with the material and moral aid which she cannot do without, especially after the frightful persecution which she has suffered from her masters the Turks.

For a long time the Levantine Mussulmans have been accustomed to respect in France the great Christian nation which has been most closely connected with their history: the Crusades, Saint-Louis, Louis XIV, the *Capitulations*, the Revolution, Bonaparte and his expedition to Egypt and to Syria, — the whole past and present of France, — contribute to give her, in the eyes of the Syrian Mussulmans, incomparable prestige. Her schools are open to Mussulmans as well as to Christians, and they have largely profited by her instruction. French and British civilization are in their eyes the very incarnation of Western civilization.

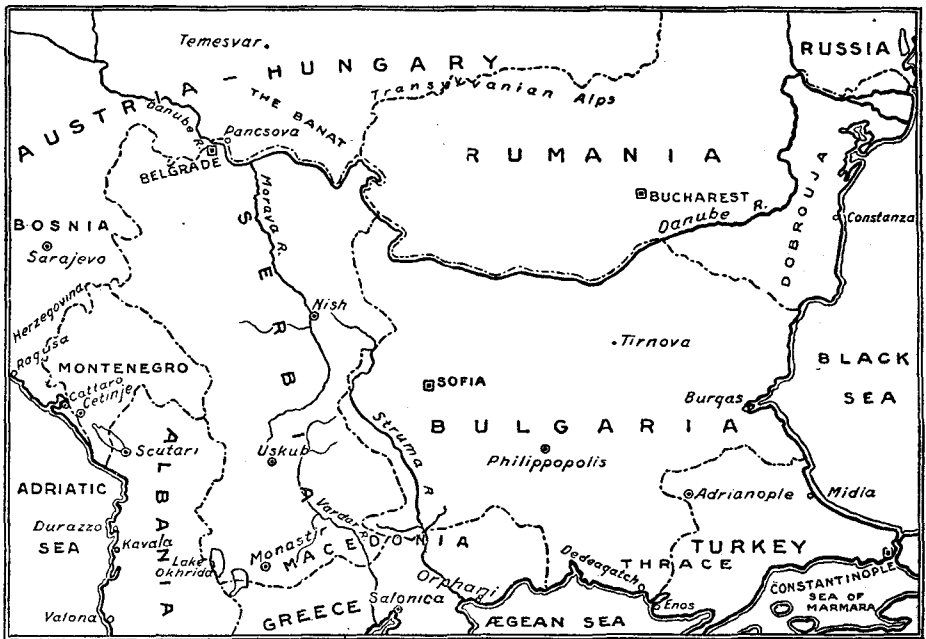
During the course of the war, at a time when Russia insisted that her aspirations to Constantinople and the Straits should be recognized by treaty, an agreement was signed between England, France, and Russia. The French government, at a moment when the British armies were to make campaigns in Asia against the Turks, in which the troops of the Republic could not participate except in comparatively small numbers, felt the necessity of having its rights acknowledged and sanctioned by a written pact. The Convention of May 9, 1916, which delimits, as be-

tween France and England, the zones of influence and action, is by no means hostile to the rights of the populations; for France, it is a guaranty, a stepping-stone; its purpose is to prevent disputes between allies. For the time being, it serves as a tool to work with, England looking after the reorganization of Palestine, of the Arabian peninsula, and of Mesopotamia as far as a line which intersects the Lake of Tiberias, and runs thence to the Persian frontier, passing to the southward of Mosul; France exerting her liberating and constructive influence north of this line.¹

We cannot, in this short article, go into the details of this convention, or discuss it. It is subject to revision and amendment, as its faults and defects may appear in its application. Only on the question of principle would France be immovable: she would not be willing, after her victory, to lose in the East a secular influence which has always been beneficent for the people concerned, and which nothing, not even the disaster of 1870, has been able to impair.

To sum up, even if France hopes to emerge greater, stronger, and more glorious from this terrible war, during which her blood has flowed in torrents, she does not propose to tear men away from their own country. The liberation of Alsace and Lorraine, after forty-eight years of oppression and torture; the emancipation of the non-Turkish populations, subjected against their will to the suffocating domination of the Ottoman Empire, mark the arrival of a new era in the history of the world, in which the will of the nations will be more powerful than all the forces of oppression, and in which the power of the bayonet will be at the service of the majesty of Right.

¹ A special international régime is provided for the Holy Places. — THE AUTHOR.



THE BALKANS, WITH THE BOUNDARIES ESTABLISHED BY THE TREATY OF BUCHAREST (1913)

THE PEACE CONGRESS AND THE BALKANS

BY JAMES D. BOURCHIER

I

IN view of the gigantic series of world-problems awaiting solution at the hands of the Peace Congress, the settlement of the Balkan question may seem to many a minor and secondary task. It must not be forgotten, however, that the stupendous conflict which has involved the whole civilized world arose in the Balkans, where prolonged misery and unrest, due to the subjection of the native populations to alien and unsympathetic rule, had long threatened to light the spark which eventually produced the great conflagration. The Near East had long been a centre and

focus of the bitterest racial animosities, a hot-bed of diplomatic intrigue, the home of rebellions, the cockpit of Europe. The danger of further trouble is still there. The triumph of the Allies has not provided a remedy for the situation; should it be followed by new arrangements ignoring the rights of nationalities, another period of conspiracies and struggles, of savage revolts and merciless repression, will be the inevitable sequel. The trouble may, or may not, spread to neighboring countries; in any case the verdict of posterity will be the same.

The responsibility of the Congress for its treatment of the Balkan ques-

tion is therefore grave indeed. We must hope that its activity will prove beneficial to humanity, and escape the reprobation which has overtaken the ill-famed treaties of Berlin and Bucharest. It would indeed be a scandal if the League of Nations, which, as many of us hope, will be inaugurated at the close of the war, were to find its authority invoked for the maintenance of decisions calculated to prolong the state of discord in the Balkans; that it should exercise its power for such a purpose would be a greater scandal still. The possibility that such decisions may be arrived at, even with the best intentions, should not be ignored. The long-standing traditions of European diplomacy cannot be abolished in a day; the leopard does not change his spots; the practice of secret and illicit bargaining is not extinct, and compacts may be made, as they have been made since the beginning of the war, in violation of the principle of nationalities. Those who have made such compacts may feel bound in honor to maintain them, but it remains to be seen whether America will consent to ratify them.

In regard, especially, to questions pending between the Balkan States, America possesses the inestimable advantage of neutrality. Her voice at the Congress should be that of an arbitrator, and the last word will probably be hers. She will doubtless decline to append her signature to any arrangements infringing the rights of nations, however small or helpless or antipathetic to her friends those nations may be. Her representatives will find themselves in conference with colleagues, who will be influenced by a natural and, indeed, laudable sentiment of loyalty to those who have fought and suffered on their side, or who, whatever their personal convictions may be, will regard themselves as bound to act in harmony with the trend of public feeling in their re-

spective countries. This feeling has been inspired, if not created, in Britain and France by the censored press, but more by the arguments of a voluminous *ex parte* literature, to which practically not a word has been heard in reply.

Of the making of books and pamphlets to serve the purposes of this unilateral Balkan controversy there has been no end. The claims of Serbia, Greece, and Roumania have alone been heard. Bulgaria remains dumb, while the voices raised on behalf of Montenegro and Albania are scarcely audible. The American representatives at the Congress will, no doubt, be thoroughly familiar with the Balkan question in all its bearings, and will, of course, have expert advice at their disposal; in affording this, some of the American missionaries, who have spent their lives in contact with the Balkan peoples, can render inestimable services. But personal knowledge is not enough; the delegates, in pleading the cause of justice, must feel that they have American opinion behind them. The days when diplomatists could despise and rebuff the profane crowd are over; to-day they must have a mandate from public opinion. How far the American democracy has been informed in regard to Balkan questions is unknown to the writer, but he has reason to believe that it is more enlightened and more receptive of instruction than the British public, whose opinions have crystallized for four years under the narrowing influence of a one-sided literature and the control of a rigorous and not very intelligent censorship. It is only at the moment of writing that the restrictions which would prevent the dispatch of this article to the United States have been removed, — at the express request of President Wilson, — and to-day, more than two months since the cessation of hostilities in the Balkans and on the eve of the meeting of the

Peace Congress, British editors have received a special injunction 'to refrain from speculations as to, and discussions of, the probable terms of peace.'

It is precisely during this fateful interval between the cessation of hostilities and the adoption of decisions on which the future happiness of the world depends, that speculation and discussion, hitherto impossible, are especially desirable. Above all, the expression of expert opinion is peculiarly needed in regard to the intricate and dangerous Balkan question. Happily, it is not stifled in the United States. Knowledge is power, and American opinion, once it grasps the essential features of the problem with its characteristic acuteness and insight, may well prove a determining factor in the decisions of the Congress and prevent the perpetration of injustice and wrong. Some of these features have been distorted, others completely obliterated in the war-time literature of Western Europe, which has been disfigured by recklessness of statement partly due to bellicose enthusiasm and partly to partisanship, but still more to assured and prolonged immunity from criticism and exposure.

American opinion has scarcely, perhaps, been victimized to the same extent. What is needed for the formation of a sound judgment with regard to the Balkan question is (1) some knowledge of the main facts of its historic evolution, and (2) a fairly clear idea of the racial distribution in the Balkan Peninsula, which must form the basis of a just and permanent settlement. Furthermore, inasmuch as the Congress may be expected to constitute the ultimate Court of Appeal in regard to the charges and counter-charges of 'atrocities' and contraventions of international and common law freely brought against each other by the rival Balkan States, it is necessary in the interests of justice, not indeed to strike the 'bal-

ance of criminality,' for that would be impossible, but (3) to realize the stage of civilization which has been attained in the Balkans, and to judge the excesses which have been committed in the light of provocation received.

II

In regard to the three subjects of inquiry above suggested, a few indications may be furnished which, though necessarily brief, may prove useful at the present juncture. The modern history of the Balkan question may be said to begin with the Berlin Treaty which followed the Russo-Turkish war of 1877-1878. The war had resulted in the virtual extinction of Turkish domination in Europe, and had it been succeeded by a just repartition of territories in accordance with the principle of nationalities, the terrible racial struggles of the past half-century would have been avoided. After the cessation of hostilities Russia had exacted from Turkey, by the Treaty of San Stefano, the creation of a Bulgarian principality, including Macedonia, with frontiers practically coinciding with the limits of the race. That treaty has always been regarded by the Bulgarians as their national charter; all their subsequent efforts have aimed at its revival, and the date of its signature is kept as a national holiday. But the Powers, headed by Britain, Germany, and Austria, intervened; the Berlin Treaty followed; and the new Bulgarian state was subjected to a tripartite division: some two million Bulgars obtained national independence under Turkish suzerainty; nearly a million in Eastern Roumelia were given autonomy under a Turkish governor; while more than a million in Macedonia were handed back to the tender mercies of the Turks, receiving nothing but a promise of reforms, which was never fulfilled. The

mutilated Bulgarian principality was all but strangled at its birth; it began its career under the rule of a nephew of the Tsar, and to all appearance was destined to become a humble appanage of the Russian Empire. But the Bulgarians are a virile, courageous, laborious, and persevering race, and the story of how the slaves of yesterday shook off Russian tutelage, achieved union with their brethren in Eastern Roumelia, repulsed the treacherous attack of the Serbian King Milan, established a powerful organization in kindred Macedonia, denounced the suzerainty of Turkey, and, becoming the most powerful military state in the Peninsula, led the great crusade of the Balkan nations against Ottoman tyranny, is, perhaps, the most entrancing in the annals of modern Europe.

The maiming of Bulgaria was not the only crime committed by the Powers which dictated the Berlin Treaty. Bosnia and Herzegovina, the lawful inheritance of Serbia and Montenegro, were handed over to Austria, Greece was denied Crete, and Russia was allowed to annex Roumanian Bessarabia. The Armenians, like the Macedonian Bulgars, were put off with promises of reform. The concurrence of France in these deplorable arrangements was rewarded by an assurance of the reversion of Tunis; while Britain, by a separate compact with Turkey, obtained authorization to occupy Cyprus. Germany alone, satisfied by the humiliation of Russia, obtained no territorial advantage, Prince Bismarck, who openly declared that all the Christians of the Balkans were not worth the bones of a Pomeranian grenadier, playing the part of 'honest broker' in the complicated series of transactions.

The result of this bargaining away of the rights of weak and defenceless peoples was only such as might be expected. The mills of the gods grind

slowly, and not till 1903 did the Bulgarian population of Western Macedonia, after twenty-five years of intolerable suffering, raise the standard of revolt. The usual Turkish barbarities followed, and the scandal became such that the Powers were compelled to do something. The programme of reforms devised by Austria and Russia having proved a complete failure, Great Britain associated herself with the latter power in the preparation of a more drastic scheme. But this was rejected by Turkish chauvinism; the Young Turk revolution broke out, and, as in 1876, a 'Constitution' was promulgated, with the express object of thwarting foreign interference. Incredible as it may seem, the Powers expressed belief in the sincerity of Turkish intentions, and withdrawing their officials from Macedonia, left the hapless population to its fate. Allowed to work their own sweet will, the Young Turks, at that time the darlings of society and journalism in London and Paris, proceeded to carry out a revolting campaign of repression in Macedonia and Albania, with the object of finally extinguishing all national movements in the interests of 'Ottomanism.' The European press, largely under Jewish influence, maintained an indulgent silence, and the governments looked on without protest while the Young Turks chastised the subject races in both countries with scorpions. The cup was at last full, and the Christian populations, hitherto employed as scourges for each other by the consummate skill of the deposed Sultan, but now subjected to indiscriminate persecution by fanatical theorists and *sabreurs*, drew together under the influence of common sufferings. The dream of their friends, who had hoped against hope to unite them against the oppressor, became a reality.

The reconciliation, which began in Macedonia, spread to the courts and

cabinets of Sofia, Athens, and Belgrade, and in April, 1911, the first overtures were made from Athens to Sofia through the agency of the writer, suggesting a defensive alliance. Soon after, an arrangement was concluded between Bulgaria and Serbia. Great secrecy was maintained throughout; the Young Turks, in their blind confidence, failed to descry the danger, and in the autumn they found themselves at war with a Balkan League. A few weeks later the battle of Lulé Burgas sealed the doom of Turkish rule in Europe.

Unhappily the splendid achievement of the allies was dimmed by sordid disputes for the possession of the spoils. While the Bulgarian troops were still confronting the main Turkish army in Eastern Thrace, the Serbians and Greeks proceeded to 'peg out' claims in Macedonia and Western Thrace, and even to oust the small Bulgarian garrisons which remained in those regions, notwithstanding the principle of condominium established in the Serbo-Bulgarian compact. The Bulgarian priests and schoolmasters were persecuted, the schools closed, and the revolutionary leaders of the people arrested and punished as vagabonds and brigands.¹ The war of liberation rapidly degenerated into a war of conquest.

There was still a hope that a peaceful settlement between the allies might be attained when the Balkan Conference met in London in December, 1912. But the stars in their courses seemed to fight against the cause of concord. Everything depended upon whether a territorial arrangement could be arrived at by Greece and Bulgaria, whose respective claims had not yet been adjusted. The possession of Salonica was the real bone of contention; the seaport, which is mainly Turkish and Jewish, was claimed by Greece on the ground of

prior occupation, while Bulgaria based her case on the commercial necessities of Macedonia, which province had been left within her sphere of influence by her treaty with Serbia.

Had MM. Venizelos and Gueshoff, both men of reasonable and moderate views, been enabled to meet in London, the question would doubtless have been settled and the Second Balkan War averted. For without the armed support of Greece Serbia would never have taken the step which directly led to the rupture — the repudiation of her treaty with Bulgaria. By that treaty, which derived additional solemnity from the signatures of Kings Peter and Ferdinand, the minutest details of the territorial question between the two countries had been settled. But the departure of M. Gueshoff for London had been countermanded at the last moment by King Ferdinand, and M. Daneff, who took his place, rejected the moderate proposals of M. Venizelos. That statesman, recognizing the necessity of a commercial outlet for Macedonia, offered Kavala instead of Salonica to Bulgaria, and proposed a frontier extending from the Ægean Sea near Orfano to the southern extremity of Lake Okhrida. There can now scarcely be a doubt that the rejection of the offer was ordered from Sofia.

Had the Conference been allowed to continue its deliberations in peace, the question might have been arranged; for King George of Greece was in harmony with the moderate programme of his prime minister, and King Ferdinand, who was never averse to a deal, might have been induced to sacrifice Salonica, which, in conversation with the Queen of Greece, he had incautiously described as the 'Mecca of Bulgaria.' But the Young Turks once more threw everything into the melting-pot, and Enver Bey's *coup d'état* at Constantinople, ostensibly carried out with the object

¹ See the Report of the Carnegie Commission, pp. 50-56.

of saving Adrianople for Turkey, put an end to the discussions in London and entailed a renewal of the war. The delay in the negotiations gave time to Serbia and Greece to continue the process of forcible assimilation in the conquered regions, which exasperated Bulgaria, and destroyed all hope of a reconciliation.

A further complication was added by the demand now put forward by Roumania for a share in the spoils. In 1910 Roumania, then completely under the influence of Germany, made an offer of armed assistance to Turkey in case of a Balkan outbreak. When the outbreak came, she preferred to play the part of a disinterested spectator; at Bucharest, as at Berlin, a Turkish victory was anticipated. Having abstained from taking part in the war of liberation, she could not be admitted to the Conference, but a special delegate, M. Take Jonescu, was despatched to London, to demand a considerable slice of Bulgarian territory as the reward of Roumanian neutrality. M. Daneff treated this demand with a contempt which the sequel shows to have been unwise. At the time Bulgaria, surrounded by enemies avowed or concealed, would have done wisely to buy off one or more of her adversaries.

III

Shortly after the premature break-up of the Conference, Serbia, assured of the effective support of Roumania as well as of Greece, proceeded to take the step which led directly to the war between the allies — the denunciation of her treaty of alliance with Bulgaria. The treaty, which had been concluded under the auspices of Russia, was signed in February, 1912, some six months before the war. It was accompanied by a 'secret annex,' and a map which defined with the utmost clearness the ter-

ritorial settlement between the two nations in Macedonia. The region north of the Shar mountains, known as Old Serbia, was definitely assigned to Serbia; to the south, a region commonly known as the 'Contested Zone' was left for the arbitration of the Russian Emperor in case the contracting parties should fail to come to an agreement; beyond the southern boundary of this region, which included Uskub and Kumanovo, Serbia pledged herself to make no territorial claim. The arrangement, which implied a large abandonment of Bulgarian claims, was made alternative to the establishment of Macedonian autonomy, which the Bulgarians, conscious of a kindred majority in the country, had always insisted upon, while the Greeks and Serbians demanded partition. A distorted interpretation of the treaty, and even a false text, were now issued at Belgrade, while Bulgaria, in conformity with the obligation of secrecy, refrained from divulging its terms.

As the world remained unconvinced, Serbian diplomacy adopted a new standpoint, and the doctrine *rebus sic stantibus* was advanced, according to which treaties are valid only so long as circumstances remain unchanged — an elastic principle, which would vitiate any international compact almost as soon as it was concluded. (It is doubtful, in fact, whether M. Pashitch ever intended to be bound by the agreement with Bulgaria, as in September, 1912, before the outbreak of the war with Turkey, he addressed a secret circular to the Serbian representatives abroad, instructing them to advocate an extension of territory in Macedonia beyond the limits fixed by the treaty.)

Nothing could be more unedifying than these manoeuvres, which were carried out under the auspices of M. Hartwig, the Russian Minister at Belgrade, the principal author of the war between the Balkan allies. Serbia,

balked of her desire to extend her territory to the Adriatic, owing to the decision of the Powers to create an Albanian state, was now encouraged to apply to Russia for compensation in Macedonia by means of a complete revision, or rather abolition, of the treaty, which limited Russian arbitration to the 'Contested Zone.' All that can be said for Serbia in this matter is that it was natural that she should seek consolation in some direction for the extinction of her hopes in Albania; but it was equally natural that Bulgaria, which had conceded to her a considerable kindred population under the treaty, should decline to make further sacrifices in consequence of an event for which she was in no way responsible. Her rulers failed to see the dangers which gathered round them.

In the spring of 1913 the relations between the allies went from bad to worse. The Greeks, after the mysterious assassination of King George at Salonika, redoubled their aggressions in Macedonia under the chauvinistic rule of his successor, and brought about a situation scarcely differing from open war with Bulgaria. The Bulgarian troops were still confronting the Turks, and the Greeks made the most of their opportunity to strengthen their position in Macedonia. When, in April, representatives of the allies were brought to London to sign a treaty of peace with Turkey drawn up by Sir Edward Grey, the Greek and Serbian delegates protracted the discussions to such an extent that Sir Edward, whose patience was at last worn out, courteously suggested their departure from London.

The signature of the treaty enabled the Bulgarians to transfer their wearied and exhausted forces to the Macedonian front, where they found themselves opposed to Greek and Serbian troops who had enjoyed some eight months of comparative rest.

Meanwhile the Serbo-Bulgarian conflict over Russian arbitration grew daily more acute, and the vacillating attitude of the cabinet of Petrograd began to excite suspicion at Sofia. In reply to a somewhat minatory letter from the Tsar, — who endeavored to avert the scandal of a conflict between the two Slavonic nations by a personal appeal to their rulers, — King Ferdinand adopted an independent tone which gave great offense to the Russian court and practically sealed the doom of Bulgaria. Shortly afterwards Roumania was given to understand that her participation with Greece and Serbia in the chastisement of the refractory state would not be regarded as a heinous crime at Petrograd.

In acting thus, Russia unconsciously played into the hands of Austria and Germany, which aimed at the destruction of the Balkan League. But these were the days of autocracy, when the personal feelings of the Tsar counted for more than the will or the interests of the entire nation. The Germanophil clique at the Court, moreover, aimed at the estrangement of Bulgaria from Russia. The efforts of Austria to sow discord among the allies were unceasing, and were well known to the writer, who spent this momentous time in the Balkan capitals.

At last, on the 29th of June, General Savoff, the Austrophil commander-in-chief of the Bulgarian troops, acting without the knowledge of the Bulgarian government, issued an order to attack the Serbian and Greek armies. Two days later the order was revoked, the troops recalled, and the general dismissed — but in vain; the Greek and Serbian militarists, who had already decided on war, saw their chance, and the only result of the withdrawal of the troops was to give the enemy an initial advantage in the campaign that followed. A few days later, Roumania,

setting aside the award of the ambassadors at Petrograd, by which her claims to 'compensation' had been settled, and Turkey, tearing up the Treaty of London, the ink of which was scarcely dry, fell upon Bulgaria from the north and east. The culprit state was crushed, and in the first week of August the delegates and military officers of the victorious allies assembled at Bucharest for the division of the spoil.

The so-called treaty, which was now drawn up in hot haste for fear of the intervention of the Powers, was in reality nothing more than a drum-head truce, and was so described by King Carol, one of the principal beneficiaries under its provisions. According to the Carnegie Commission it recorded 'the illegitimate pretensions of victorious nationalities'; according to Mr. Asquith, it has been the especial source of continued discord in the Balkans. 'The Treaty of Bucharest is founded on the ruins of violated contracts; it stands on the flimsy substructure of torn-up "scraps of paper." It has not been recognized by any of the Powers, and, therefore, cannot be regarded as a legitimate substitute for previous arrangements which they have drawn up or sanctioned. It presents a series of grotesque frontiers, traced on vindictive lines, in violation of the principle of nationalities and in defiance of economic laws. It has condemned more than a million unhappy beings to conditions of existence which cause them to regret the rule of the Turks.'¹ The acquiescence of the Bulgarian delegates was extorted by a threat of immediate occupation of Sofia by Roumanian troops.

It is quite unnecessary to criticize the terms of this scandalous compact, which will doubtless be set aside *in toto* by the coming Congress. The treaty, by creating a permanent breach between the Slavonic races of the Bal-

kans, favored the aggressive designs of the Teutonic powers in the Near East. Its signature was hailed with enthusiasm by the Emperor William, who alone of European sovereigns accorded it his recognition,² and was followed almost immediately by a proposal made by Austria to Italy, to derive profit from the real situation by a joint attack on Serbia. In fact, Serbia had been weakened rather than strengthened by the incorporation of a large alien population, and, as events soon showed, by the vengeful hostility of her humiliated neighbor.

Although the Western Powers, and especially Great Britain, were responsible for the Treaty of London, not a finger was lifted on any side to prevent its violation. The danger to peace was alleged as an excuse for inaction: we have seen how peace was preserved. A little later, after the outbreak of the Great War and the adherence of Turkey to the Central Powers, the importance of Bulgaria's geographical position came to be recognized in London and Paris, and half-hearted offers were made to remedy her wrongs in Macedonia. But the Western Powers were deterred from their endeavor by the absolute refusal of the Serbian military chiefs to yield an inch of the occupied territory. The chauvinists thus prepared the catastrophe which very soon overtook their country. Meanwhile Germany has-

² See the congratulatory telegrams exchanged between the Kaiser and King Carol immediately after the signature. During the negotiations the Kaiser 'fought like a tiger' to secure Kavala for his brother-in-law, King Constantine, on whose aid he could count. The belief of M. André Chéradame (*The Pan-German Plot Unmasked*, pp. 29-31), that he was lashed into boundless fury by what took place at Bucharest, is erroneous. M. Chéradame is also mistaken in supposing that Sofia was at this time under German influence. As late as April, 1915, Bulgaria offered to place all her military and naval forces at the disposal of the Entente, in return for certain concessions in Macedonia. — THE AUTHOR.

¹ *Quarterly Review*, April, 1915.

tened to offer all Macedonia to Bulgaria, and to threaten her with the fate of Belgium in case of refusal. 'Woe to him who resists my destructive sword,' wrote the Kaiser to his sister, the Queen of Greece; and the same threat was conveyed to King Ferdinand through the Grand Duke Johann of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, a cousin of Queen Éléonore, who quartered himself in the palace at Sofia for several weeks in the summer of 1915, and never left until he had extracted a pledge of alliance from King Ferdinand. This took place, according to the certain information of the writer, at the end of August, 1915.

King Ferdinand's decision, which was not in accordance with the general sentiment in Bulgaria, was due more to the fear of German vengeance, against which he saw no protection, than to belief in German promises. Had the Western Powers sent their troops to Macedonia — as they were advised to do — some six months sooner, they would have obtained the coöperation of Bulgaria, of which they had a definite offer in the spring. Bulgaria, which had borne the brunt of the war against Turkey and had suffered greater losses than all her allies put together, could not be blamed if she expected to receive her stipulated reward in kindred Macedonia, which had been guaranteed to her by a solemn treaty. But the Western Powers failed to procure her adequate reparation from Serbia or to offer her adequate protection against Germany. Had they secured the adhesion of Bulgaria, Roumania would at once, as M. Bratiano stated to the writer at the time, have taken up arms on their side; the forces of the three Balkan states, over a million men, could have been ranged on the Danube front, Serbia would have been saved, Turkey isolated, and all the disasters which followed, both in the Balkans and in Asia Minor, would have been averted.

IV

The Western Powers may or may not realize how largely they have been responsible for the fiasco in the Balkans and the consequent protraction of the war, but America will possess a clearer vision. She need not adjudge the blame, but she will see to it that no Balkan state shall be allowed to suffer permanent injury in consequence of the errors of others, or of the unjust denunciations of predatory rivals. An equitable, and therefore permanent, settlement can be arrived at only on the basis of a just repartition of territories in accordance with the principle of nationalities; if anything is to be learned from the sad history of the past it is this — that no Balkan nation or considerable fragment of a Balkan nation must be left under the rule of another. The legitimate aspirations of all the Balkan States, as Sir Edward Grey has pointed out in the House of Commons, must find satisfaction; there can be no ignoring of the rights of any of them, even of the smallest and weakest. 'The settlement must be just and free from any taint of vindictiveness; it must be imposed from above, and maintained under penalties, perhaps even *manu militari*, for a certain time, until the military and chauvinistic elements have been brought to reason, which have so often stifled the voice of good sense and overborne the wishes of the majority in those states.'¹

If we are bent mainly on rewarding our friends and punishing our enemies, we may at once abandon all hope of effecting a settlement in the Balkans. Militarism and chauvinism, the root of all evil in these regions, must at the outset be dealt with firmly; but, together with the bitterness engendered by the war, they will subside under

¹ See 'The Final Settlement in the Balkans,' in the *Quarterly Review* for October, 1917.

the working of an equitable arrangement. The old racial animosities, due partly to diversity of temperament and character, partly to antagonism of interests, will not disappear so quickly; but it is encouraging to remember that, at the time of the formation of the Balkan League, they showed a marvelous and, indeed, miraculous capacity for mitigation. The worst characteristics of each nation — the malicious mendacity and intrigue of the Greeks, the obstinate stupidity of the Bulgarians, the maudlin self-laudation of the Serbians — reappeared during the fratricidal war, and will continue to display themselves unless the powers undertake the education of these wayward children for a season, and provide them with an atmosphere in which their better qualities can grow and thrive.

When each of these nations receives its legitimate national expansion, they will cease to prey on each other, and devote themselves to the development of the great national inheritance to which they are severally entitled. Irredentism and, we may hope, militarism, will disappear forever. The repartition of the peninsula cannot be carried out successfully without a careful study of its ethnography, on which, in the main, it must be based, though natural features and economic and commercial considerations must also be taken into account in certain cases, the latter especially in the allocation of seaports; no state should be left without adequate and unrestricted communication with the sea. Strategic considerations, which figured so largely in the Treaty of Bucharest, may practically be ruled out of court.

For the racial distribution, the best information will be found in the works of impartial and authoritative travelers, many of whom wrote before the period of controversy, and of investigators who have made a study of the cus-

toms, languages, and dialects of the populations for scientific purposes.¹

It is impossible to discuss ethnological claims within the limits of this article. Broadly speaking, Roumania is entitled to Bessarabia, Transylvania, the Banat (except perhaps the county of Torontal), and part of Bukovina; Bulgaria, to Macedonia south of the Shar range, to a considerable part of Eastern Thrace, and (for commercial reasons) to Kavala, and to the greater part of the Dobrudja; Serbia should be included in a large state or confederacy comprising the Croat and Slovene elements which were formerly subject to the Hapsburg monarchy, and should be accorded an extensive seaboard on the Adriatic. Montenegro — should she prefer independence to inclusion in this state — should obtain a reasonable share of Herzegovina, and the ports of Cattaro and Ragusa. Albania should enjoy the limits already assigned to her by Europe, including her natural seaports, and should receive a slight extension to the northwest. The Greeks, always a maritime race, should receive their legitimate expansion in the islands of the Levant (including the Dodecanese and Cyprus), together with a liberal slice of Asia Minor.

The intrusion of Italy into the Peninsula is to be deplored, not only on ethnical grounds, but because Serbia, if balked of her legitimate claims on the Adriatic, will, as in 1913, put forward

¹ Among these, as regards Macedonia, may be mentioned Leake, Ami Boué, Cyprien Robert, Lejean, Tozer, Cousinéry Mackenzie and Irby, Hahn, Niederle, Jireček, Louis Leger, Oblak, and Weigand; Victor Bérard, Evans, Chirol, Léon Lamouche (a very competent expert), and Brailsford should also be consulted. Europeans and Americans, official and unofficial, who have spent years in the interior can give valuable information on the racial question. The ethnological map of Kiepert (a travesty of this map, issued under Greek auspices in London, is to be avoided), recognized as authoritative at the Berlin Congress, is still of great value. — THE AUTHOR.

illegitimate pretensions to Macedonia. Italy's claims to dominate the Adriatic lose cogency with the downfall of Austrian naval power. If she must keep Valona, its limits should not exceed those of Gibraltar.

The right of Bulgaria to Macedonia is undeniable: it is confirmed by clear historical evidence, by the authoritative writers mentioned above and a host of others, by the Americans and other foreigners who have spent their lives in contact with the people, and by a number of Turkish and international documents, such as the Firman creating the Exarchate, the Reform Scheme of the European Conference of 1876, the Treaty of San Stefano, and the Murzsteg Programme, which excluded the outlying Serbian and Greek districts from its area. No Greek can deny that the Greek Emperor Basil II, who put out the eyes of 15,000 Macedonians, assumed the title of *Bulgaroktónos* ('Bulgarian-slayer');¹ no Serbian, by officially altering the name, can conceal the fact that the right branch of the Morava has been called 'Bulgarska' from time immemorial.

Finally, if the Congress is to assume or confer judicial powers in regard to offenses committed during the war, the greatest care must be taken to avoid the perpetration of a dire injustice in the case of any of the Balkan peoples. The standard of civilization in the Balkans is not that of Central Europe, and Bulgars, Serbs, and Greeks who murder and torture one another should not be placed in the same category as those representatives of *Kultur* who shot Miss Cavell and Captain Fryatt. Apart from the question of international law, it is doubtful whether any real improvement in the level of the world's

morality would be effected by instituting judicial proceedings against the Emperor William and his subordinates, who have resorted to frightfulness 'with the humane object of shortening the war'; but it is certain that nothing but harm could result from an attempt to satisfy justice by means of judicial proceedings in the Balkans. The sad history of the Balkan races must not be forgotten. Since the days of 'Bulgaroktónos,' and long before them, Greeks, Bulgarians, and Serbians have slaughtered one another without mercy. Only recently, — in the case of the Bulgarians, within living memory, — have these races emerged from the night of Turkish tyranny, the Greeks alone with a vestige of ancient civilization which unhappily has not prevented them from pursuing 'their methods of assimilation and extermination with more system and less humanitarian sentiment' than their Serbian allies.

The important, careful, and impartial report of the Carnegie Commission should be in the hands of the members of the Congress, and, indeed, of everyone who desires to form a just opinion with regard to Balkan criminality. The Commission helped to expose in some degree the mendacity of the press campaign of 1913, conducted at a moment when the Bulgarians were cut off by their enemies from communication with Western Europe; and a renewal of its labors is desirable at the present juncture, when the circumstances are somewhat similar. A thoroughly impartial inquiry into the crimes committed on all sides should first take place, and, if trials there must be, all Balkan offenders alike should be impartially judged by neutral tribunals. A one-sided execution of justice will savor of vindictiveness and will fail to meet the approbation of the outer world or of the future historian.

¹ The title has been rather illogically revived for King Constantine by his troops and the populace of Athens. — THE AUTHOR.

BOLSHEVISM: A LIBERAL VIEW

BY HERBERT WILTON STANLEY

I

'We have defeated Autocracy,' said one of our New York dailies recently; 'now we must turn and destroy Bolshevism.' Other organs of Liberalism took up the echo. It was a challenge to a new war.

But we are startled only by its suddenness. For the proposal is not fanciful. It is an inevitable conflict, stirring even now in the depths of every nation's social life. We hear its rumbles in Great Britain's labor congresses. It rose insistently in the recent conference of the French Unified Socialists. In Germany it has already become a precipice which blasts asunder the hope of an orderly democratization. It broods over Austria and Italy like a whispered menace of the inevitable — sullen, silent, armed camps, waiting for the Day. And in Russia it has already created a cataclysm which is irreparable. Even in the United States we have our Bolsheviks, and they may be heard scoffing Liberalism on the streets of New York, in the mining-camps of Montana and Arizona, in the timber-belt of the Northwest, and down along the Pacific Coast. The conflict is not theoretical: it is already world-wide.

It comes to us unwelcomely, this new war. With superhuman endeavor we had crushed the German beast. Victory brought with it a mood of sweetness and complacency, and a yearning for lasting peace. And then the horizon suddenly flared with this new menace, and peace now seems far away. It is

only now that we are beginning to realize our blindness to Bolshevism: that through the long months of the war it has been brewing insidiously; that its weeds have been springing up like a rank growth out of the gangrene of militarism; that it fed upon our mistakes and fattened, raven-like, in the devastation of the world-conflict. And so it has swooped upon us and caught us numb and unaware.

Now comes the new duty — to appraise this social foe, to study its unfamiliar language, to seek to understand it. For it is writing the issues of the future.

Upon the very threshold the task becomes formidable. We are halted by a sense of strangeness and unfamiliarity. Liberalism we know and Autocracy we know. They express the dual cleavage of social philosophy which has been bequeathed to us by the Middle Ages. Our minds are schooled to reason and classify in the terms of this cleavage. History has taught us to believe that Liberalism and Autocracy are the two polarities of social thought, roughly blocking off between them the whole domain of man's political concepts. That the silver thread of meaning which has enlightened all history was the ascending march of Liberalism toward world-power. Universal Liberalism became for us a sort of Utopia, the goal of social evolution, admitting no beyond. Fatuously, perhaps, we trusted through the long months of the Great War that the downfall of German Autocracy would bring us to the goal; that the rule

of Liberalism would then become world-wide and unchallenged.

Bolshevism shatters that dream. With the fall of Autocracy came this new opponent, raucous-voiced and crude, — a Caliban of politics, — challenging Liberalism to a new war; rallying to its cause all the sinister hosts of opposition.

To visualize the contrast between Liberalism and its new foe, we must disabuse our minds of many misconceptions. Bolshevism has suffered the fate of all new creeds — the fate of wilful journalistic distortion. Instead of a social philosophy, it has been presented as a reincarnated pirate. It has been made a term to terrify the hysterical.

Let us make it plain. Bolshevism is neither anarchy nor autocracy. It is not a spawn of Kaiserism. It is not a Camorra of pillagers and criminals. It is not a junta of political adventurers. These it has been called in the heat of hatred, but it would be puerile self-deception to delude ourselves with such concepts.

Nor, on the other hand, is it Socialism, or Anarchism, or Syndicalism. It falls into none of the glib moulds of previous revolutionary groupings. True, many Socialists are Bolsheviks, also Anarchists and Syndicalists. But in Bolshevism they find resemblance, not identity. Bolshevism is broader than any of these.

In meeting Bolshevism, we find that Liberalism, also, passes through a sort of amplification. The Liberalism which contrasted itself with Autocracy is enhanced by new allies when it turns to combat Bolshevism. Old enemies vault to the Liberal side when the issue shifts to the class war. Thus, for the purposes of the present, we find the titled aristocracy and the economic aristocracy marching with the Liberals; and on the other extreme, we find the John Spargos of Socialism and the Benjamin R. Tuckers of Anarchism swinging stiffly

into the Liberal squadrons. It is in the terms of this broader Liberalism that we must paint our contrast, throughout.

Completeness we cannot hope to attain. Through the very heart of social thought the chasm gapes, and one must repeat all the categories of theory, even to approach finality. Each category will reveal the fathomless gulf of contrast. The roads of Liberalism and Bolshevism never meet, and each survey must mark them further apart. For brevity, then, we will compare them in the light of three major problems of the day: the problem of Democracy; the problem of Social Evolution; and the problem of Internationalism. Upon each of these we may read the contrast. Bolshevism will then become explicable.

II

The central principle of Bolshevism is proletarianism. It would reorganize life upon the basis of the class-control of the proletariat. It would level all social classes into one. It would give to this class supreme power.

In this, Bolshevism differs sharply from Liberalism. For proletarianism is nothing else but equalitarianism. Liberals believe in Democracy, but not in equality. Bolsheviks seek equality, but not Democracy. In this paradox lies the key to the distinction.

Proletarianism is the foe of Democracy. Upon the principle of Democracy, Liberalism and Bolshevism draw their sharpest contrast. It is the root-distinction. The old gap between Autocracy and Liberalism was but a step in comparison. To resolve Autocracy into Liberalism, we needed but to shift the mechanism of government; but to pass from Liberalism to Bolshevism, we must reintegrate all the strata of social life.

Minds trained in democracy cannot at first catch the Bolshevik standpoint: it is remote and elusive, for it eliminates

the duality of our social life. Hitherto, social effort has run in two parallel moulds — the political and the economic. It was thus that life divided itself. Politics we regarded as a thing apart from the industrial world; principles which obtained in politics were reversed in industry. Only in minor problems did government intrench upon economic life. We felt an intuitive distinction, and all of our institutions have sought to deepen it. There was a world of politics and a world of business. We abandoned one when we entered the other.

Such has been the traditional Liberal point of view, although modifications have begun to soften the contrast. Bolshevism reverses this point of view. From the standpoint of the present State, Bolsheviks are anti-Statists, for they would build a state which would be economic as well as political; economic life under Bolshevism would cease to be an institution inseparable from politics; on the contrary, politics would be merged into the economic system. The pivot of political action would shift: it would pass from Parliament to the factory, and the State would transmute itself into a great executive committee in a world of super-industrial unions; or, in other words, the State, as it exists to-day, would perish; in its place would be substituted an economic hierarchy of industrial committees.

The nearest American counterpart to Bolshevism would be the I.W.W. To conceive a Bolshevik world, we must visualize a world draped around the wheels of coördinate industrial unions. To rule in such a world, one must be a worker — a proletarian; to vote in such a world, one must be a proletarian; even to live in such a world, one must be a proletarian. In such a world there would be no political state; in its place would rise an industrial democracy.

Thus, claim the Bolsheviks, their goal

also is democracy. But note the distinction. To the Bolshevik there can be no Democracy except among equals; there can be no equality politically while there is inequality industrially. They would solve the dilemma by leveling all economic distinctions, by rolling all economic classes into one — the proletarian. When all are thus equalized economically, Democracy automatically restores itself.

But, for the present, the fight of the Bolsheviks is essentially a fight against Democracy. Seekers of industrial Democracy, they scorn political Democracy. Society, they assert, is composed of three economic classes — the plutocrats, the bourgeoisie, and the proletariat. The programme of Bolshevism is a dictatorship of the proletariat; that is, that the proletariat should arbitrarily seize the political power, disfranchise the bourgeoisie and the plutocrats, and then proceed to create a new industrial system in which their unfortunate rivals will be utterly obliterated. They would ruthlessly extirpate all minorities. The end would justify the means, and for their victory, worlds must be in travail. The enormity of the Bolshevik threat looms up on us; it rocks the foundations of the world.

From Aristocracy to Liberalism was but a step in contrast to this plunge into the abysmal. For Aristocracy, like Liberalism, arrogated no more than political powers; its domain was bounded by the State; economic life, at least, remained unravaged; and even the maddest tyrants never sought to quell the opposition of minorities by blotting out an entire class: only the fanaticism of Utopia could project such a programme.

In contrast to the Bolsheviks, Liberalism offers a sane and rationalized ideal. Liberalism has its Utopias too, and it has dreamed of equality as well as they. But Liberalism represents a maturer social mood.

Change, agrees the Liberal, is the condition of our social health, but change need not be Bolshevism. For, in the latter case, the change would be more fatal than the condition. A wild riot of passion, — a chaos of social incendiarism, — such would be the brief day of Bolshevism, followed by the cold, gray morning of reaction. In contrast to such, Liberalism offers a programme of rationalized change. It rejects the blind blundering of revolution; it substitutes the reasoned mechanisms of evolution.

And here again we find the Bolshevik and the Liberal irreconcilably apart; for this is the most fundamental of cleavages. In all social thinking these two grooves appear, the revolutionary and the evolutionary. It is a contrast of temperaments. Even science knows the cleavage, and biological, geological, and psychological theories are battled out in the spirit of this twofold division. The cataclysmic school of geologists, the cult of De Vries in biology, are but the counterparts in the world of science to the Bolsheviks in the world of politics.

The revolutionist is obsessed with the spirit of immediacy. He blinds himself to the realization that progress is a process of slow accretions; that society moves upward only by building on the endowments of the past; that change is synonymous with progress only to the extent that it conserves the gains which have been achieved in the illimitable corridors of life's yesterdays. Scorning these truths, he becomes an iconoclast. He hurls down the barriers of ordered life in order that he may snatch beyond them at some glittering Utopia. And when the Utopia eludes him, he finds, too late, that his shelters of retreat are also lost. The revolutionist is a social child, wandering forever in quest of the pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow. Though beside him lie treasure-houses

of silver, he knows only the lure of the gold.

Such is the Bolshevik. Not so the Liberal. Liberalism represents the scientific spirit in politics. Its goal is also a millennium, but it journeys there by an evolutionary route. Progress, in the lexicon of Liberalism, is a process of accumulation; it proceeds slowly but unendingly. We may not find the gold to-day, but we shall not pettishly scorn the silver. And so, by compromise and bargainings, by peaceful penetrations and step-at-a-time reforms, Liberalism moves its tortuous but onward course. Battling ever for something higher, it never risks the loss of what it has already won. Its progress, therefore, is real; its victories are for all time.

In the terms of evolution and revolution, then, Bolshevism and Liberalism cut themselves in cameo-clearness. We perceive that Bolshevism is not so new, not so different, after all: that it is merely the reincarnation of a social force as old as history — a force which, through the ages, has doomed the ordered progress of the race. For Bolshevism is the mood of childhood expressed in politics. It has all of childhood's fugitive ideologies and love of pageantry and lurid, surging life; all the impetuosity of childhood's will to power. Always Liberalism has rocked before the onslaughts of this spirit of revolution. Bolshevism is but its latest voice.

And so, as historic forces, Liberalism and Bolshevism challenge each other to-day. A world is to be reconstructed. A new social mansion is to be reared. Which shall be the architect, evolution and its certainties, or revolution with its vague, ineffable dreams? The future of history waits upon the answer.

III

And then we reach the third contrast — the most vivid of the moment;

at the coming Congress of Paris it will flare up in lurid spectacularity. It is the contrast between Nationalism and Internationalism. And here again the Liberal and the Bolshevik are pitted on opposing sides.

All idealists dream of Internationalism. Unfortunately, we approach it by different avenues. To the Bolshevik, naturally, Internationalism demands a doing of further impossibilities. Dreaming of a day when the race will be a universal family, it refuses to recognize the impedimenta which lie between us and that goal. To the Bolshevik, Nationalism and its age-long yearning for self-expression — Nationalism and race-culture, Nationalism and race-religion, all that vast domain of virile loyalties — are but bagatelles and myths. Bolshevism would hurl them all into the cauldron. The fine tints of racial variation would melt into the murky drabness of a mongrel Internationalism.

Were this dream possible, it would be, indeed, calamitous. But the menace becomes an absurdity upon a moment of thought. Like all other projects of Bolshevism, it reveals the naïveté of the Utopist.

For Internationalism has no meaning apart from a coördinate Nationalism. We seek Internationalism in order that we may be secure in the preservation of Nationalism. All the momentum which has gathered behind the Internationalist movement proceeds from Nationalistic impulses. To win through to a Nationalistic-Internationalism, we have allowed ourselves to be maimed, starved, and slaughtered for four years of awful war. Nationalism was the light which sustained us. Nationalism emerges from the conflict upon the very historic crest of its prestige; and, with fatuous fanaticism, the Bolshevik defies it in this moment of its power.

The Bolshevik programme is bald. The proletariat of all nations are broth-

ers, say they; therefore, let us abolish nations by decreeing an international civil war. Let us abolish the perpendicular groupings of the world; let us replace them by lateral, horizontal strata. National *Kultur* is but the fad of the leisure classes. Let us obliterate these classes and their *Kultur* will vanish with them. Let us establish an Internationalism in which there shall be no nations.

To this, Liberalism must reply that, in destroying the culture of the races, we would destroy the very vehicle of progress. Life is to be measured by more than quantity, our economic determinists to the contrary notwithstanding. The only meaning of life's riddle is found in the struggle of culture to widen the circumference of thought and mood. They who would destroy culture and the cultured classes, would vandalize the sole hope of the ages.

And culture has ever expressed itself in Nationalistic garb. It is peculiarly localistic, and it finds intensity only to the extent that it finds isolation. The *flair* of unseen, hidden worlds comes in the cottage — not in the cosmopolis. Nationalism, culturally considered, seeks to allow expression to every localistic school; it gives encouragement to each minority of thought; it encourages the growth of social genius by sowing the seeds of variation; it realizes that uniformity leads to stagnant waste: only through variation can new worlds be brought forth.

And Nationalism has always been the spur to culture. The dreams of the politically enslaved have always been Nationalist dreams. It is a primitive emotion — this of Nationalism; an immitigable urge; a social home-lure. Ireland, Italy, Serbia, mountain-bound Switzerland, and Uranian Finland — these are but flashes of that tenacity of racial culture under the goad of foreign thralldom. Like Liberty, Nationalism is a universal thirst.

Bolshevism, with its weltering Internationalism, would obliterate such culture. And, in so doing, it would trample down the seedlings of social growth. It would warp the universe into a pattern. For the idolatry of culture it would substitute the idolatry of the stomach.

Liberalism seeks a Nationalism which shall be without wars; Bolshevism is an Internationalism which would carry a class-war into every nation and village. Liberalism seeks to build a Federation of Nations, reared upon reason and understanding, subserving the interests of all by conserving the interests of each. Bolshevism would build an international *imperium* of proletarianism, blotting out the social energies of Nationalism, quenching every culture but its own. Liberalism would broaden life by narrowing its units; Bolshevism would narrow life by making it too broad.

And thus again, upon the problem of Nationalism, Bolshevism and Liberalism are truceless foes. The Great War etched the contrast. Liberals gladly died that Nationalism might be conserved. Bolsheviks joined the enemy because Internationalism adumbrated their reason. And the struggle still goes on.

Thus the contrast might be continued. The chasm which we have uncovered stretches illimitably. Just as we find Bolshevism seeking (1) Proletarianism in place of Democracy, (2) Revolution in place of Evolution, (3) Internationalism in place of Nationalism, so, upon every social problem, Liberals and Bolsheviks are juxtaposed. Thus we find the struggle reasserted in the battle of Idealism against Materialism, Determinism against Free-will, Individualism against the Commune. Points in common may sometimes interlock, but the variance persists.

So we at last begin to apprehend the extent of our problem. The trial of contrast which we found in politics leads us through all the polarities of life. We discover that the chasm is psychic; that it is universal; that it is of all times and peoples; that Liberalism and Bolshevism are new names for old opposites; and that the battle which they have now begun is but a new clash in an old series. And so we relegate the problem from politics to history.

The outcome of the present battle may be uncertain; but the ultimate victor is assured. Life has always had its centrifugal as well as its centripetal forces. At times the revolutionist has won ascendancy and has struck tangents away from the ordered path of progress. But eventually he blunders back, and evolution again grinds forward, altered only in the time which the revolutionist has forced it to squander. And though the trails of theory may be many, the trails of action all return to evolution. Liberalism, then, is the inevitable final victor.

For the present, it is futile to prophesy. The disconcerting danger in Bolshevism is the danger of uncertainty. For Bolshevism is an emotional explosive and it performs miracles. It is irrational, therefore super-rational; it is adolescent and filled with the dreams of destiny. So we watch it with wondering eyes; and though, with all the better integrated minds of the age, we may rally to the Liberalist ranks, we may be pardoned if we see in Bolshevism something greater than our Liberal journalists have told us we should see: a foe as old as human progress, yet as young as human dreams; a foe whom Liberalism may take pride to conquer — the eternal anarchy of Revolution.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

TEN CENTURIES OF THE UPLIFT

PERHAPS the most important factor in the making of our thirtieth-century civilization was the exclusion, in the year 2473, of all men from the privileges of the ballot and other forms of participation in politics. They had long since given up the 'Men's Rights' superstition which had been the underlying cause of so much horror and carnage in the Male Ages. And it was believed that, while participation in affairs tended certainly to coarsen their moral fibre and to distract their attention from their natural spheres of action, — the home, the church, and the fine arts, — their presence in politics could not but act as a clog upon the wheels of progress. This was seen in its true light as the necessary result of man's unavoidable, and indeed desirable, ignorance — or shall we say innocence? — of the sordid realities of public life.

This is not the time, after more than five centuries of exclusively feminine rule, to indulge in ungenerous comparisons of our civilization with the man-made barbarism of old. The recent destruction by governmental order of all historic documents, relics, monuments, and books of that ancient world was an act dictated by true delicacy of feeling. In another generation there will remain scarcely a tradition of the Age of Force for our modern sex-jealousy to feed upon. But it should be remembered to the eternal credit of our noble brothers and husbands that their disfranchisement was due to their own clear-sighted acknowledgment of their unfitness for public affairs, as expressed in their own free and independent vote.

Long before this there had occurred an event of almost equal importance, which cannot be considered independently of the removal of men from politics. The proclamation of world-wide prohibition in the closing decade of the twenty-second century amounted to a declaration once and for all of every woman's right to legislate for her neighbor and to determine by the ballot precisely what she shall and shall not drink, eat, smoke, wear, and do. From that enactment, therefore, we date our modern era of Domestic Interference. For the first time in human history, it clearly enunciated the supreme moral and political doctrine of the modern world, namely, the duty of every individual to interfere in the private affairs of others.

To these two factors, chiefly, we must attribute the immense increase of legislation which is so characteristic of our age. To the final elimination of the male mind from politics we owe the gradual atrophy of the judicial and executive functions of government, which were necessary enough, no doubt, in the ruder epochs of the past, but which are now regarded as curious relics of an outgrown barbarism. The ugly and distressingly brutal phases of the ancient system of police have also been softened away, although squads of policemen are still maintained by our great cities for the same reason which actuates the state in its support of a standing army, that is, for the sake of the spectacular effect of large masses of beautifully developed men in uniform.

Out of the wreckage of the Male Ages we have saved one principle, crude, unformed, and misunderstood

though it was when it came to us. Incredible as it may seem, the principle of freedom of speech was once interpreted to mean the freedom of the press! In the words of an ancient man-writer, 'We have changed all that.' But there must always be for us something wistfully pathetic in the thought that ages ago, in a blind and fumbling way, man laid for the modern woman the very corner-stone of her independence, namely, the God-given right to speak as she pleases about her neighbor.

The immense saving to the state in this elimination of costly governmental machinery has made possible a corresponding extension, in accordance with the spirit of our Age of Sympathy, in the field of philanthropic legislation. Only a few instances need be cited. The large state bonus for maternity has raised motherhood from the level of a despised and unpopular trade to that of an honored and overcrowded profession. The Fund for Indigent Poets publishes many thousands of volumes per year, although this fund is not supported by the State but by the Novelists' Union. The Schoolteachers' Retirement Fund has been made available for all men who have served in our public schools or kindergartens for three years. Respectable poverty has become one of the most lucrative forms of business activity. The prodigal waste and display in our clubs for Retired Mendicants and Voluntary Cripples has led, in some instances, to public protest. Prison-Reform, financed and supervised by the state, has progressed to a point where many of the larger penitentiaries can boast of long waiting-lists, composed of our wealthiest and most celebrated criminals.

It will be seen that the keynote of our thirtieth-century civilization is altruistic interference. Each of us has come to realize as never before that

she is indeed her sister's keeper. Our solicitude for the welfare of others extends to the minutest details of daily life and expresses itself in the making of what were called, in the ages of license and individualism, 'sumptuary laws.' This term, once used in a derogatory sense, is now seen to cover nearly all the laws that are really worth making. For it is a safe generalization that the modern stateswoman is not interested in the purely abstract and materialistic questions of commerce, jurisprudence, and international relations. Her interest is in things much closer to the real life of womankind — in what she eats and wears, and in all that touches the daily life of the 'woman in the street.' There was a time, doubtless, when these things would have been considered in the same light in which we now regard the so-called 'Ten Commandments,'¹ that is, as a matter of taste and individual caprice. But to-day they are seen to be of paramount importance. They are highly representative of our modern spirit, and show, as the husband of Anne Hathaway would say, 'the very age and body of the time, its form and pressure.'

It may be noted in passing that these reforms operated powerfully among the male voters of the time to induce a growing apathy toward politics. It was as if no small part of their political enthusiasm had been alcoholic in origin, and as if their presence at the polls had been made possible only by the cylindrical rolls of tobacco-leaf which were distributed, like the modern bon-bon, at election time. Thus one reform led to another, and the Uplift grew like a snowball.

There had existed for many centuries

¹A curious but obscure ethical code delivered in very ancient times to men. Elaborate research has not discovered a single epoch in which the validity of this strange ethical scheme was generally accepted among women.

a few dietetic idealists who denied themselves the use of animal foods. Their reasons for this were more considerable than their numbers, ranging from neurasthenia and dyspepsia to poverty and lack of teeth. These now seized their opportunity, with all the fervor of religious enthusiasm. They adopted as their rallying cry and battle-chant the noble words which have served so well in many a more recent campaign: —

How can others dare to do
The things we do not care to do!

They had behind them the entire impetus of the reform movement. They climbed up the rising wave of tenderness and sympathy, and this finally swept them on to victory in our legislative halls. The entire civilized world had soon pronounced illegal the use of animal foods in any form.

A large body of vaporizing theorists — the tradition that there was a woman among them is certainly ill-founded — advanced at this time the absurd argument that we ought, in the interests of consistency, to prohibit the use of animal products in dress as well as in food, and especially the employment by our male milliners of birds' plumage in the decoration of hats. It goes without saying that this pedantic and ill-willed objection was self-condemned by its invocation of so antiquated and outworn a principle as consistency. By the most lenient interpretation, the contention was merely frivolous; and even in those remote periods, a flippant treatment of the theme of Dress was looked upon as little short of sacrilege.

After the enactment of the Vegetarian Laws, we lived for centuries unaware of the agony and suffering upon which we sustained our lives. For many years it had been felt that we had thwarted the natural destiny of the grains and edible plants by subjecting them to cul-

tivation, and that as soon as it became possible to sustain human life by other means, we should allow them to return to the condition of nature. It was barely three centuries ago that science finally demonstrated the sentient, conscious life of vegetables. It need not be said that, immediately after the announcement of this heart-rending discovery, laws prohibiting vegetable diet were promulgated almost simultaneously throughout the world.

The final success of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Minerals is within the memory of living woman, as is also the discovery of the process of extracting nourishment from the atmosphere. Throughout the lives of most of us we have been restricted to a purely atmospheric diet. The exceptions to this statement are perhaps worthy of mention. It has been found impossible to release from servitude the plants which provide us with sugar, tea, and chocolate, for the bon-bon and the 'cup that cheers' have become the very corner-stones, so to speak, of the body politic, although they were scornfully rejected by the builders. Certain plants are still subjected to cruel tortures in the preparation of cosmetics. No substitute has been found for cotton, linen, or wool, and the silk-worm is still in bondage. If consistency conflicts with our religion, so much the worse for consistency!

It has been a long climb from the cave-man of old, rending and swallowing huge collops of raw flesh, to the ethereal, air-fed public woman of the Age of Sympathy. Centuries ago, in the darkness of time, in the age of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, there lived a certain poet who dreamed of the dawn and sang, —

Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing
purpose runs,
And the thoughts of women widen with the
process of the suns.

CONCERNING KITCHENS

Many a man, I am sure, who never in his mature life thinks emotionally of his own kitchen, still keeps a tender memory of some kitchen of his early youth. It may have been his mother's, his grandmother's, or his Aunt Susan's; and not often, but once in a great while, something reminds him of it. His thoughts hark back, and he touches, in his own degree, the emotion of Uncle Felix (whom you will remember if you have ever read *The Extra Day*) alone at night in Mrs. Horton's kitchen.

'And Uncle Felix traveled backwards against the machinery of Time that cheats the majority so easily with its convention of moving hands and ticking voice and bullying, staring visage. He slid swiftly down the long banister-descent of years, and reached in a flash that old sombre Yorkshire kitchen, and stood, four-foot nothing, face smudged and fingers sticky, beside the big deal table with the dying embers of the grate upon his right. His heart was beating. He could just reach the juicy cake without standing on a chair. He ate the very slice that he had eaten forty years ago. It *was* possible to have your cake and eat it too!'

For my own part, — and no doubt each reminiscent gentleman has his special kitchen memory, — I ate the crisp brown beans off the top of the bean-pot. It was a sort of ceremonial; a Saturday-night function, irrespective of whatever menial might at the time be in official charge of kitchendom. The baking of the beans was never altogether trusted to a menial. My mother, last thing before bed, would go out to the kitchen, lighting her way with a kerosene lamp, and I with her. We put the lamp on the table; we opened the oven door — and all over the kitchen spread the delectable, mouth-watering aroma of the baking

bean. We took out the bean-pot. Then we scraped off the crisp top layer of beans into a saucer. And these we ate!

My mother wore a bustle, and at that historic period there were no kitchenettes; nor had the Spirit of Efficiency inspired the thought of planning your kitchen with a 'route for food-preparation' which makes a flying start at the ice-chest, takes in the meat, fish, and vegetable shelves, touches at the cabinet for dough-mixing, skirts the pan cabinet, and so (as Master Pepys would say) to the stove. There was no scientifically determined 'route for food-serving and dish-washing.' Each menial, and my mother herself between menials, followed a kind of cowpath. My mother had never had it figured out for her that the lowest estimate of time spent at the sink alone is two hours daily, and that these two hours a day count up to five days of twelve hours each in the course of a month, or sixty twelve-hour days at the sink every year. And when, as the expert modern kitchen-planner points out, 'it is realized that these sixty hours are spent in useless stooping, and that, to this strain, is added the fatigue of miles of unnecessary steps,' one gets an idea of the kitchen which I am glad to think never occurred to her.

Nor, on the other hand, do I think my mother would have quite followed the mental state of the rhapsodist who writes of housework in general, —

'When I am about the house, taking part in the work, I am of course conscious, among other things, of the rhythmical qualities of housework. But when I stay apart from it, and listen to it, it comes to seem all rhythm, both in the larger sense of regular recurrence of tasks, and in the repetition of sounds with insistent ictus and pause. Ironing, for example, is nearly as pleasant to listen to as to watch. Not by one stroke of the iron, but by

many, is the linen polished and the cambric smoothed to a satin daintiness; the blows follow one another, now slowly, now fast, like the drum-beat of some strange march. There is rhythm in the kitchen: rhythm in the dining-room. . . . Most soothing of all household rhythms is the swish of the broom. It is gentle and low-keyed. It takes my attention from other things, and makes me think of abstractions. I wonder whether there is not some mathematical calculation by which a ratio can be established between power of stroke, length of arm, and good-will. And so speculating, I sink into comfortable depths of nothingness.'

O shade of Mary Ann, the Perfect Servant Girl!

But this digression into the 'ictus and pause' of housework — I seem to hear my mother, 'Who is the lunatic?' — takes me away from the kitchen. I hurry back to it; for, although it is not a place where I wish to live, it is very much a place where I like to visit. But *not* with the cook. When I was younger, I enjoyed visiting with the cook, but the years have separated us: I have, as it were, grown apart from her. Granting her absence, there is a homely, cheery informality about a kitchen; and if the lady of the house will take you there herself, some rainy afternoon in the country, and serve tea on the clean, plain table, and let you butter the toasted crackers yourself *with all the butter you please*, why, for my part, I ask no more this side of Paradise. To use a quaint old obsolete word, I like to be 'kitchened' — provided, of course, that I may select my kitchener.

And yet this kitchen, as we know it to-day, is comparatively recent, and already insidiously passing away from the larger cities to, I hope, a long survival in the country and suburbs. If I were of an older generation (also insidiously passing away), I would be able to

recall another kind of kitchen, where Colonial customs of cookery held sway well into the twentieth century. To me the stove seems ancient only because, thank God! I am not ancient myself: I find it hard to believe that when my grandmother bought her stove, her up-to-date spirit marched bravely from one period of kitchendom into another. But men still living remember how their very mothers baked bread in a brick oven, and have seen in operation many of the queer old cooking things we wonder at in museum collections. Only a bit further back, the fireplace, at its most generous, had room for a seat in the corner — and grandmother sat there (it was really what the kitchen-planners would call her 'rest corner'), sometimes, comfortable old creature, smoking her honest pipe and observing the stars by daytime as she watched the smoke on its journey up the big chimney. But the new-fangled kitchen range was much more convenient: the easier management of a coal-fire made a new day in household economics, and a delighted generation busily bricked up the fireplaces. And so the sturdy useful kitchen stove is not so very ancient; and the homely, hospitable kitchen, even of our childhood, is still so new that only to-day is the Spirit of Efficiency providing it with 'routes' and a 'rest corner' cunningly placed to solace the soul of a tired cook with prophylactic contemplation of the most restful available scenery.

All day long on the kitchen routes
Her helpful feet have gone,
With never a senseless, wasted step
Between the dusk and dawn;

And now, dear soul, at the kitchen sink
She has washed the final spoon,
And sat her down in her rest corner
To look at the rising moon.

The life of our larger cities is inimical to kitchens. In the more distinguished sections, unfortunately, one must be

more than ordinarily well-to-do to live in a house and have a kitchen: otherwise one lives in an apartment and has a kitchenette. In my bright lexicon, published by the Century Company in 1889, there is no such word. The thing did not exist. This Peter Pan of domestic institutions, the baby kitchen that never grows up, had yet to be born. And a great army of other equally unborn babies, who would be shrewdly created male and female, waited in the mystery of non-existence until such time as they, too, should enter upon life, grow up, discover each other in happily surprised couples, love, marry, and set up housekeeping with two rooms, a bath, and a kitchenette. It was then impossible — though I have since done it myself — for a gentleman to take his morning bath, shave, and cook the breakfast all at the same time, stepping with accurate judgment out of his porcelain bathtub and into the contiguous kitchenette, and so back and forth, bathing, lathering, shaving, percolating the coffee, and turning the toast. Perhaps, also, humming a little tune. Here, too, as the rhapsodist I have already quoted would say, is rhythm; nor is it impossible that the same imagination would find a wild yet orderly beauty in the design extemporized by his wet footprints between his kitchenette and his bathtub.

But the thing is n't a kitchen, though it serves many of the kitchen's practical purposes. It lacks the space, dignity, comfort, and opportunity for helpful conversation. I cannot imagine any gentleman of the future recalling with poignant pleasure his childhood kitchenette. In fact I cannot even imagine a child in a kitchenette.

DAR'ST THOU, CASSIUS?

There are men who cannot whistle;
men who cannot distinguish red from

green; men who cannot carry a tune. These limitations we accept as facts, recognizing reasonable demonstration. There is a finality about the proofs. But about certain other limitations, men are incurably sanguine. I, for instance, cannot learn to swim. For years I have been called upon periodically to demonstrate this incapacity to a curious and skeptical sea-side public. Now I am going to stop demonstrating, for it is no use. People will not grasp the fact that I constitutionally cannot swim. They always assume that I am learning. The incompetent person trying to swim is never regarded as a defective: he is regarded as a beginner. The optimistic salt-water mind is incapable of absorbing tragedy; it cannot accept the fact that a being may appear once or twice in history who is unable to begin. I cannot begin to swim, and the person whom I have tried the hardest to convince of this final fact is my brother, a youth of heavy hand and towering ambitions, whose will to power is weakened by no base alloy of pity.

He suddenly decided one summer that it was a family oversight not to have brought me to the swimming-point. I must learn at once.

To the emancipated woman I shall not attempt to explain the power of a tyrannical younger brother. Adoration tempered by awe is, I suppose, my driving force; long discipline has made me his creature. From my pleasant perch upon the beach, my swimming teacher, accordingly, plucks me forth, leads me to a bath-house, and bids me make ready.

I should explain at this point that I am not myself in a bathing-suit. By preference I spend the bathing-hour sitting high upon the beach, fully clad in muslin, acting as curator of wrist-watches, bath-house keys, and children's water-wings. This occupation suits well my genius, but I leave it at

the despot's call. Autocracy is by no means at its dying gasp.

A typical morning of water-sports goes somewhat as follows with me. Tricked out at last in black serge suit and gay cap, I shrink behind the bath-house door, dreading my début. Through the crescent-shaped window that looks out upon the sand, I can see my sister swinging off alone carelessly through the beach-grass, with that thoughtless confidence that is my envy. I, with one tragic eye glued to the crescent moon, watch her as she dives lightly from the pier, and listen as my brother roars for her to race him to the raft. I wait until all the family and all the friends of the family are well under water, and finally, when further delay would mean a search-party, I emerge from my sandy cell. I start off down the board-walk bravely, trying to swagger along with assurance, watching a distant sail. But in spite of all, I shamble. This is not from embarrassment: my suit is neatly skirted, of conventional cut; I present no more shocking aspect than hundreds of my kind; but I quail at that which is to come.

I think that I could endure it all better if I could manage once to go into the water unattended. But no. The crowd hails me with cordial cries. A helpful brother comes tramping out toward me through the surf with mighty stride, dripping arms outstretched. The touch of a water-soaked sea-monster is a horror to the flesh. I evade the clammy arms hysterically, and fling myself desperately into the sea. Then, standing rigidly up to my chin in freezing brine, I turn one fearful eye upon my approaching tutor. With such a glance a mink in a trap watches the approaching canoe of the hunter; you may see the same bright look of questioning terror in the eyes of a wild kitten cornered in a loft.

My brother is not sensitive to dra-

matic atmosphere. He approaches, threshing the surface as he comes. I shall not describe what happens next. I cannot answer for the subtleties of the process of teaching a non-teachable, non-aquatic animal to swim. But to any incredulous critic who suggests that I have not been trained by the proper method, I reply: I have been trained by all the methods. There is no device given under heaven among men that has not been tried upon me. Consultations have been held over me. Experts have been called in from distant parts to look me over. Possibly not all the devices were tried quite long enough, but that was not the fault of my tutor. My case is still to him an academic problem, complex in technicalities, tantalizing, exasperating, and, because insoluble, fascinating. I can see him now in my uneasy dreams as he pauses for a moment, balancing me on one careful hand, while he reflects upon the details of his next experiment.

I try to help him all I can. At his word I obediently forsake father and mother and dry land each morning for weeks and weeks on end. I swallow great swathes of Long Island Sound. I follow orders with touching intelligence, writhing along upon the water in all the prescribed angles. But one thing I cannot control. I cannot help sinking. Out of my great love for my trainer I have learned to sink without struggling. I can go down with perfect repose of manner, like a sinking star.

He will never understand this. 'Have a little confidence,' he implores, 'and you can't sink!'

Obediently, I have confidence. My soul rises to confidence, as an oriental worshiper lifts his heart in spiritual sublimity before his hopeless gods. Yet with all my confidence thick upon me, I sink; sink with the moderation and firmness of a submarine submerging with all on board. I sink not convul-

sively, not head-first, not feet-first, but horizontally and as a whole. It seems that I am not to be permitted to drown. Just as I grow resigned to the calmness of the lower deeps, I am fished up again into the sharpness of the upper air, and arranged carefully once more along the waves, like a needle on the surface of a glass of water, and bidden yet another time to 'Strike out.'

Strike out! Oh, attitudes most orthodox and frog-like! I have learned to strike them all. Not, however, on the surface. The great combers close over me, and I go down; then rhythmically I am drawn back to the surface by loving hands, my dizzy brain faintly repeating a lovely line of poetry with new meaning: —

'From the great deep to the great deep she goes.'

The very cadence is soothing.

This is the way it always happens — not one time or twenty times, or ninety-nine times out of a hundred, but always. It always will happen this way, because I cannot swim. Yet my brother is blind to proof. He still believes that it is some omission of his that keeps me helpless. No doubt, when he comes back from across the water he will want to try new methods, learned perhaps from Turks. At all events, no swimming hour goes by without a new varia-

tion of technique, guaranteed by friends. At these times I question the advantages of a wide circle of acquaintance, technical and ingenious. Too drugged with sea-water by this time to suffer much, however, I struggle on, only mind enough left to wonder what great faith supports this good brother of mine, that he should spend the whole bathing-hour alternately launching me and dredging for me, with the morose persistence of a secretary of the navy.

Usually, just as the last glimmer of human intelligence is about to be drowned out, my respite comes. My sister, surging along from her revels by the raft, comes paddling by. 'Make her go in,' she advises my master. 'She ought not to overdo when she is learning. Hi! Hurry! Fish her up! Now make her go in.'

Make her go in! With a miserable cackle I laugh terribly between chattering teeth, and wade out, stiffly flapping.

In the *Egoist*, George Meredith in an admiring mood describes Clara Middleton's graceful way of walking from the garden to the house as 'swimming' across the grassy lawn. Meredith has been criticized for that figure of speech. Many readers condemn it as far-fetched and artificial. But I support Meredith. If one must swim, the best place for it, in my opinion, is the lawn.